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Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I saye no thinge but trothe.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM ROY and JEROME BARLOWE,

English Observant Franciscan Friars.

PRINTED BY JOHN SCHOTT AT STRASBURG IN 1528.

A PROPER DYALOGE BETWENE A GENTILLMAN AND A HUSBANDMAN:

Eche complaynynge to other their miserable calamite through the ambicion of the clergye.

TOGETHER WITH

A COMPENDIOUS OLDE TREATYSE:

Shewynge howe that we ought to haue the Scripture in Englysshe.

WRITTEN BY A LOLLARD, ABOUT 1450 A.D.

PRINTED BY HANS LUFT AT MARBURG, HESSE, IN 1530.

From the Unique copy in the British Museum.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY EDWARD ARBER, A.K.C., F.R.G.S., &c.

QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON, W.C.

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Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I speake no thinge but trothe.

INTRODUCTION.

THE old imperial city of Strafburg was one of the cities of refuge to the early Proteſtant reformers, eſpecially to thoſe of the ſchool of Zuingle. It was a Free City. Gradually the inhabitants had won from its Prince-Biſhops the ſubſtance of ſelf-government: until by the conſtitution of 1482, (which ſurvived for three centuries, until it was swept away in the ſtorm of the French Revolution) they were confirmed in the perfect control of their own affairs. The conſtitution of that year veſted the executive government in a *Senate* of thirty nobles, aſſiſted by two councils of *The Thirteen* and *The Fifteen*, which, however, were uſually ſpoken of as one, by the name of an older council, viz. *The One and Twenty*.

The famous city enjoyed many privileges. In its turn, it was the ſeat of the German diet; and it could coin money; but what moſt helped Proteſtantiſm in that diſtrict was its privilege of being a ſacred aſylum to all refugees, not excepting even criminals.

MATTHEW ZELL, the Apoſtle of the Reformation in Alſace, [*b.* at Kaiſerberg, 1477—*d.* 9 Jan. 1548] who had been Rector of Freiburg in Briſgau, came to Strafburg in 1518, and was then appointed preacher of the chapel of St. Lawrence in the Cathedral, an office which he held with great acceptance for thirty years, until his death.

Zell welcomed, in the year 1523, three diſtinguiſhed Reformers, who took refuge in this bulwark city from the troubles and threatening ſtorms around them. Theſe were (1.) His old fellow-ſtudent at Erfurt, WOLFGANG FABRICIUS KOEPFEL, latinized CAPITO [*b.* at Hagenau, 1478—*d.* 8 Dec. 1551] who came to aſſume the priory of St. Thomas, which Leo X. had, of his own accord, given to him two years previouſly. (2.) In the ſame month of May, came MARTIN BUCER, or rather BUTZER [*b.* at Schelſtadt, 1491—*d.* at Cambridge, 28 Feb. 1552], who was accompanied by his wife. (3.) And at ſome other date in the ſame year, came the diſciple of Œcolampadius, CASPAR HEDIO [*b.* at Ettlingen, 1494—*d.* at Strafburg, 17 Oct. 1552] who, with his maſter and Capito, had begun a Reformation at Baſle, even before Luther had ſpoken out.

Theſe four men led the way to the Reformation at Strafburg. The latter three are named by Roy at *p.* 40, together with two others of leſſer fame; JOHANN KELNER or KELLER, latinized CELLARIUS, one of the beſt preachers of the Reformation, and ſome other ſcholar, whom he calls SYMPHORIAN. The only

perſon of that name about this time that we can trace is a French Doctor, Hiſtorian, and Philoſopher, named Symphorien Champier, latinized Benedict Curtius Symphorianus [*b.* at Saint Symphorien le Chateau in 1472—*d.* 1533]; but he appears to have lived at Lyons, and not in any way to have been connected with the Straſburg Proteſtants.

2. Three years later, ſo far as we can judge about April 1526, the Engliſh Franciſcan monk, WILLIAM ROY, journeyed from Worms to Straſburg. He had been aſſiſting, with hearty, though not entirely diſintereſted effort, at the ſecret production of the Inſtrument, which he knew to be the moſt powerful of all others for the Reformation of his own country, viz., the printed New Teſtament in Engliſh. While thoſe precious volumes were floating down the Rhine England-ward: Roy journeyed upwards, with a conſciouſneſs that, whatever elſe he had or had not done, his ſhare, whether great or ſmall, excellent or unworthy, in that tranſlation, had forfeited for him his life, if only he could be caught by the Engliſh hierarchy.

Poſſibly as he travelled he thought of his mother in London; or, looking back on his early days, of his ſtudies and univerſity life at Cambridge, of his novitiate at the convent at Greenwich, of the hour of his ſolemn vow, and of his eyes being opened to the enormities and ſcandals of monkiſh life and manners, as he, in this tract, writes them down for a perpetual diſhonour. He might have thought of the royal Palace hard by; he might have recalled the riſe of the Lord Legate, and thought of his doings—held up herein to everlaſting infamy—up to the time when he himſelf left England: he might then have remembered the cauſes of his going abroad (to us unknown, though we may certainly credit him with ſtrong yearnings after a purer and nobler life); of his firſt meeting with Tyndale on the continent, either previous to his arrival at Cologne or during his reſidence there; then of the heavy work of writing and compariſon of texts; then of the detection of their work but not of them by Cochlœus, whom he contemptuouſly calls herein that 'Archyn Coclaye'; then of their flight with the printed ſheets up the Rhine to Worms, and of their completion of the Quarto, and production of the Octavo edition of the Teſtament there. Further, he might have thought over his quarrel with Tyndale (of which he would have his own verſion), of their parting, and of his reſolve to go onward up the Rhine valley. So, protected by the indiſcriminancy of and general reſpect for his white garb, he ſafely reached Straſburg.

3. The current Proteſtant talk there, probably was a diſcuſſion of Luther's tract, *De Servo Arbitrio*, printed at Wittenberg in the previous December, in anſwer to Eraſmus' earlier work *De libero Arbitrio*, printed at Baſle in 1523, ſee *p.* 42; and the Theological Diſputation, then going on, at Baden, in Switzerland.

At that Diſputation, brought about by the twelve Swiſs cantons, the Dominican John Faber, John Eck the theologian of Ingoldſtadt, and the Franciſcan Thomas Murner the great Roman Catholic fatiriſt of the time, together with the legates of the Biſhops of Conſtance, Baſle, Coire, and Lucerne, defended the Maſs, Prayers for the Dead, Invocation of Saints, the retention of Images, and the exiſtence of Purgatory; againſt Œcolampadius and other Proteſtant divines. The reſult was indeciſive, inasmuch as no change was made: every one, whether Proteſtant or Catholic, continuing in the ſame belief and practice as before. Roy refers to Faber, Eck, Murner, with Emſer, at *pp.* 41, 42.

4. A year later, May 1527, one of his old companions of the Greenwich brotherhood, JEROME BARLOW, who had called on Tyndale at Worms, on his way up, found out Roy at Straſburg, and they two appear to have continued together for ſome months.

5. In December of that year came the news that the Berneſe—the chief Swiſs canton—diſſatiſfied with the reſult of the Baden Conference, and angry at its acts not having been communicated to them, had fixed another Diſputation for the 7th of January following. With the invitations thereto, the Berneſe ſent out ten Articles, to which the Diſcuſſion was to be limited. They endeavoured to compel the repreſentation of the neighbouring Biſhops of Conſtance, Baſle, Sion, and Lauſanne, under threat of forfeiture of all their lands and goods in the canton, in the event of the non-appearance of their delegates; and they iſſued ſafe conducts to whoever elſe would come.

On the day of aſſembly, 7 Jan. 1528, repreſentatives from Baſle, Schaffhauſen, Zurich, Appenzel, Straſburg, Ulm, Augſburg, Conſtance, Lindau, and other cities, were preſent, but no one appeared on behalf of the Catholic biſhops. The two Berneſe paſtors, Francis Colb and Berthold Haller, who had drawn up the Ten Articles, were aſſiſted by Zwingle, Œcolampadius, Bucer, Capito, Blarer, and others. On the oppoſite ſide the principal diſputant was the Auguſtine Conrad Treiger, who, as ſoon as the judges decided not to admit any other authority than ſimple Scripture, left the place. The ſpeeches will be found officially summarized in *Handlung oder Acta gehaltner Diſputation zum Bernn in üchtland*: printed by Chriſtophel Froſchover at Zurich, in 4to, with the date of 23 March 1528.

The Ten Articles were carried by a large majority, and the Diſputation came to an end on 25 January 1528. Immediately after which the Maſs, Altars, Images, &c., were legally ſuppreſſed in the Canton and its vicinity.

6. The effect of this Diſputation was very great. Conſtance followed Berne; and Geneva, Conſtance. In Straſburg, there continued a great fight of opinion all through the year upon the

subject; until the Mass was finally abolished in that city at 8 A.M. on 20th of January 1529, by a majority of 184 to 1 of the Magistracy; 94 others voting for its provisional maintenance only until the next Diet.

7. One further result of the Disputation of Berne we believe to be *Rede me and be nott wrothe*. Otherwise there seems to be no immediate motive or purpose in putting into the mouth of a Strasburg priest the opening Mock-Lamentation of this Interlude bemoaning the decease of the Mass. The whole point of the Invective is that the Mass is dead but not buried. It was morally defunct but not officially abolished. As a matter of fact the Mass was not 'buried' at Strasburg till 20 February 1529, whereas we know that this Invective had been sent to England early in 1528; and on the 1st September of that year, Herman Rynck was buying up for Wolfey every copy of it that he could lay his hands upon anywhere in the Rhine valley. We were inclined to put its composition late in 1527, but we now think it was written not earlier than February or March 1528. The latest allusion in the Text seems to be the sack of Rome under Bourbon in May 1527 'now of late' see at *p.* 121.

8. Though Roy and Barlow lay the scene of the Interlude at Strasburg, see *p.* 39, it is clear that they do not localize the 'decease' to that particular town. They allude as *parts of the death struggle* to Erasmus' *De libero Arbitrio* of Sept. 1523. at *p.* 42; to Faber's appointment as chaplain, in 1526, to the king of the Romans, afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand II., at *p.* 42; and to Cochlæus' *Responsio in epistolam Bugenhagij Pomerani ad Anglos*, printed late in 1526, see *p.* 44; and to the defence of the Mass by the universities of Cologne and Louvain so early as 1519. So that this part of the Invective is but a dramatized representation of the Reformation-struggle in Germany, and especially during the two years 1526-8 that Roy was in the country.

9. Such being the *locale*, the quest or plot is simply this. The Mass is dead in Germany, where shall it be buried! At Rome? In France? In England? This is debated by two servants of a Strasburg priest, apparently, however, not hitherto very intimate with each other. Watkyn, evidently a citizen, is full of faith in the power of the gospel: Jeffray, a new-comer from England, who has been 'in religion a dozen years continually,' is full of the craft and subtilties of the clergy. Thus the sharpest contrast is kept up in the Dialogue. At last, they fix on A'Becket's shrine at Canterbury as the appropriate grave for the dead Mass. Who then shall be the buriers? The Cardinal? The Bishops? the Secular Clergy? the four orders of mendicant Friars? or the Observant Friars? In the discussion of their respective fitness for this purpose occurs the opportunity for exposing their misdeeds; and it is on this framework that the attack is made upon the hierarchy, priesthood, and monasticism of England.

It was from this queſt, as alſo the refrain of the *Lamentacion* on *pp.* 30-36, that the tract—having itſelf no ſpecific title—came to be known as *The burying of the Maſs in Rhyme.*

10. We now come to the other aſpect of the book. Oſtenſibly it was written by P. G. in England, and ſent to N. O., an Engliſhman abroad, to print. But this was but a blind. The initials N. O. P. G. [? for Q] are apparently quite arbitrary. Tyndale in May 1528, and More in 1529, proclaimed its real authors to be Roy and Barlow; and we know from Rynck's letter that the impreſſion conſiſted of a thouſand copies, and that it was printed by John Schott at Straſburg.

It was written for circulation in England. A fearfully dangerous book to write or even to poſſeſs at that time. Intrinſically it is one of the worthieſt Satires in our language. Its ſpirit is excellent. *I ſay no thinge but trothe* is its true motto. It is more ſalt than bitter; and where bitter, it is more from its facts than its expreſſion. The book is the embodiment of the reſentment of its authors at the burning of Tyndale's New Teſtaments at Paul's Croſs in 1526. They juſtify their writing it by the expreſſion of their belief, that there are three ſtages of admonition employed by the Almighty towards wicked men. Firſt, He ſhows them His word in purity. That failing, He ſtirs up ſome men's ſpirit to endite their faults, making utterance of their miſchief. Theſe two methods being of no avail, He deſtroys them with peſtilence and ſword. So God had ſent them the Engliſh New Teſtament. They had burnt it. He had now ſtirred up theſe Franciſcans to this general Indictment. Let them beware leſt a worſe thing happen unto them. Mere ribald ſcoffing is thus diſclaimed—'I hope that the rede what ever he be/ will nott take this worke as a thing convicious/ or a principle of hatred and debate,' *p.* 23. Yet it is written with great ſtrength. Witneſs this ſtroke, among others, of the laſh on the profeſſed ſervant of the ſervants of our Lord.

Wat. ℂ *Is this prowde Cardinall rycher|*
Then Chriſt or goode Saynćte Peter|
In whoſe roume he dothe succede?
Jef. ℂ *The boſſes of his mulis brydles*
Myght bye Chriſt and His diſciples
As farre as I can ever rede.—p. 122.

But the writers' real ſentiments are expreſſed, perhaps more than in the 'Dialogue,' in the noble 'balett' at *pp.* 66-69, of which this is the keynote.

Alas alas.
The world is worſſe then evyr it was,
Neuer ſo depe in miſerable decaye|
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

And so stanza follows stanza, with the plaintive refrain, more of faith than of hope—

But it cannot thus endure all waye,

a certain instinct of a coming Reformation, as the 'balett' itself is a record of the utmost need of one.

In strong contrast with this is the 'brefe oracion' in which the writers measure themselves against the Cardinal's furiousnes. Oh to have seen Wolsey reading that!

11. Thus far we have dealt with the history and literary characteristics of this Invective. There remain its actual assertions. So far as we have been able to test them, they are, for the most part, with but a trifling exaggeration here and there, 'no thinge but trothe.' The parties most largely flagellated are Wolsey and the Observants. Just those, in fact, whom Roy and Barlow, sometime members of the Greenwich monastery, would probably be best acquainted with. This is an incidental internal proof of their authorship of the tract. Note especially the Observant Friar carrying in his sleeve his bladder full of ginger, nutmegs, or grains, when walking his stations, *p.* 82.

An examination of the assertions is beyond our present limits. They must be taken as *primâ facie* testimony respecting English society, just when monasticism was ripening to its fall. If true, as we take them to be in the main, they simply and alone, amply justify the suppression of the monasteries in this country, of which dissolution there is a forerunning cry in these lines.

Yet had we the Kynges licence!
We wolde with outen diffidence!
Their golden shrynes in peces brake, p. 111.

12. In conclusion. We cannot suppose that this Invective exercised any very large immediate influence. Rynck effectually stopped that. It is surprising that any of the thousand copies should have escaped the sweep of his net, and the subsequent hunt by Wolsey and More. The first edition must ever be regarded as a suppressed book. So much is this so, that it actually does not occur in the list of suppressed books of 1542. Yet its truths and facts found expression in other contemporary writings; while posterity is much indebted to the two Franciscans for these excellent photographs of English clerical life of the time, of the proud insolent oppressiveness and ungodly living of the King's favourite; and of the advent and official reception upon English soil of the printed vernacular New Testaments.

Nowe hidder come to REMAYNE. p. 118.

NOTES
respecting
WILLIAM ROY AND JEROME BARLOW,

Observant Friars of the Order of St. Francis, and belonging to the Monastery of Greenwich.

* *Approximate or probable dates.*

We have in the Facsimile Text of *The First Printed New Testament* published in the spring of this year (1870), sifted and collected into one focus most of the contemporary evidence now extant respecting the translation, circulation, burning, and confiscation of our first printed English Testaments. Among the evidence therein adduced will be found quotations from the present text, which occur on *pp.* 114-120, 467, of this Reprint, which are contemporary testimony to Wolsey's secret Council with the Bishops, and especially the subsequent burning before Bp. Tonstal at Paul's Cross, of copies of Tyndale's New Testament.

We need not therefore go over that ground again here, nor quote the original Latin texts which will be found in that volume. Our immediate purpose now is to give such few particulars as are known of these two friars, and we will, for that intent, take as proved facts, the results arrived at in that Facsimile Text.

Bp. Tanner [*Notit. Monast.* edit. Nasm. Pref. *p.* xiii.] gives the following account of the Friars-minors:—

"St. Francis, who was contemporary with St. Dominic, but of another country, being born at Assise in Italy, in the province of Umbria, and duchy of Spoletum, A.D. 1182, was founder of the Franciscan, Grey, or Minor Friars. The first name they had from their founder, the second from their grey clothing, and the third they took out of pretended humility. Their rule was drawn up by St. Francis, A.D. 1209; approved by Pope Innocent III. A.D. 1210, and by the general Lateran Council A.D. 1215. Their habit was a loose garment of a grey colour, reaching down to their ankles, with a cowl of the same, and a cloak over it when they went abroad. They girded themselves with cords, and went barefooted. Davenport saith, they came into England A.D. 1219. But the general opinion is, that they came hither A.D. 1224, and had their first House at Canterbury, and their second at London.

"Some considerable relaxation having by degrees crept into this Order, it was thought requisite to reform it, and to reduce it, as near as might be, to its first rule and institution. Whereupon such as continued under the relaxation were called CONVENTUALS, and such as accepted the reformation were called OBSERVANTS or RECOLLECTS. This reformation was begun about A.D. 1400, by St. Bernard or Bernardin of Sienna, confirmed by the Council of Constance A.D. 1414, and afterwards by Eugenius IV. and other Popes. King Edward the Fourth is commonly said to have brought them [*i.e.* the Observants] into England, but I find no certain account of their being here till King Henry the Seventh built two or three houses for them."—*Quoted* in Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, viii. 1502, *Ed.* 1830.

Lysons gives the following account of the Monastery at Greenwich:—

"King Henry the Seventh, by his charter bearing date 1486, after reciting that his predecessor King Edward IVth had, by the Pope's license, given to certain Minorites, or Observant Friars of the Order of St. Francis, a piece of ground adjoining to his palace, on which were some ancient buildings; and that these Friars having taken possession, and having laid the first stone with great solemnity, began to build several small mansions in honour of the Virgin Mary, St. Francis, and All Saints, granted and confirmed the said premises, and founded a Convent of Friars of the Order above described, to consist of a Warden and twelve brethren at the least. It is said he afterwards rebuilt their Convent for them from their foundation. Katherine (Henry the

Eighth's first queen) was a great favourer of the Convent and their Order: she appointed one of the Monks of Greenwich, father John Forrest, to be her confessor: and used, while resident at this place, to rise at midnight and join the monks in their devotions. They returned this friendship by openly espousing her cause when the business of her divorce was agitated, which so far enraged the King that he suppressed the whole Order throughout England."—*Idem, p.* 1512.

*1486. WILLIAM TYNDALE, born not earlier than this year.
WILLIAM ROY was educated at Cambridge. See Cooper. *Ath. Cantab.* i. 44. *Ed.* 1858.

1521—3. TYNDALE is tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh, at Little Sodbury in Gloucestershire.

1523. *OCT. TYNDALE arrives in London. Applies to Tonstall, Bp. of London, to be his chaplain, thinking to have translated the Testament. The Bp. declines his services. Having no living at all, he then went to Humphrey Monmouth, a London cloth-merchant, who befriends him.

1524. *MAY. TYNDALE leaves London and goes to Hamburg.

1525. *APRIL or *MAY. TYNDALE received, probably at Hamburg, a remittance from Monmouth.

1525. *JULY or *AUG. TYNDALE and ROY arrive at Cologne, and commence a secret impression of the English New Testament in the printing-house of Peter Quentel, the celebrated printer of that city.

1525. *SEPT. JOHN DOBNECK, surnamed COCHLÆUS, gives the following account of how he stopped their work:—"Having thus become more intimate and familiar with the Cologne printers, he sometimes heard them confidently boast, when in their cups, that whether the King and Cardinal of England would or not, all England would in short time be Lutheran. He heard also that there were two Englishmen lurking there, learned, skilful in languages, and fluent, whom, however, he never could see or converse with. Calling, therefore, certain printers into his lodging, after they were heated with wine, one of them, in more private discourse, discovered to him the secret by which England was to be drawn over to the side of Luther—namely, That three thousand copies of the Lutheran New Testament, translated into the English language, were in the press, and already were advanced as far as the letter K, in *ordine quaternionum* (*i. e.* in quarto). That the expenses were fully supplied by English merchants; who were secretly to convey the work when printed, and to disperse it widely through all England, before the King or Cardinal could discover or prohibit it.

Cochlæus being inwardly affected by fear and wonder, disguised his grief, under the appearance of admiration. But another day, considering with himself the magnitude of the grievous danger, he cast in mind by what method he might expeditiously obstruct these very wicked attempts. He went, therefore, secretly to Herman Rinck, a patrician of Cologne and Military Knight, familiar both with the Emperor and the King of England, and a Counsellor, and disclosed to him the whole affair, as, by means of the wine, he had received it. He, that he might ascertain all things more certainly, sent another person into the house where the work was printing, according to the discovery of Cochlæus: and when he had understood from him that the matter was even so, and that there was great abundance of paper there, he went to the Senate, and so brought it about that the printer was interdicted from proceeding farther in that work. The two English apostates, snatching away with them the quarto sheets printed, fled by ship, going up the Rhine to Worms, where the people were under the full rage of Lutheranism, that there, by another printer, they might complete the work begun. Rinck and Cochlæus, however, immediately advised by their letters the King, the Cardinal, and the Bishop of Rochester [Fisher], that they might, with the greatest diligence, take care lest that most pernicious article of merchandise should be conveyed into all ports of England." The original of this is *De Actis et Scriptis Martini Lutheri*, pp. 132-134, *Ed.* 1549.

∴ It is specially to be observed that Cochlæus did not see the two Englishmen nor a sheet of their impression; he seems also not to have known even their names.

1525. DEC. 2. Dr. LEE, the king's almoner, journeying through France into Spain, thus writes to the king from Bordeaux:—"Please it your Highnesse moreover to understand that I am certainlie enformed as I passed in this contree that an Englishman, your subject, at the solicitation and instance of Luther, with whome he is, hathe translated the Newe Testament in to English, and within fewe days entendethe to arrive with the same emprinted in England."—*Cott. Vesp. E.* iii. *fol.* 211. *orig.*

1526. ˣJAN. or ʸFEB. The New Testaments were finished at Worms. Now comes Tyndale's own explicit testimony, and the earliest mention of Roy by name. "Whyle I abode a faythful companyon which now hath taken an other vyage vpon him/ to preach christ where (I suppose) he was neuer yet preached God which put in his herte thyther to goo sende his sprite with him/ comforte him and bringe his purpose to good effecte) one William Roye a man somewhat craftye when he cometh vnto new acquayntance and before he be thorow knowen and namely when all is spent/ came vnto me and offered his helpe. As longe as he had no money/ somwhat I could ruele him: but as sone as he had goten him money/ he became lyke hym selfe agayne. Neuerthelesse I suffered all thinges tyll yat was ended whych I coulde not doo alone wythout one both to wryte and to helpe me to compare ye textes together. When that was ended I toke my leue and bode him farewel for oure two lines/ and as men saye a daye longer." Preface to *The Parable of the Wycked Mammon*, finished at Marburg 8 May 1058.

It is clear from this that Roy was with Tyndale from the time he first joined until the printing was completely finished. "The faythful companyon" does not seem to have been concerned in the translation and printing at all, but merely to have been Tyndale's friend and solace. Otherwise his leaving the translator in the emergency and with his good wishes, is inexplicable. Therefore Roy was the other Englishman who fled with Tyndale up the Rhine.

So the work having at length come to an end, Tyndale set himself to prepare

1526. SPRING. for translating the Old Testament by studying Hebrew. What became of Roy he thus us in continuation:

"After we were departed he went/ and gate him new frendes which thinge to doo he passeth all that euer I yet knewe. And there when he had stored hym of money he gote him to Argentine where he professeth wonderfull faculties and maketh bost of no small thinges." *Idem.*

1527. SPRING. He then thus introduces us to Jerome Barlow—

"A yere after that and now. xii. monethes before the pryntinge of this worke/ [finished 8 May 1528,] came one Ierom a brother of Grenewich also/ thorow wormes to Argentine/ [Strasburg] sayenge that he entended to be Christes disciple an other whyle and to kepe (as nye God wolde gyue him grace) the profession of his baptim/ and to gett his lyuing with his handes/ and to lyue no longer ydely and of the swete and laboure of those captyues whiche they had taught/ not to byleue in Chryst: but in cuttshowes and russet coetes. Which Ierom with all diligence I warned of Royes boldnesse and exhorted hym to bewarre of hym and to walke quyetly and with all pacience and longe sofferinge acordinge as we haue Chryste and his apostles for an ensample/ which thinge he also promysed me. Neuerthelesse when he was comen to Argentine William Roye (whos tonge is able not only to make foles sterke madde/ but also to disceyue the wisest that is at the fyrst syght and acquayntaunce) gate him to hym and set him a werke to make rymes/ whyle he hym selfe translated a dialoge out of laten in to Englysh/ in whose prologe he promyseth moare a greate deal than I fere me he wyll euer paye."

This passage indubitably fixes the authorship of *Rede me and be nett wrothe* upon these two Franciscan friars; more particularly assigning to Barlow its expression and to Roy its matter: not but what Roy must have been indebted to Barlow, who apparently had come straight from England, for some of his home facts, down to say April 1527.

Roy's translation 'out of laten' above referred to is apparently now lost. The title of the original Latin text, of unknown authorship, is given by Mr. Park, in *Harleian Misc.*, ix. 3, *Ed.* 1812, as *Inter patrem Christianum et filium contumacem dialogum Christianum.* It was written against the seven sacraments, as the following passage in Sir T. More's *Supplycacyon of Soulys*, published in the summer of 1529, proves.

"They parceyuyng thys/ haue therfore furste assayd the furst way all redy/ sendyng forth Tyndals translacyon of the new testament in such wyse handled as yt should haue bene the fountayn and well spryng of all theyr hole heresies. For he had corrupted and purposely changed in many placys the text/ with such wordys as he myght make yt seme to the vnlerned people/ that the scrypture affirmed theyr heresyes it selfe. Then cam sone after out in prynt the dyaloge of frere Roy and frere Hyerome/ betwene ye father and ye sonne agaynst ye sacrament of ye aulter; and the blasphemouse boke entytled the beryeng of the masse. [i.e. *Rede me*, &c.] Then cam forth after Tyndals wykkyd boke of Mammona [dated 8 May 1528] and after that his more wykkyd boke of obydyence [dated 2 October 1528]. *fol. xix. b.*"

1528. AUG. 5. Wolsey sends orders to Rynck to buy up everywhere books printed in English, and to arrest Roy and Tyndale.

SEPT. 1. Rynck gets Roy's books out of the pawn of the Frankfort

OCT. 4. Jews. He writes thus to Wolsey: "Most holy and most gracious father in Christ, most merciful lord after offering my humble and willing service to your Holiness's pleasure, with grateful and sincere mind, I wish to inform your grace and fatherhood as follows.

Your grace's letters dated August 5, at your palace of Hampton Court, were given to me by John West priest of the order of St. Francis *de Observantia*, at Cologne on Sept. 21, having been sent on from Frankfort by a swift messenger in two days, which letters ordered me to buy up everywhere books printed in English, and to arrest Roy and Hutchins. They and their accomplices have not been seen at Frankfort since Easter and the market after Lent, and it is not known whither they have gone, and whether they are alive or dead. John Schott, citizen of Strasburg, their engraver, says he does not know whither they have vanished. Their books indeed are stuffed with heresy, full of envy and slander against your grace's glory and honour, and what is worst and contrary to Christian charity, make the king's serenity, my most kind and noble lord and illustrious prince, infamous to all worshippers of Christ. However, I, as a most humble, faithful and diligent servant, three weeks before receiving your grace's letters, heard and perceived that those very books had been pawned to the Jews at Frankfort for a certain sum of money, and then, on my own account, I laboured and endeavoured to get hold of them as soon as possible. The engraver [*i.e.* printer], John Schott, demanded beside the interest for the Jews, the pay for his labour and the expense of the paper, and said that he should sell them to whoever would give the most money. So, as your grace had sent me letters and commissions from England, I immediately spared neither my person, my money, nor my trouble, (as I was bound to do,) but made use of the privileges previously received from his Imperial Majesty. I gained over the consuls of Frankfort and some senators and judges, by gifts and presents, so that I might scrape and heap together all those books from every place; which was done in three or four places, so that I hope that all of those books yet printed are in my possession, except two which your grace's commissary the above named John West asked for and received from me for the greater profit and advantage of the king's grace and yours. Two books indeed, I gave him, as I found him faithful and diligent for your grace, whom he has often served and doubtless will in future serve. Unless I had discovered it, and interfered, the books would have been enclosed and hidden in paper covers, packed in ten bundles covered with linen and conveyed in time by sea, craftily and without exciting any suspicion to Scotland and England, where they would have been sold only as blank paper: but I think that very few, or none, have been exported or sold. Besides I have . . . and procured from the consuls of Frankfort a prohibition strengthened by oaths, of their

further printing from copper types, and the engraver himself is bound by his oath to send me the original written copy. In addition to this, I will endeavour in every way to arrest Roy and Hutchins and other opponents and rebels of the king's grace and yours, and to find out where they live, as John West, and my son Hermann Rynck and John Geilkyrche my servant will assure you by word of mouth, to whom your grace may give credence just as to myself, for they will keep silence concerning and conceal whatever orders your grace gives them. I send them now to the king's grace and yours, chiefly on account of the favourable issue of the business, and that I may show and do a thing pleasing to the king's grace and yours."

". . . These privileges, in my opinion, contain that throughout the whole Roman Empire, especially in Germany, no rebels or traitors to the king of England shall be kept or suffered, much less heretics who excite sedition among the Christians of the whole kingdom of England. By force of this privilege, Edmund de la Pole, who called himself the duke of Suffolk, was demanded by king Philip, to be sent into England, as was fitting. Then William Roy, William Tyndale, Jerome Barlow, Alexander Barclay, and their adherents, formerly Observants of the order of St. Francis, but now apostates, George Constans also, and many other rebels of the king's grace, ought to be arrested, punished and delivered up on account of Lutheran heresy, which ought to be blotted out and rooted up, to confirm the Christian faith, of which there is much need in the kingdom of England. This opinion of mine the aforesaid privilege will show much more clearly, but I have retained no copy of it. Your grace's excellent prudence however will be able to consider and manage these matters more prudently than I can express them in writing. When therefore such a mandate comes to me hither, I will execute it to the honour of Almighty God, your grace and the whole realm of England, as a Christian, and with all my diligence, strength and care.

In this manner therefore, for the safety and profit of the king's grace and yours, and of all the subjects of the English realm, both religious and secular, as far as I could with divine help, and according to your grace's command, I searched for heretical books, sparing neither labour nor money. I went to the market at Frankfort with a papal and imperial mandate, using especially the privileges or mandates which I obtained from the late Emperor Maximilian and now hold from the present Emperor Charles. I compelled the engraver John Schott to take an oath before the consuls, judges, and senators of Frankfort to confess how many of such books he had printed in English, German, French or other languages. Then he confessed on oath that he had only printed hitherto a thousand books of six quires [or signatures. This is Roy's translation 'out of laten'], and a thousand of nine quires [The first edition of this Invective consists of nine signatures. A to I.] in the English tongue, at the order of Roy and Hutchins, who had no money to pay for the books printed, much less to have them printed in other languages. Wherefore I bought almost all these, and have them at my house at Cologne, as my son will show your grace and will request your grace to inform me what you wish to be done with the books so bought, which shall then be executed and done with all diligence as far as possible to me and mine with God's favour, to show our duty to the king's grace and yours. So may your grace fare well for many happy years. Dated at Cologne, 4 October, 1528."

Rynck confounds Tyndale with Roy: otherwise his secret information seems exact and true.

1528. DEC. 17. In a letter of this same red-hot zealot, West, we obtain the following further valuable information:—

"Syr. The cause of my writing unto your Mastership at this time is this. Our father minister, who is Father William Robbynson, Warder of Greenwich, was ye-terday or this day, at my Lord's Grace to complain upon me, and that my Lord should take away the commission from me. And all because they will not let me come to *London* and to *seek* for them that my Lord knoweth of, and to enquire *where Roy was, when he was in England with his mother,* and for other sort of business according to my

commission, And they have great indignation at me because I have *sped so well*, and because there are more of them guilty in the matter of Lutherans.

Wherefore I pray you to help now as my special trust is in you, and the sooner the better. If you can get the obediency send it to me to Greenwich by one of your servants, and that he deliver it to no man but to myself. For I am weary of my life among them; and all because I see them that they be willing to maintain these rebellious heretics in their mischief, and they pray to God that they might not [? be taken]. At Greenwich, at our convent, the xvii December A° Dom. 1528. JOHN WEST." *The original is Cotton. MS. Vitell. B. x. f.* 171.

1529. [? 2 FEB.] Simon Fish's *Supplication of the Beggers* is scattered in the streets of London. It is alluded to at *p.* 144.

SUMMER. Sir T. More answers it in *The Supplication of Soulys*, also alluded to at *p.* 144.

1530. SPRING. *A proper Dyalogue* is printed at Marburg.

Richard Bayfield, sometime Chamberlain of the Benedictine Monastery of Bury St Edmunds, having gone abroad to Tyndale and Fryth, returns with a large supply of Protestant

MIDSUMMER books in Latin and English, which he lands at Colchester in Midsummer 1530.

NOV. He lands a second supply at St Catharines at Allhallow tide: but George Constantine having betrayed the consignment to Sir T. More, the Lord Chancellor seizes the whole of them.

1531. EASTER. Undaunted, he lands a third supply in Norfolk, and brings them to London in a mail.

NOV. He is arrested in Mark Lane, London.

NOV. 10—21. He undergoes several examinations.

NOV. 27. He is burnt at or near Newgate.

DEC. 3 Both the works here printed, are prohibited at Paul's Cross. See List of proscribed books in Lambeth Library MSS. 306. *fol.* 65. col. 2. printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems.* Ed. by Mr. Furnivall. 1866.

Sir T. More, in the Preface to his *Confutacyon of Tyndall's Answere. &c.* of 1532, in giving a long catalogue, more or less accurate, of Protestant books, has the following ribald passage respecting Roy, to whom he attributes Tyndale's *Exposition of I. Corinthian.* vii. c.—

"That work hath no name of the maker, but some wene yt was frere Roy/ whych when he was fallen in heresy, then founde yt vnlawfull to lyue in chastyte, and ranne out of hys order, and hath synnes sought many a false vnlyefull way to lyue by/ wherein he made so many chaunges, that as Bayfeld a nother heretyque and late burned in smythfeld tolde vnto me/ he made a mete ende at laste, and was burned in Portugale."

Bayfield was very likely to know about Roy, and very unlikely to tell the Lord Chancellor anything to his detriment. That Roy should have got to Portugal is at present quite unaccountable; and provokes the supposition that the Martyr put More on a wrong scent. The archives of that country would readily prove whether an English heretic friar was burnt in that country between 1528—1531.

With this notice dies out our present information respecting the Authors of this Invective: unless the slightest possible notice of Roy by Bp. Bale in his *Illustrium majoris &c.* f. 256. *Ed.* 1548 be taken into account.

Outline of the Career

of

THOMAS WOLSEY,

Cardinal Archbishop of York, &c.,

And some Notes of his Children.

Taken chiefly from Thomas' *Historical Notes*, i. Ed. 1856; Le Neve's *Fasti Eccles. Angli.* Ed. 1858, &c.; and *The Life of Wolsey*, by his Gentleman Usher [? George Cavendish].

1470. Oct. 9. Henry VI. restored to the throne.

1471. Mar. Thomas, the son of Thomas and Joan Wolsey, *b.* at Ipswich. Cavendish says, 'an honest poore man's son.' A. Wood, who somewhat preposterously calls such an untamed tiger as Wolsey 'the greatest, most noble, and most disinterested *clergyman* of that age,' accuses the author of *Rede me, &c.*, whom he ignorantly calls a 'canting and severe Puritan,' of first saying that he was a butcher's son; but the statement—in itself no degradation to an honest mind—occurs much earlier. Mr. Furnivall has printed in *Ballads from MSS.* i. Ed. 1870, a poem written about 1520, now *Harl. MS.* 2,252, *fol.* 156, in which occur these lines—

To see a Churl, a Butcher's cur,
To reign and rule in such honour.

John Skelton, writing in 1522-3, *Why come ye nat to Courte;* thus refers to it:—

How be it the primordial
Of his wretched original,
And his base progeny,
And his greasy genealogy,
He came of the *sang royal*
That was cast out of a butcher's stall.

For which poem he fled for sanctuary to Westminster Abbey, where, protected by the Abbot Islip, he lived until his death on 29 June 1529.

1471. April 14. Edward IV. restored to the throne.
1483. April 9—June 25. Edward V. titular King.
1483. June. Richard III. seizes the Crown.
1485. Aug. 22. Henry VII. comes to the Crown.

Wolsey's Gentleman Usher states of him 'Being but a child, was very apt to be learned; wherefore by the means of his parents, or of his good friends, and masters, he was conveied to the university of Oxonford, where he shortly prospered so in learning, *as he told me by his owne mouthe*, he was
1486. made Bachellor of Arts, when he past not fifteen years of age, in so much that for the rareness of his age, he was called most commonly, through the University, the Boy Bacheler.
1500. Oct. 10. Wolsey is made Fellow of Magdalen college, and Master of Magdalen school. Is instituted Parson of Lymington, near Ilchester, in Somersetshire.
1507. Autumn. Performs a journey for the king from Richmond to Flanders and back in 80 *hours*.
1509. Feb. 2. Is collated Dean of Lincoln.
Feb. 8. Is collated Prebend (Welton Brinkhall) of Lincoln.
Mar. 25. Is installed Dean of Lincoln by *proxy*.

1509. April 22. Henry VIII. succeeds to the throne.

1509. May 3. Exchanges his Prebendaryship for that of Stow Longa in the same Cathedral.
Aug. 21. Is installed as Dean in *person*.
Is introduced by Fox, Bp. of Winchester, to the Court.
Is made the King's Almoner.
1510. Is made Rector of Torrington.
July. 5. Is made Prebend of Hereford. [Resigns it in Jan. 1512].
1511. Feb. 17. Is appointed Canon of Windsor. [Resigns it in 1512].

1512. JAN. 16. Is made Prebend [Bugthorpe] of York. [Resigns it on being made Bp. of Lincoln in 1514.]
1512. ? Is made Dean of Hereford. [Resigns it 3 Dec. 1512.]
1513. FEB. 19. Is elected Dean of York. Is admitted Dean FEB. 21. [Resigns it 6 April 1514, having been made Bp. of Lincoln.] Becomes Prime Minister, and has the direction of the supplies for the army invading France. Is made Bp. of Tournay on its capture.
JULY 8. Is collated Precentor of St. Paul's, London. [Resigns it in 1514, on being made a Bp.]
1513-14. He obtains the Abbey of St. Amand.
1514. FEB. 6. Papal Bulls of Provision to the see of Lincoln. MARCH 4, Receives the temporalities. MARCH 27, Is consecrated at Lambeth by Archbp. Warham. Resigns various smaller preferments as above.
JULY 14. Cardinal Bambridge, Archbishop of York, is poisoned at Rome. Wolsey is appointed his successor. AUG. 5, As Archbp. elect, is entrusted with the custody of the temporalities. SEPT. 15. Papal bulls for his translation, which are published in York Cathedral on DEC. 3.
1515. Fox, Bp. of Winchester, retires in disgust at Wolsey. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk soon follow.
SEPT. 10. Wolsey is made a Cardinal by the title of *Sanctæ Cæciliæ trans Tiberim.*
DEC. 22. Archbp. Warham resigns the Lord Chancellorship, and retires from Court. Wolsey succeeds him on the same day.
1517. Appointed to collect the Tenth levied by the Popes for the recovery of the duchy of Urbino.
A pension is assigned to him by the king of Spain.
1518. MAY 17. Appointed Joint-legate with Cardinal Campeggio.
JULY 29. Campeggio makes his entry into London.
JULY 30. Papal Bull to hold see of Bath and Wells *in commendam.*
AUG. 28, Obtains the temporalities.
OCT. Pension of 12,000 livres Tournais allowed him for the loss of the Bishopric of that town.
1579. Campeggio is recalled.
JUNE 10. Papal commission as sole Legate. Erects a Legate's court. Is godfather to the second son of Francis I. The Archbp. of Canterbury complains to the king of Wolsey oppressing the clergy. The judge of the Legate's court is convicted. Wolsey consequently hates Warham still more. He had already been violently offended with him, for subscribing himself *Your brother of Canterbury.*
1520. MAY—JULY. Accompanies the King at *The Field of the Cloth of Gold.*
1521. APR. His Legatine power is enlarged by Bull.
JULY. Mediator at the Congress of Calais. Abbey of St. Albans granted to him *in commendam.*
1522. Is disappointed of the Papacy. Adrian VI. chosen.

Wolsey had two illegitimate children—a son, THOMAS WINTER, to whom he gave many ecclesiastical offices before he was of age, which Winter resigned on his father's fall: and also a daughter, who was Abbess of Salisbury. [*Brewer*].

MAR. 27. In order to support the war against France without calling a Parliament, Wolsey orders by warrant a survey or valuation of the lands and property. This was followed by a general loan of the Tenth on the lay subjects, and the Fourth on the clergy. This made great noise all over the kingdom against the Cardinal.
1522. MAR. 28. WINTER is made Prebend of Lincoln. [He resigns it in 1529.]
1523. JAN. 9. Winter is made Prebend and also Archdeacon of York. He resigns both in Dec. 1529.]
APR. 15. Convocation and Parliament assemble on the same day. Wolsey demands and obtains from the clergy a subsidy of Half their annual revenue, and gets it. He demands 4*s.* in the pound of the Commons, and gets 2*s.* He is much mortified at the Commons.
His Legate-ship prolonged for five years.
MAY. Is again disappointed of the Papacy. Clement VII. elected.

Winter is made Chancellor of Salisbury. [He resigns it in 1529.]

APR. 30. Wolsey receives the temporalities of the see of Durham *in commendam*, having resigned Bath and Wells.

1524. JAN. 9. His Legantine powers are granted to him for life.

First suppression of monasteries for his intended colleges at Ipswich and Oxford.

Wolsey is now at the summit of his greatness. He remains for yet five years as great a man as a subject could well be.

1525. Commotions near London on account of taxes. The King is furious. Wolsey appeases him, and gives him Hampton Court Palace. Henry allows him in exchange to live in his palace at Richmond.

1526. Further suppression of monasteries for his colleges.

MAR. 24. Winter is made Archdeacon of Richmond. [He resigns it in 1529.]

MAR. 26. Winter is made Dean of Wells. [He resigns it in 1528.]

1527. JULY—SEPT. Wolsey makes his astonishingly pompous progress to Amiens and back, as Ambassador Extraordinary to the French King, in order to negotiate a match between the Duke of Orleans and the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary.

JULY He sends Dr. Knight, Secretary of State, to Rome touching the divorce.

1528. JAN. He orders the heralds, Clarencieux and Guienne, to declare war against Spain, without the King's knowledge. Henry orders this matter to be examined in Council. Wolsey makes his peace with the king.

Third suppression of monasteries for his colleges.

1529. APR. 6. Receives temporalities of the see of Winchester *in commendam*, having resigned Durham.

MAR. 31. Campeggio and he open the court to try the divorce question.

AUTUMN. Whilest these things were thus in hand, the cardinall of Yorke was aduised that the king had set his affection vpon a yoong gentlewoman named Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, vicount Rochford, which did wait vpon the queene. This was a great griefe vnto the cardinall, as he that perceiued aforehand, that the king would marie the said gentlewoman, if the diuorse took place. Wherfore he began with all diligence to disappoint that match, which by reason of the misliking that he had to the woman, he iudged ought to be auoided more than present death. While the matter stood in this state, and that the cause of the queene was to be heard and iudged at Rome, by reason of the appeale which by hir was put in: the cardinal required the pope by letters and secret messengers, that in anie wise he should defer the iudgement of the diuorse, till he might frame the kings mind to his purpose. Howbeit he went about nothing so secretlie, but that the same came to the kings knowledge, who tooke so high displeasure with such his cloked dissimulation, that he determined to abase his degree, sith as an vnthankefull person he forgot himselfe and his dutie towards him that had so highlie aduanced him to all honor and dignitie. *Holinshed*. lii. 908, *Ed.* 1586.

OCT. 19. He delivers up the Great Seal to the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. The king orders him to go to Esher. He is stripped of all his offices except his Archbishoprick.

NOV. 3. Parliament meets. He is impeached.

1530. LENT. He removes to Richmond.

APRIL. He journeys to the north, and lives in his Archepiscopal residence at Cawood.

NOV. 4. Friday. He is arrested there by the Earl of Northumberland for high treason. He was to have been enthroned with high pomp as archbp. on the following Monday.

NOV. 29. Journeying towards London, he dies at Leicester Abbey on Tuesday 29 Nov. at 8 A.M.: æt. 59.

His Gentleman Usher says, 'I assure you, in his time, he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings alive.'

* *Editions not seen.*

Rede me and be nott wrothe.

I.—*Separate publication.*

1. [1528. Strasburg.] See title on opposite page. There are at present two
1 vol. 8vo. copies in the British Museum; one with pressmark C. 21. a, the other in the Grenville Collection, No. 11,167.
4. [1845. London.] A simple reprint, in black letter, of No. 1, by the Chis-
1 vol. 8vo. wick Press.

II.—*With other works.*

3. 1812. London. *The Harleian Miscellany.* Ed. by T. PARK, F.S.A.
10 vols. 4to. *Rede me, &c.*, occupies vol. ix. 1-83. *Ed.* 1812.
5. 1871. SEPT. 20. London, 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints;* see title at *p.* 1.

III.—*Adaptations, &c.*

*2. 1546. JUNE 30, Wesel. Printed by Henry Nycholson. Ed. by L. R.
1 vol. 8vo. [? A further carrying out of the arbitrary letters L, N O, P Q, R.]

A Proper Dyaloge, &c.

∴ *The only known copy of the* Dyaloge *was discovered by Lord Arthur Harvey in the library at Ickworth, in the autumn of* 1862.

II.— *With* A compendious olde Treatise, &c.

1. 1530. Marburg. See title at *p.* 129, and Colophon at *p.* 184. 23 *leaves.*
1 vol. 8vo. The press-mark of the Museum copy is C. 37. a.
*2. [1530. Marburg.] It would seem that when the *olde Treatise* was sepa-
rately printed (see No. 2 below) that this *Dyaloge* was also reprinted. Oldys in his *Harl. Pamphlets*, No. 173, quotes such a copy, without date or name of place or printer, on 24 *leaves.*
3. 1863. London. The same, reproduced in facsimile (by hand-traced litho-
1 vol. 8vo. graphy), with an Introduction, by FRANCIS FRY, Esq. F.S.A.
4. 1871. SEPT. 20. London, 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1.

A compendious olde Treatyse, &c.

A MS. copy of this *lettre* was bequeathed by Archbp. Parker to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It has the following title:—*A determination of a doctor of divinity against them that say it is not lawful to have holy writte and other bookes in Englishe.* J. Nasmith's *Cat.*, &c., *p.* 333, Ed. 1777.

I.—*As a separate publication.*

2. 1530. Marburg. A compendious olde treatyse/ howe that we ought to
1 vol. have ye Scripture in Englysshe/ COL. Emprented at Marl-
8 *leaves.* borow in the lande of Hessen/ be my Hans Luft/ in the yere of oure lorde M.CCCCC. and .XXX. It has 34 lines to a page. A perfectly distinct edition from No. 1. The press-mark of the Museum copy is C. 25. d.
3. [? 1546.] London. A compendyous Olde treatyse shewynge/ howe that we
1 vol. 8vo. ought to haue the Scripture in Englyshe with the Auctours. COL. ¶ Imprynted by me Rycharde Banckes/ dwellynge in gracious streete/ besyde the cundyte. The Museum copy is C. 37. b.

II.—*With other works.*

1. 1530. Marburg. At the end of *A proper Dyaloge*, &c. See title at *p.*
1 vol. 8vo. 170. and Col. at *p.* 184. It is printed 32 lines to a page, some-
9 *leaves.* what narrower than those in No. 2.
4. 1563. London. The *Olde Treatise* is included in the *first* edition only
1 vol. folio. of JOHN FOX'S *Actes and Monumentes*, &c., *pp.* 452-5.
5. 1844-6. London. It is consequently reprinted in the edition of that work
8 vols. 8vo. by the Rev. T. TOWNSEND, M.A., in vol. iv. 671-676.
6. 1863. Bristol. 1 vol. 8vo. Facsimiled by Mr. Fry, with the *Dyaloge*, &c.
7. 1871. SEPT. 20. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1.

Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I saye no thynge but trothe.

I will ascende makynge my state so hye/
That my pompous honoure shall never dye.

O Caytyfe when thou thynkest least of all/
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

[*In the original edition, the griffons, club, and Cardinal's hat are painted red. In which way drops of blood are represented as falling from the edges of the six axes.*]

The deſcripcion of the armes.

Of the prowde Cardinall this is the ſhelde
Borne vp betwene two angels off Sathan.
The ſixe blouddy axes in a bare felde
Sheweth the cruelte of the red man/
whiche hathe devoured the beautifull ſwan.
Mortall enmy vnto the whyte Lion/
Carter of Yorcke/ the vyle butchers ſonne.

The ſixe bulles heddes in a felde blacke
Betokeneth hys ſtordy furiouſnes
Wherfore the godly lyght to put abacke
He bryngeth in hys dyvliſſhe darcknes.
The bandog in the middes doth expreſſe
The maſtif Curre bred in Ypſwitch towne
Gnawynge with his teth a kynges crowne.

The cloubbe ſignifieth playne hys tiranny
Covered over with a Cardinals hatt
Wherin ſhalbe fulfilled the prophecy
Aryſe vp Iacke and put on thy ſalatt/
For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt
The temporall cheualry thus throwen downe
Wherby preſt take hede and beware thy croune.

To his singuler goode frendt and brother in Christ Master. P. G. N. O. desyreth grace and peace from God the father/ thorowe the lorde Iesus Christ.

BY your laſte letter/ dere brother in Chriſt/ I perceved/ that youre deſyre was/ to have the lytle worke which ye ſent/ wele examened/ and diligently put into prynt. Which thynge (the bonde of charitie/ where with not alonly Joh. xv you and I/ but we with the whole nombre of Chriſtis choſen flocke/ rema[n]ynge amonge oure nacion of engliſſhe men/ are knet together/ purly for the truthes ſake pondered) I coulde do no leſſe but fulfill and accomplyſſhe. For as moche as it is a thynge ſo neceſſary. Where of no doute/ ſhall ſprynge grett frute vnto the fammiſſhed/ and lyght vnto theym which of longe ſeaſon have bene ſore blynd- Ma. xxv folded. Though the rammyſſhe reſydue of gotes/ ſo farre envred with mannis blynde reaſon (which repute grett felicite to make men beleve/ goode to be the naturall cauſe of evill/ darknes to procede oute of light) and lyinge to be grownded in trouth/ Mat. xxiiij. and to make of the worde of lyfe the glave of death/ contrary to all trueth) that ſcripture calleth theym faulce teachers/ and bryngers in prevely of dampnable ſectes/ even denyinge the lorde that bought theym/ ij. pe. j. ij

and brynge on their owne heddes fwyfte dampnacion/ for their leadynge of many into their dampnable
ap. xviij waies. Of whofe boddies annd foules thus
Ma. vij once blynded and ledde out of the narowe waye of lyfe/ into the broade waye of perdicion/ thorowe covetoufnes they make their marchandyfe.
ij. Pet. ij Wherby the waye of trueth (that is to faye the glorious gofpell of Chrift) is evill fpocken of. In fo moche that they after this manner fealed with the
apo. xvj. marke of the grett beaft of the erth/ whofe
j. ti. iiij confciences. S. paul defcrybeth to be finged with the hott yeron of blafphemy/ only geve hede to the fpretes of erroure/ and dyvelyffhe doctryne of theym which fpeake faulce through hipocrify/
iiij. forbyddynge to mary/ and commaundynge to abftayne from meates and foche wother) cannot but barke there att/ forbid it/ and with all violence perfecute the reders there of. Yet. I nevertheleffe
ij. Pet. j with you/ doinge after the apoftles erudi-
ij. Pe. jij cion/ as longe as I folowe no decevable fables/ will not be negligent to put my brethren in remembraunce (thogh they partly knowe them their felves/ and are ftablyffhed in the prefent trueth) of thofe thynges wherby they maye the more evidently note the difceatfulnes of mortall man/ and the better come vnto the knowledge of the immortall god. Seynge the tyme at honde wherin god of his infinite
Luc. j mercy/ hath ordened before to make
Rom. j theym thorowe Chrift oure lorde parte
Ac. xiij takers alfo of his glorious will and porpos.
Ebre. iij even as in the gofpell oure faveoure before
mar. iij. xvj to all his hadd promefed. I therfore con-
lu. iiij. ix fyderynge the worlde thus to be wrapped
j. Io. v

in myſery and blindnes (and now in theſe latter dayes becom an hole or denne of falce foxy hipocrites/ and a mancion for all ravenynge wolves diſgyſed in lambes ſkynnes/ which hate all love/ and with oute drede of god wander but for theire praye) have iudged it a thynge moſte convenient/ to ſett this ſmale treatous as a glas or myroure moſt cleare before all mens eyes. In the preface where of manyfeſtly they ſhall perceave/ howe grett daunger nowe a dayes it is/ the trueth other to deſcribe with penne/ or with tonge to declare. In the lamentacion folowynge/ made by a bely beaſt/ engendred amonge the greſy/ or anoynted heap/ wother wyfe called the papyſticall fecte (whom Chriſt calleth a croked/ vntawarde/ and cruell generation of venemous vipers) they may ſurly groape and fele/ where of oure ſpretuall lordes/ maſters/ and rulars (falcely ſo named) have proceded/ and are come. with what preſomcion they diſdayne the auncient and true noble bloud. and what preeminence and dignite they have obtayned through their faulce and crafti bryngynge vppe of the blaſphemous maſſe/ which principlally is their holde/ ſtede/ and defence. Forthermore in the dialoge enſuynge or brefe interlude/ is mas deſcrybed with his abhominable miniſters. as Popes/ Cardinalls/ biſſhops/ abbotes/ monkes/ fryres/ and lyke wother. wherin alſo is declared whatt trees they are with their frute. annd what they ſhall remayne their maſſe once diſanulled/ and putt downe. Which all well conſydered/ I hoape that the reder what ever he be/ will nott take this worke as a thynge convicious/ or a principle of hatred and debate. nor

Lu. viij.
Ma. vij
Luc. vj
Ro. xvj
Ma. xvj
xvij
Luce. ix
ma. xxiij
ma. vij.
epis. Iu.

Rom. ij yett deſpyſe the ryches of the godnes/ and of the pacience/ of the longe ſoferance of god. but will remember that his kyndnes only leadeth hym to re-
i. Cor. ij pentaunce. and mekely with the ſprete of quyetnes/ fyrſt iudge it/ and then conſydre hym ſilfe. and fautleſſe he ſhall fynde it a grett occaſion/ to love/ and alſo to thancke god his father moſt mercifull/ which of his tender mercy hath nott delyvered hym vppe vnto a leawd mynde/ with theſe veſſels of wrathe/
Rom. j and children of the devill/ to do thoſe
Ioa. viij thynges which are nott comly/ ful of all
Rom. ij vnrightouſnes/ fornication/ wickednes/ covetouſnes/ malicioufnes. &c. and ſofered hym nott to become lyke vnto theym/ a hater of god/ and of his godly worde. agaynſt whoſe vngodlines/ and vnrightouſnes/ the wrath of the hevenly god apereth. becauſe they with holde the true rightouſnes of god/
Rom. j whiche commeth throwe the lyght of the goſpell of Chriſt/ in the vnrightouſnes of mans lawes and tradicions. Ye/ and as ſayth. S. paul/ though they knowe the rightouſnes of god/ howe they which ſoche thynges committ are worthey of death/ yett nott only do the ſame/ but alſo have pleaſure in the doars of them. Wherfore they are before god with oute excuſe. ſeinge that knowinge god/ they glorify hym nott as god. nor yett are thanckfull. but wexe full of vanities in their ymaginacions. countynge theym ſelves wyſe where as in dede they are foles. For with their folyſſhe and blynde hert/ they tourne the glory of the immortall god/ vnto the ſimilitude of the ymage of mortall man. He ſhall lykwyſe clearly perceve/ that we of duty colde do no leſſe/ but for the preſervacion and tutell of the innocent and ſimple/

to declare the peſtilent doblenes/ and decevable ſeduccion of the wicked. accordinge to the doctryne ſhewed vnto vs every where by Chriſt oure maſter. which cam to ſave annd not to deſtroye. For one rotten apple/ lytell and lytell putrifieth an whole heape. a lytell ſower leven the whole lompe of dowe. one rancklynge member/ the whole boddy. Shortly to conclude. Here in I am well perſuaded/ lett the vngodly roare and barcke never ſo lowde/ that the fyre which Chriſt cam to kyndle on erth/ cannott butt burne. that is to ſaye/ his godly worde forevermore encreace and continue. Wherfore dere brother/ yf eny mo ſoche ſmale ſtickes come vnto youre hondes/ which ye ſhall iudge apte vnto the augmentacion of this fyre/ ſende them vnto me (yf in englonde they maye not be publiſſhed) and by goddis grace with all my power and poſſibilitie/ I ſhall ſo endever my ſylfe to kyndle theym/ that as many as are of the ſede of abraham ſhall ſe their light/ and therby gloryfy their father celeſtiall/ which kepe you and youres continully ſtrengthynge you with his ſprete of comforte to his glory for ever Amen.

Ioan. vj. x.
mat. xiij
Luc. xij
j. Cor. v
Luc. xij.
ij. re. xxij
Psa. xvij ciiij cxviij
Ioa. viij
Mat. v

¶ The Author of the worke.

Go forthe lytell treatous nothynge a fraide.
To the Cardinall of Yorcke dedicate
And though he threaten the be not diſmayde
To pupplyſſhe his abhominable eſtate
For though his power he doeth elevate
Yett the ſeaſon is nowe verily come
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

O my author howe ſhall I be ſo bolde
A fore the Cardinall to ſhewe my face
Seinge all the clargy with hym doth holde/
Alſo in faveour of the Kyngis grace
With furious ſentence they will me chace
Forbiddynge eny perſone to rede me
Wherfore my deare author it cannott be.

The Author.

Thou knoweſt very well whatt his lyfe is
Vnto all people greatly deteſtable/
He cauſeth many one to do amiſſe
Thorow his example abhominable.
Wherfore it is nothynge reprobable
To declare his miſchefe and whordom
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Though his lyfe of all people is hated
Yet in the maſſe they putt moche confidence
Whiche through out all the world is dilated

As a worke of ſinguler magnificence/
Preſtes alſo they have in reverence
With all wother perſones of the ſpretualte
Wherfore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O deare treatous thou mayſt nott conſyder
Their blynde affeccion in ignorance
Wherby all the worlde both farre and near
Hath bene combred with longe continuance.
Itt is goddis will his trueth to avaunce
And to putt antichriſt oute of his kyngdom
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium

The Treatous.

Well yett there is greate occaſion of grudge
Be cauſe I apeare to be convicious.
Withouten fayle the clargy will me iudge
To procede of a ſprete preſumtuous/
For to vſe ſoche wordes contumelious
It becommeth nott chriſten charite
Wherfore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O my treatous it is goddis iudgement
So to recompence their madde blaſphemy
Seynge they burned his holy teſtament
Thorowe the prowde cardinals tyranny
Agaynſt whoſe harde obſtynacy to crye
The ſtones in the ſtrete cannot be dom
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Yf I preſume to make relacion
Of ſecret matters that be vncertayne
They will count it for diffamacion
Or thinges contryved of a frowarde brayne
To deſcrybe their faultes it is but vayne
Except I were in ſome authorite
Wherfore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

As touching that thou nede not to be deiecte
The trueth ſhalbe thy conſervacion
Whyles thou preſume no faultes to detecte
But wheare thou haſt hadde certificacion
By their knowledge and informacion
Whiche have forſaken the whore of rome
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Alas yett in their outragious furoure
They ſhall courſſe and banne with cruel ſentence
All thoſe whiche have to me eny favoure
Ether to my ſaynge geve credence
In hell and heven they have preeminence
To do as they lyſte with free liberte
Wherfore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O treatous lett antichriſt crye and roare
Manaſſynge with fulminacions
His cruelte ſhalbe feared no moare

Men knowynge his abhominacions
Fye apon his forged execracions.
Seynge his tyranny is overcome
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Fye on his dyvliſſhe interdiccions
With his keyes lockis chaynes and fetters
Fye apon all his iuriſdiccions
And apon thoſe whiche to hym are detters
Fye apon his bulles breves and letters
Wherin he is named ſeruus ſervorum
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Fye on his golden thre folded crowne
Whiche he vſeth to weare apon his head
Fye apon his maieſte and renowne
Clayminge on erthe to be in Chriſtis ſtead
Fye on his carkes bothe quycke and dead
Ex hoc nunc et uſque in ſeculum
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Bliſſed they be which are curſed of the pope
And courſed are they whom he doth bliſſe
A courſed are all they that have eny hope
Ether in his perſonne or els in his.
For of almyghty god a courſed he is
Per omnia ſecula ſeculorum
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.[1]

[1] This refrain is taken from the Vulgate, and in the Douay version (1607-10. A.D.) is rendered—*That his iniquitie may be found vnto hatred.* In the Authorized Version the Hebrew is translated—*Until his iniquity be found to be hateful.*—Ps. xxxvi. 2.

¶ Heare foloweth the lamentacion.

Alas alas for woo and bitter payne
Oppreſſed withe grefe and forofull care
Howe ſhall we from hevy wepynge refrayne
Conſyderynge the caſe that we in are.
We have now loſt the pryce of oure welfare
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

Wo worth the time that ever we were born
To ſe the chaunce of this dolorours daye
For now ar we mocked and laughed to ſkorn
Owre honour brought to extreme decaye
We maye well ſynge alas and well awaye
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

Aproche proud patriarkis with youre pope
Biſſhops arſbyſſhops and Cardinalls gaye
With all other prelatis which had your hope
To be mayntayned by the maſſe all waye
Who ſhall finde oure belly and ryche araye
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

Drawe nere ye preſtis in youre longe gownis
With all the fryres of the beggerly ordres
Com hither monkis: with brode ſhaven crounis
And all ſoche as are ſhoren above the ears/
Helpe me to lament with dolourous teares
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

The dolfull deſtruction of noble troye
Was never to man haulfe ſo lamentable
Nor yett the ſubuerſion of Rome oure ioye
Vnder whom we were counted honorable.
O fortune fortune: thou arte vnfauorable
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

Departed is nowe the maſſe and clean gone
The chefe vpholder of oure liberte
Wherby our whores and harlotis everychone
Were mayntayned in ryche felicite.
Full ſore we ſhall repent this daye to ſe
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

Our baudis and brothels have loſt ther finding
Oure baſtardes compelled to go aſtraye/
Oure wynninge mill hath loſt her gryndinge
Which we ſuppoſed never to decaye.
Alas therfore what ſhall we do or ſaye
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

Oure gay velvet gownis furred with ſables
Which werre wont to kepe vs from colde
The paulfreys and hackeneis in oure ſtables
Nowe to make chevefaunce muſt be ſolde
Adue forked mitres and croſſes of golde
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

We ſhall nowe abate oure welthy tables
With delicate deyntyes ſo delicious
Oure mery ieſtes and pleſaunt fables
Are nowe tourned to matters dolorous
We muſt laye downe oure eſtate ſo pompous
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

Oure fyngres ſhyninge with precyous ſtons
Sett in golden rynges of ryche valoure
Oure effeminate fleſſhe and tender bones
Shalbe conſtrayned to faule vnto laboure
For why decayed is all oure honoure
Seynge that gone is the maſſe.
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

Where as we vſed apon mules to ryde
Nowe muſt we nedes prycke a fote a lone
Oure wantan daliaunce and boſtinge pride
With wofull miſery is over gone.
Oure gliſtringe golde is turned to a ſtone
Seynge that gone is the maſſe.
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

We had oure ſervantes in moſt courtly wyſe
In greate multitude folowinge oure tayle
With garded lyverey after the newe gyſe
Whome we frely ſupported to ieſt and rayle
How be it nowe eache from wother ſhall fayle
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

Oure povre kynred we lytell vnderſtode/
And of whatt vilnes oure pompe did aryſe.
We deſdayned the eſtates of noble blode/
Nothynge afrayde oure betters to deſpyſe.
Wherfor agaynſt vs they will nowe ſurmyſe
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

We were called lordes and doctours reverente/
Royally raignynge in the ſpretualte.
In every place wheare we were preſente/
They vayled their bonetis and bowed a kne.
But it begynneth nowe wother wyſe to be.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

We devowred the ſuſtenaunce of the poore/
Waſtynge the goodes of people temporall.
Wherwith we noryſſhed many a whore/
To ſatiſfye oure pleaſure beaſtiall.
And yett we were counted ſpretuall.
Vnder faveoure of the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

Oure greate lordſpippes and dominacions/
With oure ryche iuelles and ſomptous plate.
Oure places and large habitacions/
Adorned with hangyngis and beddes of ſtate
From oure hondes ſhall nowe be ſeperate.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

A due/ oure ayde and ſupportacion/
Wherby fortune ſo merely did ſmyle.
Farwele comforte and conſolacion/
Thus ſoddenly chaunged with in a whyle.
Oure vayne confydence dyd vs ſore begyle.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

By the maſſe we were exalted ſo hye/
That ſcantly eny man we wolde once knowe.
We thought for to aſcende vnto the ſkye/
Havynge oure ſeate above the rayne bowe
But we are come downe agayne full lowe.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

The maſſe made vs lordis and kyngis over all/
Farre and nere every wheare havyng power.
With honorable tytles they dyd vs call/
Dredynge to offende vs at eny houre.
Then were we as freſſh as the garden floure.
Vnder faveoure of the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

Amonge all the people we went a fore/
By pretence of oure fayned holynes.
They reputed vs for haulfe goddes and more/
Thorowe the maſſes beneficialnes.
Whiche is nowe tourned to oure hevines.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

The maſſe was only oure ſinguler ſuffrage/
To delivre the people from their ſynne.
There was no preſt in towne nor village/
But by the maſſe his lyvynge did wynne.
Whoſe ſuperfluite ſhalbe full thynne.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

O faythfull maſſe/ ſo conſtant and true.
In heven and erth continually.
We nowe thy chyldren ſhall morne and rue/
The chaunce of thy dekaye ſo ſodenly.
Conſtrayned we are all to wepe and crye.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

By the maſſe we had hye authorite/
In heven and erth takynge oure pleaſure.
Kynges and prynces for all their dignite/
To diſpleaſe vs feared oute of meaſure.
Alas we have nowe loſt oure chefe treaſure.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

The maſſe made vs ſo ſtronge and ſtordy/
That agaynſt hell gates we did prevayle.
Delyveringe ſoules oute of purgatory/
And ſendynge theym to heven with out fayle
Who is he then that wolde nott bewayle.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

Of all maner thynges the comodyte/
By the maſſis healpe only did depende.
From ſycknes and peſtilent mortalite/
The ſocoure of the maſſe did vs defende.
All proſperite that oure lorde did ſende.
Was for favoure of the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

The maſſe farre excedeth mannis reaſon/
Oft tymes of foule wether makynge fayre.
It cauſeth frute for to rype in ſeaſon/
Puttynge awaye infeccions of the ayre.
Greate eſtates frendſhippe ſtably to repayre.
Have confirmacion by the maſſe
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

The maſſe in due tyme procureth rayne/
Wherby floures and erbes freſſhly do ſprynge.
And maſſe maketh it for to ſeace agayne/
When it ſo aboundeth to their hyndrynge.
All maner matrymony and maryinge.
Is ſolemnyſed by the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

To ſoudears and men goynge a warre fare/
The maſſe is ever a ſure proteccion.
It preſerveth people from wofull care/
Dryvynge awaye all affliccion.
Alas who can ſhewe by deſcripcion.
All the proffettis of the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.

O wofull chaunce: moſt infortunate/
So ſodenly makynge comutacion.
Never ſence the worlde was fyrſt create/
Was there a thynge of ſoche reputacion.
For in every londe and nacion.
All goodnes cam by the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

Whatt avayleth nowe to have a ſhaven hedde/
Or to be aparelled with a longe gowne.
Oure anoynted hondes do vs lytle ſtedde/
Wher as the maſſe is thus plucked downe
Vnto oure diſhonowre all doeth rebowne.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

The gooddes of the churche are taken awaye/
Geuen to povre folkes ſoffrynge indigence.
The devyne ſervyce vtterly doeth decaye/
With halowed oyle/ ſalt/ and frankynſence.
To holy water they have no reverence.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

All people becauſe the maſſe is departed/
Seketh nowe/ Ceremonies to confounde.
The aultres of the lorde are ſubuerted/
With ymages which coſt many a pounde.
The temples alſo are throwen to the grounde
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

Wherfore nowe of my lamentacion
To make an ende with oute delaye.
Fare wele O holy conſecracion/
With blyſſed ſanctus and agnus dei.
No lenger nowe with you we can praye.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

A due/ gentle dominus vobiſcum/
With comfortable/ ite miſſa eſt.
Requiem eternam/ is nowe vndon/
By whom we had many a feſt.
Requieſcat in pace and goode reſt.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.

¶ Here foloweth a brefe Dialoge betwene two prestes serbauntis/ named Watkyn. and Ieffraye.

Watkyn Effraye/ hardeſt thou oure maſter/
Thus with lamentable maner/
Moſt pitouſly complayne?

Ieffraye ¶ Herde it catha? yee be th[e]roode/
I praye god turne it vnto goode/
That it be nott to oure payne.
But is it of a very ſurety/
As it is ſpoken in the country/
That the holy maſſe is deade.

Watt. ¶ Dead? yee Ieffraye by my hande/
And that thou myght well vnderſtande/
Hadde thou eny witt in thy heade.
For the ſoroufull conſtraynte/
Of oure maſters complaynte/
Allonely for hys deceace was.
Wherfor lett vs oure counſell take/
What ſhyfte for vs is beſt to make/
Seynge that deceaced is the maſſe.

Ief. ¶ Mary watkyne thou ſayeſt very trothe/
We ſhall have but a colde brothe/
I feare me ſhortely after this.
But I praye the tell me nowe playne/
Was he by eny myſchaunce ſlayne/
Or was it for age that he deade is.

Wat. ¶ Naye/ it was not ſurly for age/
For he was of luſty courage/
Though he had very many yeres.
Alſo he had continued ſtill/
Yf preſtes myght haue had their will/
With the helpe of monkes and fryres.
Butt he was aſſauted ſo ſore/
That he coulde reſiſt no more/
And was fayne to geve ouer.

Then cam his aduerſaries with myght/
And ſlewe hym oute of honde quyght/
As though he had bene a faulce rover.

Ref. ¶ With what wepen did they hym kyll/
Whether with polaxe or with bill?
A goode felowſhippe lightly tell.

Wat. ¶ Naye: with a ſharpe two edged ſworde/
Which as they ſaye was goddis worde/
Drawne oute of the holy goſpell.

Ref. ¶ And is goddis worde of ſoche myght/
That it ſlewe the maſſe downe right/
Of ſo auncient continuaunce?
My thynketh it ſhulde not be true/
Seynge that preſtes wolde hym reſcue/
With worldly ryches and ſubſtaunce.
Monkes/ channons/ all ſhaven crownes/
Wolde have brought their villagis and tounes/
With their whole religious rable.
Which vnder antichriſtis raygne/
Are of ſectes variable and vayne/
Forto be reckened in numerable.
Oure maſter alſo I dare ſaye/
With many wother preſtes gaye/
Whom I knowe very well.
Wolde have ſpent all their goode.
Yee verely their owne hert bloude/
To helpe maſſe agaynſt the goſpell.

Wat. ¶ Toſſhe man they did all their beſt/
Not ſparynge to opyn their cheſt/
Gevynge out brybes liberally.
Wherby they had gret confidence/
For to have done moche aſſiſtence/
In ayde of the maſſe certaynly.
But it provayled theim nothynge/
For goddis worde hath ſoche workynge/
That none maye reſiſt contrary.

Ref. ¶ Well/ yet take it for no ſcorne/
I tell the wheare as I was borne/
They reſiſt the goſpell openly.

And the principall doars be ſuche/
As nowe a dayes governe the churche/
No ſmale foles I promes the.
And namly one that is the chefe/
Whiche is not fedd/ ſo ofte with roſt befe/
As with rawe motten ſo god helpe me.
Whoſe mule yf it ſhulde be ſolde/
So gayly trapped with velvet and golde/
And geven to vs for oure ſchare.
I durſt enſure the one thynge/
As for a competent lyvynge/
This ſeven yere we ſhulde not care.

Mat. ¶ Yf he be ſoche what is his name/
Or of what regarde is his fame?
I beſeche the ſhortly expreſſe.

Ref. ¶ Mary/ ſome men call hym Carnall/
And ſome ſaye he is the devill and all/
Patriarcke of all wickednes.

Mat. ¶ Well/ to be brefe with outen gloſe/
And not to ſwarve from oure purpoſe/
Take goode hede what I ſhall ſaye.
The tyme will come or it be longe/
When thou ſhalt ſe their ſtatly thronge/
With miſerable ruyne decaye.
Note wele the enſample of Rome/
To what miſery it is come/
Which was their hedde principall.
Goddis worde the grownde of vertue/
They went aboute for to ſubdue/
Wherby they have gotten a faule.

Ref. ¶ Beleve me/ thou ſpeakeſt reaſon/
I trowe we ſhall ſe a ſeaſon/
To the confuſion of theym all.
But nowe to oure mater agayne/
I wolde heare merveloufly fayne/
In what place the maſſe deceaſed.

Mat. ¶ In Straſbrugh/ that noble towne/
A Cyte of moſt famous renowne/
Wheare the goſpell is frely preached.

Ref. ¶ And what doſt thou their names call/
Which were counted in eſpeciall/
The aduerſaries of the maſſe?
Wat. ¶ Truly there where clarkes many one/
And gretly learned every chone/
Whoſe names my memory do paſſe.
Howe be it/ Hedius/ Butzer. and Capito/
Celarius/ Symphorian/ and wother mo/
In dede were reputed the chefe.
Whoſe lyuynge is ſo inculpable/
That their enemies with oute fable/
In theym coulde fynde no repreſe.
Ref. ¶ What did then the temporalte/
Wolde they all there vnto agre/
With outen eny diſſencion?
Watt. ¶ As for the commens vniuerſally/
And a greate parte of the ſenatory/
Were of the ſame intencion.
Though a feawe were on the wother ſyde/
But they were lyghtly ſatiffyed/
When they could nott goddis worde denaye
Ref. ¶ I perceaue then manifeſtly/
The biſſhoppe with his whole clargy/
Were abſent and a waye.
Wat. ¶ They were not abſent I the enſure/
For with the maſſe they dyd endure/
Whyls to ſpeake they had eny breth.
In ſomoche that for all this/
The biſſhoppe ceaſeth not with his/
To revenge the maſſes death.
He ſpareth nott to courſe and banne/
Doynge all that ever he canne/
To revoke maſſe vnto lyfe agayne.
He ſpendeth many a gulden/
To hange/ morther/ and bren/
The maſſes aduerſaries certayne.
Ref. ¶ And getteth he any goode therby?
Wat. ¶ But littell yet I the certeſy/
And I trowe leſſe he ſhall have.

Nowe for all his hye magnificence/
They counte hym ſavynge reuerence/
Not moche better than a knave.

Ref. ¶ Peace whorſone/ beware of that/
I tell the his ſkynne is conſecrat/
Anoynted with holy oyntmente.

Wat. ¶ Yee/ ſo many a knaves ſkinne/
Is greſyd with out and with in/
And yett they are not excellente

Ref. ¶ Cockes bonnes/ this is rancke hereſy/
Yf it were knowne: by and by/
Thou ſhuldeſt a faggote beare.
To ſpeake ſo of ſoche a prelate/
Whiles they are all of the ſame rate/
For the more parte every wheare.
But to the purpoſe that we beganne/
What did monkes and fryeres thanne/
When maſſe went thus to wracke?

Wat. ¶ So vttered was their abuſione/
That with great confuſione/
They were fayne to ſtande abacke.

Ref. ¶ Och: I knowe a fryer in a place/
Whom they call father Matthias/
Yf he had bene at this brayde.
He wolde have made ſoche a noyſe/
With his horrible ſhrill voyce/
Able to have made theym afrayde.

Wat. ¶ Toſſhe/ there were fryres two or thre/
In fayth as grett panched as he/
With bellies more then a barell.
Which for all their learned ſtrengthe/
Were ſo confounded there at lengthe/
That they gave over their quarell.

Ref. ¶ What made Ihon Faber and Emſer/
With their ayders Eckyus and Morner/
Did they vnto maſſe no ſocoure?

Wat. ¶ Yes truly/ with wordes of greate boſte/
They ſpared not to ſende their oſte/
Threatnynge with fearfull terroure.

Howe be it they had ſoche impediment/
That they coulde nott be there preſent/
As thou ſhalt the caſe vnderſtonde.
Emſer ſomtyme a reguler chanon/
To defende the maſſis cannon/
Longe before had taken in honde.
Which craftely to vpholde with lyes/
So grevouſly troubled his eyes/
And alſo encombred his brayne.
That there was no remedy/
But he was fayne certenly/
At home/ a fole to remayne.
Flatterynge Faber/ full of diſdayne/
Was newe admitted to be chaplayne/
Vnto duke Ferdinand by othe.
Wherfore he had ynough of buſynes/
To diſſwade the dukes noblenes/
From favourynge the godly trothe.
As for Morner/ the blynde lawear/
And Eckius/ the frowarde ſophiſtrar/
They have afore caſtynge wiſdome.
That in ſoche honorable audience/
Wheare as wyſe clarckes are in preſence/
They will nott very gladly come.

Ref. ¶ Medled nott Eraſmus/ in this matter
Which ſo craftely can flatter/
With cloked diſſimulacion?

Wat. ¶ He was buſy to make will free/
A thynge nott poſſible to be/
After wyſe clarckis eſtimacion.
Wherfore he intermitted lytle/
As concernynge the maſſis tytle/
With eny maner aſſercion.
He feareth greatly ſome men ſaye/
Yf maſſe ſhulde vtterly decaye/
Leaſt he ſhulde loſe his penſion.
Notwithſtondynge he hath in his hedde/
Soche an opinion of the god of bredde/
That he wolde lever dye a marter.

Then ever he wolde be of this conſent/
That chriſt is not theare corporally preſent/
In bredde wyne and water.
Alſo he has geven ſoche a laudacion/
Vnto the ydols of abhominacion/
In his gloſynge piſtles before tyme.
That yf he ſhulde wother wyſe reclame/
Men wolde impute vnto his blame
Of vnſtable inconſtancy the cryme.

Ket. ¶ Howe did they then with lovayne/
And with the vniuerſitie of Colayne/
Made they right noght for maſſis parte?

Mat. ¶ Yes furly with terrible vociferacion/
They made wonderfull exclamacion/
The worde of god to ſubverte.
They ſent thether Thomas and Scote/
With wother queſtioniſtes god wote.
Full of crakynge wordes inopinable.
But when it cam to the effecte/
They were ſo abaſſhed and deiecte/
That once to hiſſe they were nott able.

Ket. ¶ It was a thynge playnly acorſt/
That maſſe went thus by the worſt/
Havynge ſo many on his wynge.

Mat. ¶ Goddis worde is ſo efficacious/
And of ſtrengthe ſo mervelous/
That agaynſt it is no reſiſtynge.

Ket. ¶ Nevertheleſſe amonge this araye/
Was nott theare one called Coclaye/
A littell pratye foolyſſhe poade?
But all though his ſtature be ſmall.
Yett men ſaye he lacketh no gall/
More venemous then any toade.

[*Should be* Mat. ¶] No/for he hadde a nother occupacyon/

Mat. ¶ Wrytinge to the englyſſhe nacyon/
Inuencyones of flatterye.

Ket. ¶ To Englonde? in goode tyme/
I trowe the vrchyn will clyme/
To ſome promocion haſtely.

Mat. ¶ Or els truly it ſhall coſt hym a fall/
For he is in fauoure with theym all/
Which haue the goſpell in hate.
Continually he doth wryte/
Euer laborynge daye and nyght/
To vpholde antichriſtes eſtate.
Of papiſtes he is the defender/
And of Luther the condemner/
The goſpell vtterly deſpyſynge.
To forge lyes he has no ſhame/
So that they ſomewhat frame/
With the proceſſe of his writynge.
He wrote of late to Herman Ryncke/
Waſtynge in vayne paper and yncke/
Pomeranes epyſtle to corrupte.
Which by chriſten men requyred/
Accordynge as he was deſyred/
Dyd his parte theym to inſtructe.
No thynge ther in was reprobable/
But all to gedder true and veritable/
Without hereſy or eny faulte.
Howe be it this wretch vnſhamfaſt/
Thorowe malicie was not a gaſt/
The trueth with lyes to aſſaulte.

Ref. ¶ Yf he be as thou ſayſt he is/
I warant he ſhall not mis/
Of a benefice and that ſhortly.
For I enſure the oure Cardinall/
With wother biſſhops in generall/
Love ſoche a felowe entierly
But lett this nowe paſſe and go to/
What is beſt for oure proffit to do/
Seynge maſſe hath made his ende?

Mat. ¶ Surely as farre as I can geſſe/
We are lyke to be maſterleſſe/
Yerre it be longe ſo god me mende.
For as ſone as the maſſe is buried/
Oure maſter ſhalbe beggered/
Of all his ryche poſſeſſion

Ref. ¶ Then mate I put the out of doute/
It is goode that we loke aboute/
Leaſt we ſolfe a newe leſſon.
Howe be it/ howe longe will it be/
Or ever that we ſhall ſe/
Of this dedde maſſe the buriall?
[*Should be* Mat.¶] As touchynge that in very dede/
Mat. ¶ They are nott yett fully agrede/
But I ſuppoſe ſhortly they ſhall/
Some wolde have hym caried to Rome/
For be cauſe of all chriſtendome/
It is the principall Ce.
And ſome wolde have hym to France/
Becauſe of the noble mayntenaunce/
That he had of Parys vniverſite.
Some alſo perſwade in goode erneſt/
That in Englonde it were beſt/
His dedde coors rychly to begraue
Ref. ¶ Nowe after my folyſſhe coniecture/
They coulde nott for his ſepulture/
Devyſe/ a better place to have.
Alſo theare is Sayncte Thomas ſchryne/
Of precious ſtones and golde fyne/
Wherin the maſſe they maye laye.
Wherof the ryches incomprehenſible/
As it is ſpoken by perſones credible/
Myght an Emperours raunſome paye.
Morover theare is the Cardinall/
Of whoſe pompe to make rehearceall/
It paſſeth my capacite.
With ſtately biſſoppes a greate ſorte/
Which kepe a mervelous porte/
Concernynge worldely royalte.
Preſtes alſo that are ſeculer/
With monkes and chanons reguler.
Abownde ſo in poſſeſſion.
That both in welfare and wede/
With oute doute they farre excede/
The nobles of the region.

Mat. ¶ Yf it be thus as thou doſt declare/
It is beſt that maſſe be buried theare/
With due honorable reverence.
Kef. ¶ Ye but they have a frowarde witt/
And par caſe they will not admitt/
But vtterly make reſiſtence?
Mat. ¶ Holde thy peace and be content/
The goſpell by a commaundment/
To do it will ſtrayghtly theym compell.
Kef. ¶ They ſett nott by the goſpell a flye/
Diddeſt thou not heare whatt villany/
Th[e]y did vnto the goſpell?
Mat. ¶ Why/ did they agaynſt hym conſpyre?
Kef. ¶ By my trothe they ſett hym a fyre/
Openly in London cite.
Mat. ¶ Who cauſed it ſo to be done?
Kef. ¶ In ſothe the Biſſhoppe of London/
With the Cardinallis authorite.
Which at Paulis croſſe erneſtly/
Denounced it to be hereſy/
That the goſpell ſhuld come to lyght.
Callynge theym heretikes excecrable/
Whiche cauſed the goſpell venerable/
To come vnto laye mens ſyght.
He declared there in his furiouſnes/
That he fownde erroures more and les/
Above thre thouſande in the tranſlacion.
Howe be it when all cam to pas/
I dare ſaye vnable he was/
Of one erroure to make probacion.
Alas he ſayde/ maſters and frendes/
Conſyder well nowe in youre myndes/
Theſe heretikis diligently.
They ſaye that commen women/
Shall aſſone come vnto heven/
As thoſe that lyve perfectly.
Mat. ¶ And was that their very ſayinge?
Kef. ¶ After this wyſe with oute ſaynynge/
In a certayne prologe they wryte.

That a whoare or an open ſynner/
By meanes of Chriſt oure redemer/
Whom god to repent doth incyte.
Shall ſoner come to ſaluacion/
By meritis of Chriſtis paſſion/
Then an outwarde holy lyver.

Mat. ¶ They did there none wother thinge ſhewe/
Then is rehearced in mathewe/
In the one and twenty chapter.

Ref. ¶ For all that/ he ſayde in his ſermone/
Rather then the goſpell ſhulde be comone/
Bryngynge people into erroure
He wolde gladly ſoffre marterdome/
To vpholde the devyls fredome/
Of whom he is a confeſſoure.

Matt. ¶ Why/ makeſt thou hym a ſaynt?

Ref. ¶ Euen ſoche a one as paynters do paynt/
On walls and bordes artificially.
Which with myters/ croſſes/ and copes/
Apere lyke gaye biſſhops and popes/
In ſtrawnge faſſion outwardly.
But they are ydols in effecte/
Mamettis of antichriſtis ſecte/
To blynd folke deceatfully.

Mat. ¶ I perceave well nowe that/ honores/
As it is ſpoken/ mutant mores/
With ſoche men moſt commenly.
But thynkeſt thou in thy mynde/
That he coulde in his herte fynde/
In ſoche a caſe death to ſouffer/

Ref. ¶ Naye/ yt it was a worde of offıce/
I warante he is nott ſo foliſſhe/
To putt his boddy ſo in daunger.
Nevertheleſſe with tonge and porſſe/
All though he ſhulde fare the worſſe/
Gladly he will do his dever.
To plucke the worde of god downe
And to exalte the thre folde crowne
Of antichriſt his bever.

Alſo there is a charge vnder payne/
That no man eny thynge retayne/
Of the goſpell newly tranſlate.
For yf they preſume the contrary/
They loſe their goodes with oute mercy/
And their boddies to be incarcerate.
Morover that no clarcke be ſo bolde/
Prevy or pearte/ with hym to holde/
Preachynge ought in his favoure.
But contrary their braynes to ſett/
Bothe in ſcoles and in the pulpett/
Hym and all his to diſhonoure.
Wherfore it boteth the goſpell nothynge
As concernynge the maſſis buryinge/
To ſende eny precepte thether.
For they had lever by this daye/
Go vnto the devill ſtrayght waye/
Then to obeye hym in eny maner/

Wat. ¶ This paſſeth of all that ever I hearde/
I wonder they were nott a fearde/
Of ſo notable blaſphemy.
Nott with ſtondynge their interrupcion/
Shall tourne to their deſtruccion/
At longe runnynge fynally.
For though they cauſed to be brent/
The outwarde ſhaddowe or garment/
Of goddis worde ſo hye of pryce.
Yett the grownde of his maieſty/
Printed in chriſten hertes ſecretly/
They are nott able to preiudyce.
Therfore whyther they will or nill/
Yf it be the holy goſpels will/
Maſſe in Englonde to bury.
Let theym crake vntill they burſt/
Doyng their beſt and their wurſt/
Itt avayleth not a chery.
They are worldly and carnall/
And the goſpell is ſpretuall/
Aſſiſted with angels preſence.

Ief. ¶ Yf it come vnto that reckenynge/
They will mo angels with theym brynge/
Then ſhalbe in the goſpels aſſiſtence.
Wat. ¶ Have they of angels eny garnyſon/
Ief. ¶ Ye god knoweth many a legion/
Att all tymes theym to ſocoure.
Wat. ¶ Howe do they theſe angels gett?
Ief. ¶ By my fayth of povre mens ſwett/
Which for theym ſore do laboure.
Wat. ¶ Aha/ I wott well what thou meane/
Soche angels are nott worthe a beane/
Yf it come to the poynt once.
But nowe wolde I heare the expreſſe/
The maner of their holyneſſe/
Brefly declared att once.
Ief. ¶ Mary that is done forthe with all/
For they have no holynes attall/
As farre as I ſawe yett ever.
Howe be it ſhortly to diſcouſſe/
Their proude eſtate ſo glorious/
I ſhall here my ſelfe endever.
Fyrſt as I ſayde there is a Cardinall/
Which is the Ruler principall/
Through the realme in every parte.
Wat. ¶ Have they not in Englonde a Kynge?
Ief. ¶ Alas manne/ ſpeake not of that thynge/
For it goeth to my verye harte.
And I ſhall ſhewe the a cauſe whye/
There is no Prynce vnder the ſkye/
That to compare with hym is able.
A goodly perſone he is of ſtature/
Endued with all gyftes of nature/
And of genttylnes incomparable.
In ſondrye ſciences he is ſene/
Havynge a ladye to his Qwene/
Example of womanlye behaveoure.
Notwithſtandynge for all this/
By the Cardinall ruled he is/
To the diſtayninge of his honoure.

Mat. ¶ Doeth he folowe the Cardinales intente?
Ref. ¶ Yee/ and that the commones repente/
With many a wepynge teare.
Mat. ¶ The Cardinall vexeth theym than?
Ref. ¶ Alas ſens Englande fyrſt began/
Was never ſoche a tyrante theare.
By his pryde and faulce treachery/
Whoardom and baudy leachery/
He hath bene ſo intollerable.
That povre commens with their wyves/
In maner are weary of their lyves/
To ſe the londe ſo miſerable.
Through all the londe he cauſed periury/
And afterwarde toke awaye their money/
Procedynge moſt tyrannouſly.
The povre people nedy and bare/
His cruell herte wolde nott ſpare/
Leavynge theym in greate miſery.
Inſomoche that for lacke of fode/
Creatures bought with Chriſtis blode
Were fayne to dye in petous cas
Alſo a ryght noble Prince of fame/
Henry[a] the ducke of buckyngame/
He cauſed to deye alas alas.
The goodes that he thus gaddered/
Wretchedly he hath ſcattered/
In cauſes nothynge expedient.
To make wyndowes/ walles/ and dores/
And to mayntayne baudes and whores/
A grett parte therof is ſpent.
Mat. ¶ Let all this pas I praye the hertely/
And ſhewe me ſomwhat ſeriouſly/
Of this ſpretuall magnificence.
Ref. ¶ Fyrſt he hath a tytle of. S. Cecile/
And is a Legate of latere/
A dignitie of hye premynence.
He hath biſſhopryckes two or thre/
With the popes full authoritie/
In caſes of diſpenſacion.

[a] Should be EDWARD STAFFORD, 3rd Duke of BUCKINGHAM, beheaded 1521.

Wat. ¶ He maye then with the maſſe diſpence/
Yf he be faulen in the ſentence/
Of the grett excommunication?
Ref. ¶ That he maye in all maner caſes/
Howe be it he geueth nothynge grates
But ſelleth all for reddy money.
Excepte courſes and bleſſynges
With ſyght of his golden rynges
All this he geveth frely.
Wat. ¶ Hath he ſo large faculte/
Of the popis benygnite/
As it is ſpoken abroade?
Ref. ¶ He ſtondeth in the popes roume/
Havynge of his bulles a grett ſome/
I trowe an whoale carte loade.
Wherwith mens porſes to deſcharge/
He extendeth his power more large/
Then the power of almighty god.
For whether it be goode or ill/
His pervers mynde he will fulfill/
Supplantynge the trueth by falſhod.
To gett hym a ſynguler name/
The londe he bryngeth out of frame/
Agaynſt all goddis forbod.
He tourneth all thynge topſy tervy/
Not ſparyng for eny ſymony/
To ſell ſpretuall gyftes.
In grauntes of conſanguinite
To mary with in neare degre/
He getteth awaye mens thryftes.
Of ſeculer folke he can make reguler/
And agayne of reguler ſeculer/
Makynge as he lyſt blacke of whyte.
Open whordom and advoutry/
He aloweth to be matrimony/
Though it be never ſo vnryght.
Laufull wedlocke to divorce/
He geveth very lytle force/
Knowynge no cauſe wherfore.

He playeth the devill and his dame/
All people reportinge the fame/
Courſſe the time that ever he was bore.

Wat. ¶ It cannot fyncke in my mynde/
That the Cardinall is ſo blynde/
To make eny ſoche diuorcement.

Ref. ¶ Though it be nott in thy belefe/
I tell the to putt it in prefe/
He doth all that he can invent.

Wat. ¶ Bitwixte whom doſt thou wene?

Ref. Bitwixte the Kynge and the Quene/
Which have bene longe of one aſſent.

Wat. ¶ Some cauſe then he hath eſpyed/
Which afonder theym to devyde/
Is neceſſary and vrgent.

Ref. ¶ Nothynge but the butcher doth fayne/
That the goode lady is barayne/
Lyke to be paſt chylde bearynge.

Wat. ¶ Had the kynge never chylde by her?

Ref. ¶ No man ſawe ever goodlyer/
Then thoſe which ſhe forth did brynge.

Wat. ¶ Is there eny of theym a lyve?

Ref. ¶ Ye a Princes/ whom to deſcryve/
It were herde ſo an oratoure.
She is but a chylde of age/
And yett is ſhe bothe wyſe and ſage/
Of very beautifull ſaveoure.
Perfectly ſhe doth repreſent/
The ſinguler graces excellent/
Bothe of father and mother.
Howe be it all this not regardynge/
The carter of yorcke is meddelynge/
Forto divorce theym a ſonder.

Wat. ¶ Are nott the nobles here with offended?

Ref. ¶ Yes/ but it can not be amended/
As longe as he is the ruler.

Wat. ¶ I thynke the Quene is not faulty/
But hathe done ynough of her party/
Yf it had pleaſed goddis benificence.

Ref. ¶ None is faulty but the butcher/
Whom almyghty god doth ſuffer/
To ſcourge the peoples offence.
Vnto god he is ſo odious/
That nothynge can be proſperous/
Where as he hath governaunce.
Sens that he cam fyrſt forwarde/
All thynges have gone backwarde/
With moche myſchefe and miſchaunce.
No yerly purpoſe he doeth intende/
That euer commeth to a goode ende/
But damage and tribulacion.

Wat. ¶ In theſe parties it is verifyed/
That he hath a college edified/
Of mervelous foundacion.

Ref. ¶ Of preuy houſes of baudry/
He hath made a ſtues openly/
Endued with large exibicion.

Wat. ¶ Lyckneſt thou to whoarmongers/
A colage of clarckes and ſcolears/
Enſuynge learned erudicion.

Ref. ¶ Thou mayſt perceave/ by reaſon/
That vertue ſhalbe very geaſon/
Amonge a ſorte of ydle loſels.
Which have ryches infinite/
In welth and worldly delyte/
Geven to pleaſure and nothynge eles.

Wat. ¶ They rede there both greke and ebrue/

Ref. ¶ I will not ſaye but it is true/
That there be men of great ſcience.
Howe be it where pryde is the begynnynge.
The devill is commenly the endynge/
As we ſe by experience.
And if thou conſyder well/
Even as the towre of Babell/
Began of a preſompcion.
So this colledge I dare vndertake/
Which the Cardinall doth make/
Shall confunde the region.

What is it to ſe dogges and cattes/
Gargell heddes and Cardinall hattes/
Paynted on walles with moche coſt.
Which ought of dute to be ſpent/
Apon povre people indigent/
For lacke of fode vtterly loſt.

Mat. ¶ Hath he for ſoche folke no providence?
Ket. ¶ No/ ſavynge only to rid them hence/
A proper waye he ymageneth.

Mat. ¶ After what maner porviaunce?
Ket. ¶ Truely leaſt they ſhulde be combraunce/
A warfare he them ſendeth.

Mat. ¶ Many of theym then are ſlayne?
Ket. ¶ They never come home haulfe agayne/
I maye tell the in goode plyght.
For ſome be taken preſoners/
And ſome are dedde of the fevers/
Many of theym loſynge their ſyght.
Of twenty thouſande fyghtynge men/
Scant returneth home agayne ten/
In good ſtate and perfect lykynge.
For the more parte made beggers/
And ſo become robbers and ſtelers/
Wherby they have a ſhroade endynge.

Mat. ¶ He fareth nott the better for warre/
Ket. ¶ Yes mary/ it doth hym prefarre/
To more gaynes than I can rehearce/
For fyrſt or the warre do begynne/
They laboure his favoure to wynne/
Gevynge gyftes many and dyvers.
And yf it cannot be ſo pacifyed/
They brybe hym on the wother ſyde/
At the leaſt for to be favoured.
And fynally warre for to ceace/
With rewardes they muſt hym greace/
Or els peace cannot be performed.

Mat. ¶ Dothe he practyſe ſoche conveyaunce?
Ket. ¶ Ye/ and for that cauſe in Fraunce/
This warre tyme he was beloved.

Wat. ¶ Thou makeſt hym then a trayter?
Ief. ¶ I recken hym a falce fayterer/
Yf the very trueth were proved.
Wat. ¶ Well lett this pas/ howe dothe he/
In gevynge grauntes of liberte/
And caſes that be diſpenſable?
Ief. ¶ He foloweth the commen practyſe/
Of marchantes in their marchandyſe/
To gett worldly goodes movable.
Savynge they take grett laboures/
And he doth all by his factoures/
Reſtynge in quyet felicite.
He hath falce fariſes and ſcrybes/
Gapynge for nothynge but for brybes/
Full of fraudes and perverſite.
Wat. ¶ They are named yett wother wyſe/
Ief. ¶ Trothe/ but they folowe their gyſe/
In wicked operacions.
Wat. ¶ I put a caſe nowe they be leawde/
As I thyncke they are all be ſhrewde/
In their adminiſtracions.
Shall they to hell for the Cardinall/
Or els thynkeſt thou that he ſhall/
Go thether in his owne perſone?
Ief. ¶ Though he have here ſoche prerogative/
In all poyntes that be diſpenſative/
To performe it by commyſſion.
Yett in this poynt ſekerly/
He muſt performe it perſonally/
Withoute eny exempcion.
Wat. ¶ Yf he be as thou haſt here ſayde/
I wene the devils will be afrayde/
To have hym as a companion.
For what with his execracions/
And with his terrible fulminacions/
He wolde handle theym ſo.
That for very drede and feare/
All the devils that be theare/
Wilbe glad to let hym go.

Ref. ¶ As for that thou mayſt be aſſured/
The devils with courſſes are invred/
As authours there of with out fayle.
Mat. ¶ What yf he will the devils bliſſe?
Ref. ¶ They regarde it no more be giſſe/
Then waggynge of his mules tayle.
Mat. ¶ Doth he vſe then on mules to ryde?
Ref. ¶ Ye and that with ſo ſhamfull pryde/
That to tell it is not poſſible.
More lyke a god celeſtiall/
Then eny creature mortall/
With worldly pompe incredible.
Before hym rydeth two preſtes ſtronge/
And they beare two croſſes right longe/
Gapynge in every mans face.
After theym folowe two laye men ſecular/
And eache of theym holdynge a pillar/
In their hondes/ ſteade of a mace.
Then foloweth my lorde on his mule/
Trapped with golde vnder her cule/
In every poynt moſt curiouſly.
On eache ſyde a pollaxe is borne/
Which in none wother vſe are worne.
Pretendynge ſome hid miſtery.
Then hath he ſervauntis fyve or ſix ſcore/
Some behynde and ſome before/
A marvelous great company.
Of which/ are lordes and gentlemen/
With many gromes and yemen/
And alſo knaves amonge.
Thus dayly he procedeth forthe/
And men muſt take it at worthe/
Whether he do right or wronge.
A grett carle he is and a fatt/
Wearynge on his hed a red hatt/
Procured with angels ſubſidy.
And as they ſay in tyme of rayne/
Fower of his gentelmen are fayne/
To holde over it a cannopy.

Beſyde this to tell the more newes/
He hath a payre of coſtly ſhewes/
Which ſildom touche eny grownde.
They are ſo goodly and curious/
All of golde and ſtones precious/
Coſtynge many a thouſande pownde.

Mat. ¶ And who did for thes ſhewes paye?

Kef. ¶ Truly many a ryche abbaye/
To be eaſied of his viſitacion.

Mat. ¶ Doth he in his owne perſone viſit?

Kef. ¶ No/ another for hym doth it/
That can ſkyll of the occupacion.
A felowe nether wyſe nor ſadde/
But he was never yett full madde/
Though he be frantyke and more.
Doctor Alyn he is named/
One that to lye is not aſſhamed/
Yf he ſpye avauntage therfore.

Mat. ¶ Are ſoche with hym in eny pryce?

Kef. ¶ Ye/ for they do all his advyce/
Whether it be wronge or right.

Mat. ¶ Hath the Cardinall eny gay manſion?

Kef. ¶ Grett palaces with out compareſon/
Moſt glorious of outwarde ſight.
And with in decked poynt device/
More lyke vnto a paradice/
Then an erthely habitacion.

Mat. ¶ He commeth then of ſome noble ſtocke?

Kef. ¶ His father coulde ſnatche a bullock/
A butcher by his occupacion.

Mat. ¶ Howe cam he vnto his glory?

Kef. ¶ Playnly by the devils policy/
As it is every wheare ſayde.

Mat. ¶ Are the ſtates here with all content.

Kef. ¶ Yf they ſpeake aught they are ſhent/
Wherfore I tell the they are a frayde.

Mat. ¶ Whatt abſtinence vſeth he to take?

Kef. ¶ In Lent all fyſſhe he doth forſake/
Fedde with partriges and plovers.

Wat. ¶ He leadeth then a Lutherans lyfe?
Ref. ¶ O naye/ for he hath no wyfe/
But whoares that be his lovers.
Wat. ¶ Yf he vſe whoares to occupy/
It is grett marvell certaynly/
That he eſcapeth the frenche pockes.
Ref. ¶ He had the pockes with out fayle/
Wherfore people on hym did rayle/
With many obprobrious mockes.
Wat. ¶ He was then abhorred of his prince?
Ref. ¶ By my troth man/ not an ynche/
Still in favoure continually.
Wat. ¶ By the devill then he worketh?
Wef. ¶ Truly ſo every man iudgeth.
But alas what remedy?
Wat. ¶ Hath he children by his whoares alſo?
Ref. ¶ Ye and that full prowdly they go/
Namly one whom I do knowe.
Which hath of the churches goodes clerly/
More then two thouſand pownde yerly/
And yett is not content I trowe.
His name is maſter Winter/
For whom my lorde his father/
Hathe gotten of the frenche kynges grace.
That when the biſſhop of Rone/
Out of this lyfe is dedde and gone/
He ſhall ſuccede hym in his place.
Wat. ¶ And is his father as redy/
To promoute the noble progeny/
As he is towardes his baſtardes?
Ref. ¶ He fauoureth lytell noble lynage/
Takynge a waye their heritage/
Rather then to ſett theym forwardes.
He breaketh mens teſtamentes/
And contrary to their intentes/
At his owne mynde and pleaſure.
He wilbe nedes their exſecutours/
Sayinge with the devill all his oures/
Rychely to encreace his treaſoure.

Many a goode ladys ioynter/
He engroſeth vp into his cofer/
Of the which ſome here to name.
I recken the Countes of Darby/
With the Countes of Salſbury/
Alſo the Duches of Buckyngame.

Mat. ¶ Is the devil ſoche an whorſone?

Kef. ¶ Och/ there is nether duke ne barone/
Be they never of ſo grett power.
But they are conſtrayned to croutche/
Before this butcherly ſloutche/
As it were vnto an Emproure.

Mat. ¶ Nowe ſurly then after my mynde/
They cannot ſoche another fynde/
The dedde maſſis office to ſolempniſe.

Kef. ¶ Yf it be his pleaſure he maye/
Howe be it he vſeth lytell to praye/
For it is late or he do aryſe.
Alſo as farre as I canne muſe/
To do this office he will refuſe/
Dredynge his pompe therby to loſe.

Mat. ¶ As for that/ it ſhall nothynge ſkyll/
Playnly yf it be the goſpels will/
Do it he muſt and cannot choſe.

Kef. ¶ Yet it wilbe a parelous buſines/
For biſſhops and preſtes doutles/
To ayde hym will nott be ſlacke.
Though they loue hym as the devill/
Yett to do the goſpell ſome evill/
No diligence in theym ſhall lacke.

Mat. ¶ Have the biſſhops ſo grett ryches/

Kef. ¶ It is not poſſible to expres/
The treaſure of the ſpretualte.

Mat. ¶ What/ are the biſſhops divines?

Kef. ¶ Ye they can wele ſkyll of wynes/
Better then of devinite.
Lawears they are of experience/
And in caſes agaynſt conſcience/
They are parfet by practyſe.

To forge excommunicacions/
For tythes and decimacions/
Is their continuall exercyſe.
As for preachynge they take no care/
They wolde ſe a courſe at an hare/
Rather then to make a ſermon.
To folowe the chace of wylde dere/
Paſſynge the tyme with ioly chere/
Amonge theym all is common.
To playe at the cardes and dyce/
Some of theym are nothynge nyce/
Both at haſard and momchaunce.
They dryncke in gaye golden bolles/
The bloudde of povre ſimple ſoules/
Periſſhynge for lacke of ſuſtenaunce.
Their hongery cures they never teache/
Nor will ſoffre none wother to preache/
But ſoche as can lye and flatter.
Biddynge the beades after this rate/
Ye ſhall praye for the goode eſtate/
Of my lorde my maſter.
And ſo redynge a ragge mans roule/
He exhorteth to praye for the ſoule/
Of this perſone and of that.
Which gave boke/ bell/ or challes/
To the fortheraunce of goddis ſerves/
Babblynge he wotteth neare what.
Soche preachers be commended/
And the wother are reprehended/
Which preache the goſpell purly.
So they ſitt apon couſſhens ſofte/
Their royalte exalted alofte/
They regarde nott goddis worde ſurly.
They are ſo geven to avaryce/
That they ponder no preiudyce/
Happenynge to the comen weall.
They noryſſhe ſervauntes in ydelnes/
Which when they are maſterles/
Are conſtrayned to begge or ſteale.

To tell all the abhominacion/
Of their wretched conuerſacion/
It were bothe longe and tedious.

Wat. ¶ If the biſſhops do ſo abownde/
Howe are feculer preſtes fownde/
With perſons which be religious?

Ref. ¶ Thynkeſt that with theym it is ſcant/
Naye naye man/ I the warant/
They fele no indigent rearage.
For they have goodes innumerable/
And fare moche better at their table/
Then lordes of worthy parage.
Fortune with preſtes runneth on wheles/
So that ſome have after their heles/
A ſcoare of yemen taule and ſtoute.
Whom forto mayntayne ydely/
They have benefyces very many/
In the country there aboute.
Wherby they are ſo proude and vayne/
That the noble men they diſdayne/
With ſcornfull indignacion.
Though peraventure their fathers/
Were other ſowters or cobblers/
Of no maner reputacion/
As for religious folke to be brefe/
In all Englonde they have the chefe/
And moſt pleaſaunt commoditees.
The goodly ſoyles/ the goodly londes/
Wrongfully they holde in their hondes/
Endued with many knyghtes fees.
By coloure of their faulce prayres/
Defrauded are the ryght heyres/
From their true inheritaunce.
They are the cauſe of myſery/
Of whordom/ theft/ and beggery/
To the commen welles hynderaunce.
No frutfull worke they vſe/
All honeſt laboure they refuſe/
Geven wholy to fluggeſſhnes.

They are nether goſtly nor divine/
But lyke to brut beaſtes and ſwyne/
Waltrynge in ſynfull wretchednes.
I ſpeake this of the poſſeſſioners/
All though the mendicant orders/
Are nothynge leſſe abhominable.
Whoſe lyvynge is with oute laude/
Noriſſhed in rapyne and fraude/
Grounded on leſyngis deteſtable.
They are the devils meſſengers/
And of antichriſt the members/
Example of all perverſite.
They are ydols of flattery/
And apoſtels of hypocryſy/
Repleniſſhed with enormite.
Lo/ here I have thus reported/
Howe their lyfe is partly ordred/
And vnder what condicion.

Wat. ¶ That thou haſt I make god a vowe/
Inſomoche that I marvayle howe/
Thou knoweſt their diſpoſicion.
But I praye the/ doſt thou iudge/
That they will murmer and grudge/
At the dedde maſſis buryinge?

Ref. ¶ Ye ſyr I wis man I am ſure/
They will laboure with buſy cure/
His ſepulture forbiddynge.
For why their ſuperfluite/
By the maſſis liberalite/
Only hath ſupportacion.

Wat. ¶ What ſuppoſeſt thou of men temporall?

Ref. ¶ I thynke they wolde holde here with all/
Yf they had due informacion.
Nevertheleſſe at the begynnynge/
dede maſſe amonge theym to brynge/
There wilbe ſome difficulte.
Be cauſe of longe continuance.
They have had truſt and affiaunce/
Thorowe the maſſe ſaved to be.

For theſe preſtes and fryres perſwade/
That by the maſſe they ſhall evade/
Eternall payne and punnyſſhment.
Whoſe ſuffrage doeth theym grette ſtedde/
Proffitable bothe to quicke and dedde/
After their mynde and iudgement.

Mat. ¶ Ye to preſtes and fryers miſerable/
Doutles the maſſe is proffitable/
And is the mill of their welfare.
But the people without faynynge/
It is playne a fraudfull deceavynge/
To make their porſſe empty and bare.

Fef. ¶ Nowe truly I trowe as thou doſt ſaye/
Even there goeth the hare quyte awaye/
And all their babellynge is but lyes.
All though there be wother obſtacles/
Be cauſe of the grett myracles/
Dayly practyſed before oure eyes.

Mat. ¶ Thou never ſaweſt myracle wrought?

Fef. ¶ I/ no be hym that me bought/
But as the preſtes make rehearceall.

Mat. ¶ Canſt thou rehears me nowe one?

Fef. ¶ No I cannot/ but oure ſyr Iohn/
Can/ in his Enghliſſhe feſtivall.

Mat. ¶ Geve they to ſoche fables credence?

Fef. ¶ They have them in more reverence/
Then the goſpell a thouſand folde.
Alſo ther is nether whoare nor theſe/
Nor eny of ſo wicked miſchefe/
But by the maſſe is made bolde.
For yf they heare once a preſtis maſſe/
They truſt furly that daye to paſſe/
Without all parell or daungeoure.
Cratty ſorcerers and falce dyce players/
Pickeporſes and prevy conveyers/
By the maſſe hope to have ſocoure.
Marchantes paſſynge viages on farre/
And ſoudiars goynge forthe to warre
By the maſſe are ofte preſerved.

Maſſe bryngeth ſynners to grace/
And fendes awaye it doeth chace/
Above all thynges preferred.
Maſſe ſolemniſeth marriage/
And kepeth people from domage/
Cauſynge alſo wedder to be fayer.
Maſſe maketh tame thynges of wylde/
And helpeth wemen to be with chylde.
Thorowe aſſiſtence of the fayer.
Maſſe avayleth agaynſt ſycknes/
A proved remedy for all diſtres/
And for thynges that be gone.
Thus to conclude with brevite/
Of the whole churches felicite/
The maſſe is mayntener alone.

Wat. ¶ The nobles that be wyſe and ſage/
I ſuppoſe with ſoche blynde dotage/
They cannot ſo toliſſhly begyle.

Ket. ¶ Troth it is/ ſome of theym begynne/
To have lytell confidence there in/
And leſſe woll with in a whyle.
Which of the biſſhops is perceaved/
Wherfore they have nowe reſtrayned/
Vnder the payne of courſſynge.
That no laye man do rede or loke/
In eny frutfull engliſſhe boke/
Wholy ſcripture concernynge.
Their frantyke foly is ſo peviſſhe/
That they contempne in Engliſſhe/
To have the newe Teſtament.
But as for tales of Robyn hode/
With wother ieſtes nether honeſt nor goode/
They have none impediment.
Their madde vnſavery teachynges/
And theyr fantaſticall preachynges/
Amonge ſimple folke to promote.
For no coſt they ſpare nor ſtynte/
Openly to put theym in prynte/
Treadynge ſcripture vnder their fote.

Alſo their decrees and decretallis/
With folyſſhe dreames papiſticallis/
They compell people to rede.
Howe be it the confutacion/
Of their abhominacion/
They will not ſoffre to procede.

Wat. ¶ Kepe thou ſilence and be whyſt/
Though with grett crakes they reſiſt/
For a lytell ſeaſon preſent.
Yett I warant within ſhortt ſpace/
Maſſe will have there his beryinge place/
Acordynge as it is convenient.

Ket. ¶ So moche the worſe for oure thryfte/
For then there is none wother ſhyfte/
A newe maſter we muſt vs gett.

Wat. ¶ All though maſſe be dedde and rotten/
A maſter maye lyghtly be gotten/
Yf we oure mynde to laboure ſett.

Ket. ¶ Ye/ but preſtes ſervice is gaye/
For we maye with theim all waye/
In ydelnes have grett reſpyt.

Wat. ¶ That for a chriſten man is nott beſt/
Borne vnto laboure and not vnto reſt/
As the foule is vnto flyght.
But nowe all this matter to ſpare/
Lett vs oure maſters dyner prepare/
For it is hye tyme verely.

Ket. ¶ A felyſhip lett vs go a pace/
For he will beſhrowe oure face/
Yf he fynde not all thynge redy.

Wat. ¶ Hawe/ I praye the yett abyde/
Sett thy buſynes a whyle a ſyde/
And lett vs have fyrſt a ſonge.

Ket. ¶ What woldeſt thou that I ſhulde ſynge?

Wat. ¶ Surly ſome propper conveyed thynge
Not over tedious nor longe.

Ket. ¶ I trowe thou arte a ſyngynge man?

[**Wat.**] The devil of the whit that I can/
But I love ſpecially ſoche geare.

Ref. ¶ Will thou have it mery or fadde?
Wat. ¶ I foarce not be it goode or badde/
So that I maye fome what heare/
Ref. ¶ If thou will thy mynde fatiffy/
Gett the into fome monaſtery/
And be a monge theym in the queare.
Wat. ¶ Do they vſe foche ioly fyngynge?
Ref. ¶ It is the crafte of their lyvynge/
Wherby they make lufty cheare.
Wat. ¶ But I vnderſtonde nott whatt they ſaye/
Ref. ¶ By my fothe no more do they/
I maye ſhewe the in counſell.
Wat. ¶ Shall I axe the nowe a queſtion?
Ref. ¶ Ye hardely a goddis beneſon/
And I will not ſpare the to tell.
Wat. ¶ Ware thou never in religion?
Ref. ¶ Yes ſo god helpe me and halydom/
A doſen yeres continually.
Wat. ¶ Then thou knoweſt moche vnhappines?
Ref. ¶ A grett deale more then goodnes/
I promes the faythfully.
Wat. ¶ Well lett vs differ this till foune/
When oure maſters diner is done/
We will a gayne come hydder.
Ref. ¶ I am content even ſo to do/
Wat. ¶ Fyrſt ſynge a balett/ go to/
And then will we to diner.
Ref. ¶ Alas I am marveloufly drye/
Wat. ¶ Thou ſhalt dryncke man by and by/
What nedeth the ſo to lynger?
Ref. ¶ Have at it in the beſt manner.

¶ In the ioyfull moneth of ioly Iune/
Walkynge all alone my care to ſolas.
I herde a voyce with a dolorous tune/
Full pitioufly cryinge/ alas alas.
The worlde is worſſe then evyr it was.
Never ſo depe in miſerable decaye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Fyrſt to begynne at the ſpretualte/
Whoſe lyvynge ſhulde be example of grace.
Indued with parfett workes of charite/
Sekynge goddis honoure in euery cace.
The worlde with his vanites they enbrace.
Renyinge god all though they ſaye naye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Of this worlde they have the chefe dominion
With ſtately preeminence temporall.
They preaſume to be hadde in opinion/
Of the people/ as lordes emperiall.
Worſſhipfull ſeniours we muſt theym call/
Requyrynge that we ſhulde to theym obeye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The ryches and gooddes of the commen weall
Hath ſett theym in their honoure full hye.
They are occaſion that theves do ſteall/
And cauſe of all miſchefe and miſery.
The wor[l]dly treaſure they conſume ydely.
Nothynge regardynge but paſtance and playe
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The laboure of the povre people they devower
And of nobles they waſte the patrimony.
They teache and exhorte men god to honoure
With their temporall ſubſtannce and mony.
They clayme tythes to ſupporte their foly.
Inventynge many a faulce offerynge daye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

They ought of duty to preache the goſpell/
The wordes of life/ ſo dulcet and ſwete.
Howe be it there agaynſt chefly they rebell/
Chriſtis doctryne troaden vnder their fete.
They beare vs in honde that it is nott mete.
The goſpell to be knowen of people laye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

They ſhulde be meke/ and they ar full of pryde
Voyde of true pacience replete with yre.
Envy they holde/ charite ſett a ſyde/
Retaynynge for chaſtite carnall deſyre.
Slouthe and glotteny in their hole empyre.
Hath made temperance and labour to ſtraye
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Emprours and kyngis they trappe in their lure/
Deceavynge theym bey faulce adulacion.
So that of promocions they be ſure/
Full lytell they ponder their damnacion.
They geve theym no true informacion/
And that evidently parceave they maye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The workes of mercy apon them are ſpent.
Poure people defraudynge with iniury.
They dryncke the bloud of foules innocent/
Simple folke begylynge outrageouſly.
Their foule fylthy carkes to magnyfy.
They wrappe in robes and coſtly araye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Goddis commaundmentis they tranſgreſſe openly
To his godly love no reſpecte havynge.
They take his name in vayne with blaffemy/
Holy dayes after their own mynde faynynge
To honour their parentis they are diſdaynynge
More couetous then kytes waytynge apraye.
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Letcherous luſte leawdly they enbrace/
Forbiddynge wedloke agaynſt goddis will.
Their ſubiectis they oppreſſe in wretched cace/
Prone vnto morther chriſten men to ſpill.
Sacrilege and ſimony is their corne mill.
Vſynge falce witnes the trueth to delaye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The ſacrementis of chriſtis ordinaunce.
Inſtitute oure feble fayth to ſuſtayne.
They haue perverted vnto oure hyndraunce.
Enforcynge vs to truſt in tryfles vayne.
Wother newe ſacrementis falcely they fayne.
Obſcuringe godis worde as moch as they may
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Chriſtis fredom they have brought in bondage
Of hevenly rightes makynge marchandyſe.
In goſtly workes they covett avauntage/
To fede their inſaciate covetyſe.
Of the damnable maſſe they make a ſacryfyſe
Compellynge men dearly for it to paye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Of hell and heven they make chevefance/
Faynynge as they lyſt a purgatory.
Hypocriſy is leader of their daunce/
With wronge extorcion and vſery.
Of Chriſtis worde they make hereſy/
Redy and prompte chriſten men to betraye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Wherfore brefly to fynnyſſhe my balade/
O hevenly father/ apon the I call.
Have pyte on man/ whom thou haſt made/
To ſerve the in fredom ſpretuall.
Rid vs from antichriſtis bondes ſo thrall.
Wherwith we are faſt bound nyght and daye
That thy name be not blaſphemed all waye.

Lo nowe I have done my beſt/
To ſatiſfy the requeſt/
Accordynge as thou deſyredſt.
Wat. I will holde the then no lenger/
But loke that thou remember/
To fulfill that thou promyſedſt.

¶ Here foloweth the Secunde parte.

Ref. Lorde god what goode dayes/
Thes monkes have in abbeyes/
And do nether ſwett nor ſwyncke.
Thei live in welthynes and eaſe/
Havynge what ſoever they pleaſe/
With delicate meate and dryncke.
Wher with they farce their bellies ſo full/
That to all goodnes they are dull/
Makynge mery with gill and Ioan.
They ſitt ſlepynge in a corner/
Or momblynge their pater noſter/
Their mynde nothynge ther apon.
Be they never ſo ſtronge or ſtarcke/
They will exercyſe no maner warcke/
Nor laboure boddily.

Wat. ¶ Arte thou here Ieffray mate?

Ref. ¶ Ye/ why commeſt thou ſo late?
I am fayne for the to tary.

Wat. ¶ I was troubled with the eſtates/
I beſhrowe all their foliſſhe pates/
For commynge here this daye.

Ref. ¶ So mot I the I thought the ſame/
Howe be it the ſtuarde was to blame/
That he did no better porvaye.

Wat. ¶ By thy fayth/ had thou better fare/
In the cloyſter where as thou ware/
Vnder the rule of the manaſtery?

Ref. ¶ Fare cotha? they eate theyr belies full/
Every man as moche as he wull/
And none ſayth blacke is his eye?

Wat. ¶ What do they for it/ eny thynge?

Ref. ¶ Truly nothynge but rede and ſynge/
Paſſynge the tyme with ſporte and playe.

Wat. ¶ That is a lyfe in dede for the nones/
Thou ware a fole by thyfe ten bones/
Whan thou cameſt fro theym awaye?
Kef. ¶ O I thyncke my ſilfe moche fortunate/
That fro their lyfe I am ſeperate/
Seynge it is ſo abhominable.
Wat. ¶ What abhominacion is there in?
Kef. ¶ Alas mate all to geder is ſynne/
And wretchednes moſt miſerable.
Wat. ¶ What a man of religion/
Is reputed a dedde perſon/
To worldly converſacion?
Kef. ¶ It is of a trueth they are dedde/
For they are in no vſe nor ſtedde/
To chriſten mens conſolacion.
And as a dedde ſtynkynge carkace/
Vnproffitably cloyeth a ſpace/
Yf it be kepte above grownde.
So in their lyfe ſuperſticious/
Of wicked crymes enormious/
No maner proffitablenes is fownde/
Wat. ¶ Yett their order is very ſtrayte?
Kef. ¶ Ye but they vſe ſoche a conſayte/
That they make it eaſy ynowe.
More eaſy by the twenty parte/
Then to laboure in ſome arte/
Or to go with the carte or plowe.
Wat. ¶ They have man the worlde forſaken/
And a ſpretuall lyfe taken/
Conſiſtynge in goſtly buſynes.
Kef. ¶ What call ye the worlde I praye?
Wat. ¶ Welthy ryches and pleaſurs gaye/
And occaſions of ſynfulnes.
Kef. ¶ Then are they in the worlde ſtill/
For they have all that they will/
With ryches and poſſeſſions.
And as touchynge the realme of vice/
Pryde/ wrath/ envy/ and avarice/
With wother ſynfull tranſgreſſions.

In this worlde that we do name.
There is none ſo farre out of frame/
And lyve in ſoche outragiouſnes.
Wat. ¶ Yett Ieffrye thou erreſt ſo god me ſave/
For the fryers no poſſeſſions have/
But lyve only by pure almes.
Ref. ¶ Fryers? nowe they are worſt of all/
Ruffian wretches and raſcall/
Lodeſmen of all knaviſſhnes.
Though they be no poſſeſſioners/
Yett are they intollerabill beggers/
Lyvynge on rapyn and diſceyte.
Worſhipfull matrons to begyle/
Honorable virgins to defyle/
Continually they do wayte.
Of honeſty they have no regarde:
To diſpleaſe god they are not afearde/
For the valoure of a pynne/
Of whordom they are the very baudes/
Fraudulent inventers of fraudes/
Provocacion vnto ſynne.
They are ſlaunder of vertouſnes/
Occaſion vnto viciouſnes/
Chickens of the devils broode.
To the trueth they are adverſaries/
Diligent imageners of lyes/
Depravers of thoſe that be goode.
They are antichriſtis godſones/
Promowters of his pardones/
And proctours of ſimony.
They are brokers heven to ſell/
Fre coppy holders of hell/
And ſe fermers of purgatory.
Of ſathan they are the ſoudiers/
And antichriſtis owne mariners/
His ſhippe forwardes to convey.
And to conclude ſeriouſly/
They are the hell howndes veryly/
Enmies agaynſt goddis worde allwaye.

Mat. ¶ Nowe thou arte gretly overſene/
For in places there as I have bene/
They do goode I the certify.
For yf it wer not for the fryers/
There wolde not be in ſeven yeres/
A ſermon in the povre contry.
And as for their lyvynge truly/
They begge peoples almes purly/
Takynge ſoche thynges as they geve.
They have no waſt ſuperfluite/
But even their bare neceſſite/
Scanty ynough wherby to leve.

Ref. ¶ I mean not that they are all bad/
For I wolde the devyll theym had/
Then with a fayre deliverance.
But of the gretter parte I thought/
Which I ſaye are worſſe then nought/
Replete with miſchevous vengeance.
Their preachynge is not ſcripture/
But fables of their coniecture/
And mens ymaginacions.
They brynge in olde wyves tales/
Both of Englonde/ Fraunce/ and Wales/
Which they call holy narracions.
And to theym ſcripture they apply/
Pervertynge it moſt ſhamfully/
After their owne opinions.
Wherwith the people beynge fedde/
In to manyfolde errours are ledde/
And wretched ſuperſticions.
Of Chriſt oure mercifull ſaveoure/
They make a iudge full of terroure/
Only threatninge oure damnacion.
Whoſe ſaveoure as they falſly ſayne/
We cannot be able to obteyne/
With oute ſayntes mediacion.
They ſaye that holy mens ſuffrages/
Pardons maſſes/ and pilgremages/
For ſynnes make ſatiſſaccion.

They bid vs in oure workes to truſt/
Wherby they ſaye that we muſt/
Deſerve oure ſaluacion.
Fayth litell or nothynge they repute/
Wherof we beynge deſtitute/
Are brought into deſperacion.
And as for their lyfe doutles/
It is the well of ongraciouſnes/
Of iniquite the myroure.
The almes that povre folke ſhulde have/
Wretchedly awaye they do crave/
To lyve ydely withoute laboure.
Diſſaytes continually they do muſe/
And crafty falſhod dayly they vſe/
With ſimple folke gretly diſſemblynge.
They feare lytell whom they offende/
Acuſtumed to rappe and rende?
All that commeth in their fingrynge.
Their miſerable diſpoſicion/
Cauſeth ſtryfe and ſedicion/
In all places where as they dwell.
There is none vnhappines done/
In eny chriſten regione/
But a fryer is of the counſell.
Though they ſaye that their order/
Is to have no thynge in proper/
But to vſe all thynges in commone.
Yett ther is no commenalte/
Which hath ſo gret parcialite/
As their miſerable religione.
For where as the heddes principall/
Whom maſter docters they call/
Lyve in welthy aboundance.
The wother are povre and nedy/
Leadynge their lyves in penury/
Scant havynge their ſuſtenance.
Of their brothers vexacion/
They have no compaſſion/
Deſpyſynge thoſe that be in ſicknes.

Agaynſt all order of charite/
They deſdayne forto have pete/
Apon theym that are in deſtres.
To ſhewe all their vnhappines/
So abhominable and ſhamles/
It wer ouer tedious and longe.

Wat. ¶ Thou haſt ſayde ynough all redy/
They cannot be moche more wors lyghtly/
Yf the divell be not theym amonge.

Ieſ. ¶ As for that thou nedeſt not feare/
The devill with theym is familiare/
All waye bothe at bed and at borde.

Wat. ¶ The obſervauntes are not ſo diſpoſed?

Ieſ. ¶ Wilt thou have their lyfe diſcloſed/
Brefly rehearſed at a worde?

Wat. ¶ Nowe mate I praye the hartely/

Ieſ. ¶ So god helpe me of all hypocryſy/
They are the very foundacion.

Wat. ¶ Peace man/ what ſpeakeſt thou?
I perceave well thou erreſt nowe/
With wordes of diffamacion.

Ieſ. ¶ Why thynkeſt thou that I do erre?

Wat. ¶ Becauſe the worlde doth theym preferre/
For their wholy converſacion.

Ieſ. ¶ Ye ſo were the ſcrybes and phariſays/
Through their falce hypocriſy ways/
Amonge the Iues in reputacion.
Nevertheleſſe in inwarde maners/
They were worſe then open ſynners/
Whom oure lorde alſo did courtſe.

Wat. ¶ Makeſt of theym ſoche compareſon?

Ieſ. ¶ Ye ſavynge after my opinion/
The obſervantis are farre worſe.

Wat. ¶ It is not poſſible to be ſo/
For they ſhewe ther as they go/
Of ſimplenes gret aperaunce.

Ieſ. ¶ Ye ſo dothe the foxe wother whyle/
All though he canne many a wyle/
Pretende a ſimple countenaunce.

Wat. ¶ Thou doeſt wrongfully ſurmyſe.
Ket. ¶ Naye I tell the it is their gyſe/
To have two faces in a hoode.
Wat. ¶ What doſt thou meane therby?
Ket. ¶ That they are diſſemblers vniuerſally/
And feawe or none of theym be goode.
Wat. ¶ They vſe no whordom/ nor robbery/
Nor take mens goodes wrongfully/
As far as I can heare or ſe?
Ket. ¶ Open advoutrers they are none/
Yet are they not virgens every chone/
All though they profeſſe chaſtite.
They have pollucions deteſtable/
And in warde brennyngis intollerable/
Of the fleſſhly concupiſcence.
Ye and wother whyles advoutry/
With wother meanes of letchery/
Cloaked vnder a fayned pretence.
Wich to overcome certaynly/
They vſe not the right remedy/
Of oure lordis inſtitucion.
Gevynge hede to ſpretes of errours/
And doctryne of divylyſſhe doctours/
Which do make prohibicion.
And as touchynge theft to be playne/
They are the greteſt theves that raygne/
In all the worlde nowe a dayes
For all wother theves commenly/
Of theym which have aboundantly/
And of ryche folke take their prayes.
But the obſervauntis no people do ſpare
Makynge their queſt every wheare/
With moſt importunate cravynge.
To begge of the pover and nedy/
They are as dogges moſt gredy/
And wolves inceſſantly ragynge.
Wat. ¶ Yet they never handell money?
Ket. ¶ No for that is a ſubtill policy/
To vpholde their madde diſgyſynge.

For when antichriſt ſathans ſoune/
To ſtablyſſhe his realme had begoune/
Temporall honoure deſpyſynge.
To have all in his dominion/
He made made many a religion/
With outwarde holynes aperynge.
Which into ſectes innumerable/
Wer divided with oute fable/
The worlde in care forto brynge.
By their coloured devocion/
To the people they gave a mocion/
Their favoure craftly purchaſynge.
And ſo by their contrivynge caſt/
The[y] gott clene a waye at the laſt/
Their chefe poſſeſſions temporally.
Wherby laye people opreſſed ſore/
Scant coulde they geve eny more/
Concernynge londes and patrimony.
Then cam the fower orders of fryers/
Which are the ſubſtanciall pillers/
Of antichriſtis mayntenaunce.
So holy theym ſelves they did make/
That all poſſeſſions they did forſake/
Wilfull poverty to inhance.
To live by almes they did pretende/
And receaved all that god did ſende/
Sheawynge tokens of perfection.
Wherfore the people did theym honoure/
With gretter love and faveoure/
Then thoſe that had poſſeſſion.
Except livelod and londes only/
They receaved all that cam frely/
Whether it wer mony or ware.
Howe be it they did multiply/
In all provinces ſo innumerably/
Through the worlde in every quartear.
That the people wexed wery/
Seynge they coulde not kepe a peny/
But the fryers wolde begge it awaye.

At the laſt cam the obſervauntis/
Of antichriſt the truſty ſervauntis/
To brynge the worlde in more dekaye.
And leaſt they ſhulde ſeme chargeable/
They fownde a newe waye deceavable/
To begylde bothe yonge and olde.
They were of ſoche ſuperſticione/
That in proper or in commone/
They wolde nothynge kepe nor holde.
Of their nedes havynge the vſe/
To handle money they dyd refuſe/
Faynynge auſterite of pennaunce.
Wherby with deſyrous affecte/
The people had a grett reſpecte/
Vnto their paynted obſervaunce.
In ſomoche that though their londes/
Was geven clene oute of their hondes/
By meanes of the poſſeſſioners.
And alſo moſt greveouſly oppreſt/
With the dayly cravynge and queſt/
Of the vnſaciate fryer beggers.
Yett the obſervauntis ſemed ſo parfyt/
That to healpe theym they iudged yt/
With oute charge a thynge charitable.
Wherfore all the wother ſectes/
In maner reputed abiectes/
The obſervauntis were honorable.
Apon whom the workes of mercy/
Were beſtowed continually/
With ſuperfluous abundaunce.
And ſo vnder a leawde coloure/
In ydelnes they did devoure/
The povre peoplis ſuſtenaunce.
They have increaſed ſo their nomber/
That all the worlde they do encomber/
With intollerable oppreſſion.
They are more noyous agret deale/
In hyndraunce of the commen wealle/
Above eny wother faccion.

For where as the people afore/
Wer halfe beggered and more/
By the wother orders afore ſayde.
They robbed the worlde vterly/
Cauſynge it with extreme beggery/
In grett ruyne to be dekayde.

Wat. ¶ Thou ſpeakeſt agaynſt conſcience/
For we perceaue by experience/
What a godly lyfe they leade.
They flye diligently all exceſſe/
Livynge in poverte and ſcaſnes/
With ſmale dryncke and browne breade.

Kef. ¶ Thynkeſt thou they live in penury?

Wat. ¶ Or els they are hipocrites verily/
Of ſhamfull diſſimulacion.

Kef. ¶ Saye that hardly once agayne/
For they leade a lyfe to be playne/
Full of worldly delectacion/
Fyrſt they have befe and mutten/
Of the chefe that maye be gotten/
With bred and dryncke of the beſt.
And that morover ſo largely/
That to farce and ſtuffe their belly/
They take more then they can deicſt.
They have ſauces with every diſſhe/
Whither that it be fleſſhe or fyſſhe/
Or els they wilnot be content.
To eate bred that is browne or ſtale/
Ether to dryncke thynne byere or ale/
They count it not convenient.
And many tymes they have daynties/
Sent from dyvers lordes and ladyes/
Their wholy ſuffrages to procure.

Wat. ¶ Yet they nether bake nor brewe.

Kef. ¶ No for all laboure they exchewe/
I the faythfully enſure.

Wat. ¶ Howe have they their meate roſt or bake?

Kef. ¶ Wother men for theym the payne take/
Whom ſpretuall fathers they call.

Wat. ¶ And have they no ſpretuall mothers?
Ket. ¶ Yes with many fiſters and brothers/
And alſo doughters ſpretuall.
Wat. ¶ Howe come they to kynred ſo nye/
Ket. ¶ Becauſe they canne flatter and lye/
Makynge beleve the cowe is wode.
Wat. ¶ They cannot lye though they wolde/
For they will nether ſilver nor golde/
Nor covet eny mans goode.
Ket. ¶ Troweſt thou they covyt nothynge/
Where as they come a beggyng/
To the houſſe of a povre man?
Which hath both wyfe and children/
And is not able to fynde them/
Doynge the beſt that ever he can.
Yet he muſt vnto the fryers geve/
All though he ſhulde his houſholde greve/
Havynge nought theym ſelves to eate.
Wat. ¶ O they have then the gretter mede.
Ket. ¶ Ye god geve theym evill to ſpede/
That do pover creatures ſo entreate.
For they ſhulde their livynge gett/
With boddely laboure and ſwett/
Wherby they myght healpe wother.
Wat. ¶ So they do healpe them ſpretually.
Ket. ¶ Soche ſpretualnes I defye/
When pover people dye for honger.
Wat. ¶ Men ſaye they are goode to the pover/
And geve every daye at their doer/
Grett almes and refreſſhynge.
Ket. ¶ They geve almes/ but howe?
When they have eaten ynowe/
Their gredy paunches repleniſſhynge.
Then gadder they vp their levettis/
Not the beſt morſels but gobbettis/
Which vnto pover people they deale.
Wat. ¶ Then are they lyke with oute doute/
Vnto certayne theves devoute/
Which though they vſe to ſteale.

Yet they are liberall and fre/
Yf eny pover creature they ſe/
To geve hym parte of their ſtolen geare.

Ieſ. ¶ Nowe truly their diſpoſicion/
Is not vnlyke of condicion/
Savynge in this poynte they differ.
That where as theves liberally/
Geve their goodes gotten wrongfully/
To the pover with true affection.
They geve no thynge in very trothe/
But ſcrappes which they wolde be lothe/
To vſe agayne in their refeccion.

Wat. ¶ Pover folke yet commende theym gretly.

Ieſ. ¶ But yf they knewe as moche as I/
They wolde rather on theym complayne.

Wat. ¶ Howe do they pover people offende?

Ieſ. ¶ By cauſe in ydelnes they ſpende/
Which vnto theym ſhulde pertayne.

Wat. ¶ They are not ydell I dare ſaye/
Whylis they rede/ ſynge/ and praye
Continually every houre.

Ieſ. ¶ I call it ydelnes vnproffetable/
Which in no caſe is confortable/
To the neceſſite of oure neighboure.

Wat. ¶ Well yett the apoſtle doth wryte/
A iuſt mans prayer doth proffyte/
And is very efficacious.

Ieſ. ¶ Are they iuſt in thy reputacion?

Wat. ¶ After their owne affirmacion/
Truly they are iuſt and rightous.

Ieſ. ¶ Then it is an evident token/
That they are of whom it is ſpoken/
Væ vobis qui iuſtificatis vos ipſos.

Wat. ¶ What doſt thou by theſe wordes note?

Ieſ. ¶ That vnder neath a fryers cote/
Moche hipocriſy they gloſe.

Wat. ¶ Reputeſt thou it hypocriſy/
That they vſe to go ſo holyly/
In cutt ſhues with out eny hoſe?

Ref. ¶ Be it hipocriſy or no/
To mangill their good ſhues ſo/
Me thynketh it but foliſſhnes.
Mat. ¶ They cutt but the vpper ledder/
Ref. ¶ No for it is moche eaſier/
Then to cut the ſoles doutles.
Mat. ¶ They do it for pennaunce ſake/
Ref. ¶ For all that gret ſhifte they make/
To avoyde all corporall ſofferaunce.
Mta. ¶ They ſhewe ſignes of penaunce outwardly.
Ref. ¶ Ye but they fynde ſoche a remedy/
That they fele lytell grevaunce.
For in coventis whereas they are/
Thycke mantels of fryſe they weare/
With ſockes to kepe their fete warme
Then have they fyre at their pleaſure/
And to ſit therby at their leayſure/
No man ſayinge theym eny harme.
And when they walke their ſtacions/
They ſeke gentilmens habitacions/
Where as they fare deliciouſly.
For be there never ſo grett preaſe/
They are ſet vp at the by deaſe/
Taken lyke lordes honorably.
They have alſo to waſſhe their fete/
Water made hott with erbes ſwete/
And a goode fyer in their chamber.
Then have they bred/ ale/ and wyne/
With a ryche bed of downe fyne/
Decked after the beſt maner.
And paraventure the goode father/
Hath in his ſleve a bladder/
Full of gynger/ nutmegges or graynes.
Which to make the drincke myghtye/
He putteth therin a quantite/
To comforte and warme his veynes.
Mat. ¶ They fynd not this wherſoever they come?
Ref. ¶ Syr I wis it is their cuſtome/
In gentilmens places commenly.

Wat. ¶ Yet when they go on farre iorneys/
They cannot eſpye oute all ways/
Gentilmens houſes ſo redely.
Ref. ¶ Mary before their departynge/
They have by mouthe or wrytynge/
The names of places where they dwell.
Wat. ¶ Some tyme they fayle yet I iudge?
Ref. ¶ Then do they mormor and grudge/
Lyke yonge devils of hell.
Wat. ¶ They want ſoche thynges in their cloyſter?
Ref. ¶ Concernynge the fare of their froyter/
I did tell the a fore partly.
But then they have geſt chambers/
Which are ordened for ſtrangers/
And for fathers to make mery.
There have they ale/ wyne/ and byre/
And in winter tyme a goode fyre/
With gaye conceytes made wother.
Wat. ¶ What is their communicacion?
Ref. ¶ By my ſothe murmuracion/
One backbytynge another.
Wat. ¶ They have nothynge to murmur fore.
Ref. ¶ I tell the they murmur more/
Then eny perſons that I knowe.
Full of envious ſuſpicion/
Overwhelmed with ambicion/
Though their vocacion be lowe.
With all diligence they laboure/
To obtayne noble mens favoure/
And to be ladys confeſſours.
In ſoche matters dayly they boſte/
Who with grett eſtates maye do moſte/
Reckenynge theym ſelve wyſe ſeniours.
Wat. ¶ Do they deſyre to be converſant/
In courtes of vertue ſo ſcant/
Intangled with all vngraciouſnes?
Ref. ¶ They are content to be partners/
With all vngracious lyvers/
Yf ſo be they geve theym almes.

Wat. ¶ I put caſe they geve nothynge?
Ieſ. ¶ Then whether he be lorde or kynge/
They will his maners deprave.
Howe be it though they be advoutrers/
Extorſioners/ or whormongers/
Yf to be their frendes they witſave.
Then with grett commendacion/
In their flatterynge predicacion/
They will their actes magnify.
Wherfore whoares/ theves/ and bawdes/
And all ſoche as live by frawdes/
To their order have fantefy.
Wat. ¶ Howe do they which are true preachers?
Ieſ. ¶ They are charged in their chapters/
Vnder their prelatis ſtrayte precepte.
That agaynſt their goode fownders/
Benefacters/ and frendly doers/
No enormites they detecte.
Wat. ¶ Yf they ſett men thus to ſcole/
I trowe they make many a fole/
Of ladys and gentill wemen.
Ieſ. ¶ Shall I ſhewe the howe they do?
Wat. ¶ Nowe for oure lordis ſake go to/
To tell the caſt of this wholy men.
Ieſ. ¶ Fyrſt it is their cuſtome ever/
To go/ two and two to gether/
Excepte a grett impediment.
And ſo to my ladys chamber/
Formoſt pricketh in the elder/
Which of theym is moſt auncient.
As ſone as my lady he dothe ſe/
With a countenaunce of gravite/
He ſaluteth her noblenes.
My lady then of his commynge/
Affectouſly reioyſynge/
Welcometh hym with gladnes.
The father then with his gloſynge ſtyle/
After that he hath preached a whyle/
With babblynge adulacion.

My lady with many a goode morowe/
Begynneth her tale to folowe/
Speakynge after this faſſion.
O father ye do grett penaunce/
To wynne eternall inheritaunce/
Throw prayer/ faſt/ and watchynge.
Ye vſe forto ſweare no othes/
Lyinge evermore in youre clothes/
Nether ſhetes nor ſhurtes wearynge.
Ambicion ye ſett a ſyde/
Flyinge worldly pompe and pryde/
Whiche with vs is dayly in vre.
Happy are ye and fortunate/
To live inſo parfet a ſtate/
Where to be ſaved ye are ſure.
Yf it were not for youre wholines/
This worlde full of vicioufnes/
Had bene deſtroyed longe or this.
Howe be it/ ye do pacify/
The rigoure of god almighty/
Towardis vs that live a mis.
The father then with wordes of comforte/
Begynneth my lady to exhorte/
Saynge thus/ o goode madame.
Youre ladyſhippe nedeth not to care/
For we praye dayly for youre welfare/
Or els we were gretly to blame.
Wholy. S. Fraunces do you mede/
Many a pover fryer ye do fede/
Of youre bounteous charite.
Wherfore ye were made ſiſter/
In the laſt generall chapter/
Of oure whole confraternite.
By meanes wherof ye are partetaker/
Of oure watchynge/ faſt/ and prayer/
Remembrynge you in oure memento.
There is no daye that commeth to paſſe/
But ye have parte of many a maſſe/
Preſervynge you from carfull wo.

Wholy. S. Fraunces alſo hym ſelve/
Which is above the apoſtles twelve/
Nexte vnto Chriſt in authorite.
Shalbe your perpetuall defence/
Agaynſt ſycknes and peſtilence/
Souckerynge you in aduerſite.
And for a ſure aprobacion/
He bryngeth forth a narracion/
De libro conformitatum.
Howe. S. Frances their advoury/
Once in the yere entreth purgatory/
When that his feſt daye doth come.
And from thens he taketh oute/
Thoſe which to hym were devoute/
Or to his order charitable.
Thus my lady not very wyſe/
Is brought in to foles paradyſe/
Thorowe their wordes diſceavable.

Wat. ¶ Hath Chriſt amonge theym no place?
Ieſ. ¶ Chriſt catha? in no maner cace/
He is rather to their damage.
Be cauſe thorowe his paſſion/
For vs he made ſatiſfaccion/
Withoute eny mans ſuffrage.
Whoſe doctryne yf they did obſerve/
Playnly for honger they ſhulde ſterve/
Excepte they wolde to laboure fall.

Wat. ¶ Howe conclude they then at the ende?
Ieſ. ¶ My lady muſt to their covent ſende/
Her blyſſynge with a trentall.

Wat. ¶ What is the trentall/ in paper?
Ieſ. ¶ Or els in goode golde or ſilver/
To make theym a recreacion.

Wat. ¶ They will not for all Englonde/
Handill money with their bare honde/
As I have had informacion.

Ieſ. ¶ Yett in golden cuppes to dryncke/
And to touche wemen I thyncke/
No grett parell they do adverte.

And though ſome of theym never dare/
Touche eny coyne with hondes bare/
Yett they touche it with their hertt.
They have alſo withouten leſynge/
Money in wother mens kepynge/
Redy at their commaundment.
Which by the wryttynge of a bill/
In whatt ſoever vſes they will/
Dayly is beſtowed and ſpent.
In eny covent where they be/
Very feawe of theym thou ſhalt ſe/
But have a frende temporally.
To whom for every tryfill vayne/
That commeth once into their brayne/
Yf by wrytynge they ſignify.
Though it coſt a noble or twayne/
By and by they ſhall it attayne/
Not foarſynge what is layde oute.
Which truly yf they ſhulde purchace/
With laboure and ſwett of their face/
They wolde wotherwyſe loke aboute.

Wat. ¶ Yf it be as thou doſt expreſſe/
Playnly their rule they do tranſgreſſe/
Retaynynge in commen or in proper.

Ref. ¶ They have the popis declaracion/
Makynge therof a mitigacion/
In moſt favorable maner.
Vnder whoſe divlyſſhe proteccion/
They have put theym in ſubieccion
As children of iniquite.
Wherfore he taketh to his perſon/
The name of their dominion/
To vſe it gevynge liberte.
They have ſcant as moche as a louſſe/
Nether clothes/ churche/ nor houſſe/
But the pope there of is awner.

Wat. ¶ Why aſcrybe they it to the pope?

Ref. ¶ By cauſe with ſoche craft they hope/
To begylde people ſeculer.

For where as they live welthyly/
And have all thyngis abundantly/
Acordynge to their apetyte.
Yet vnder ſoche falce pretence/
They fayne to ſoffre indigence/
Contempnynge all worldly delyte.
The pope alſo for this intent/
Becauſe to his errours they conſent/
Alowynge his abhominacions.
Graunteth to their avauntages/
Many bulles and previleges/
With wretched confirmacions.
Whoſe favoure to recompence/
Agaynſt all goode conſcience/
They preache as moche as they maye.
That the people with reverence/
Continue ſtill in obedience/
Of the popis rule nyght and daye.
Though his workes be contrary/
They ſaye that he is goddis vicary/
And of Chriſt the leftenaunte.
Makynge of a fende/ an angell/
Chriſt/ of antichriſt rebell/
A ſaynt/ of the divels ſervaunte.

Mat. ¶ I ſuppoſed with out diſſemblynge/
That they vſed in their preachynge/
All ways to ſheawe the verite.
Seynge amonge the ſtates royall/
They were reputed ſubſtanciall/
With oute eny parcialite.
They vſed to go in pover wede/
Exhortynge both in worde and dede/
Vnto the ioye celeſtiall.
As though they had no erthely love/
But only to the lyfe above/
Deſpyſynge the ioyes of this lyfe mortall.

Ref. ¶ The wholynes that they did ſheawe/
Principally did over throwe/
The fayth of all chriſtendome.

For they were confederate/
With antichriſt ſo inveterate/
Called the Pope of Rome.
Whoſe lawes to ſett in renowne/
Chriſtis doctryne they plucked downe/
Pervertynge all wholy ſcripture.
And yet ſo perfett they did apere/
That grett mens confeſſions to here/
In every place they had the cure.
They pretended ſoche parfetnes/
That ſimple people more and les/
Vnto their wordes gave credence.
Whatſoever fables they did tell/
They were taken as the goſpell/
Approved with commen ſentence.
Wherfore by their ſeduccion/
They have bene the deſtruccion/
Of all true chriſten liberte.
They make cruelnes of mercy/
Perfeccion of hipocriſy/
And of fredome captivite.
Of counterfeyted ſim[u]lacion/
They ymagen mortificacion/
Turnynge fayth to infidelite.
Ydelnes they name contemplacion/
Faynynge zele of murmuracion/
Enmies to charitable amite.

What. ¶ I marvayle moche and wonder/
That they ſhulde have eny anger/
Or eny envious debate.
Seynge from worldly royalte/
And promocions of dignite/
They are willingly private.

Ref. ¶ Though they have no worldly honours/
Yet nether kynges ne emperours/
Nor wother ſtates of the temperalte/
Have ſoche ſtryfe in their proviſion/
As obſervauntes in their religion/
With dedly hatred and enmyte.

To be made confeſſors/ and preachers/
Wardens/ difcretes/ and miniſters/
And wother offices of prelacy.
With grevous malice and rancour/
One agaynſt a nother dothe murmour/
Full of craft and inconſtancy.
They have nether drede nor ſhame/
Their faultles brethren to defame/
Havynge none occaſion why.
Yonge men agaynſt their ſuperiours/
And prelates agaynſt their inferiours/
One at another hath envy.
In chapters and viſitacions/
They vſe wronge accuſations/
With many ſlanderous iniuryes
They execute ſharpe correccions/
To ponyſſhe the tranſgreſſions/
Of their fantaſtycke ceremonyes.
God and his lawes they omitt/
Aplyinge their malicious witt/
To kepe mans invencions.
They are patrons of ydolatry/
Promouters vnto heriſy/
And bryngers vp of diſſencions.

Mat. ¶ Nowe by the fayth of my body/
The obſervauntis are not ſo holy/
As they do outwardly ſeme.

Ref. ¶ Yf thou knewe manyfeſtly/
What a lyfe they occupy/
Thou woldeſt marvayle I deme.

Mat. ¶ I have hearde ynough and to moche/
Yf theyr converſacion be ſoche/
It is pite that they are ſouffered.
But nowe touchynge the maners/
Of theſe religious poſſeſſioners/
I wolde heare ſomewhat more vttered.

Ref. ¶ I tolde the in the begynnynge/
Howe their wicked lyvynge/
Is gretly abhominable.

Marcke their lyfe intentifely/
And thou ſhale not therin eſpy/
Eny thynge that is commendable.

Wat. ¶ What ſayſt thou then of their vowes?
Wherby theym ſelves they ſpowſe/
To god/ by a certayne promes.

Kef. ¶ Surly in it Chriſt they forſake/
And them ſelves wholy they betake/
To live in the devils ſerves.

Wat. ¶ Why/ they profeſſe chaſtite/
Obedience/ and wilfull poverte/
Which allmyghty god doth approbate.

Kef. ¶ Ye for all that I promes the/
They kepe none of all the thre/
With mundane affections intricate.

Wat. ¶ All worldlynes they do renownce/

Kef. ¶ Though with wordes they ſo pronownce/
Their hertes do not conſent/

Wat. ¶ They obſerve t[r]uly obedience/

Kef. ¶ Ye but ſavynge reverence/
Nothynge after Chriſtis intent.
For after goddis commandementis/
They ſhulde obey their parentis/
Honorynge theym as is their duty.
Not with ſtandynge they are ſo mad/
Their fathers and mothers are glad/
To honoure theym reverently.
And where as holy ſcripture wolde/
That vnto all powers we ſhulde/
Obey as to goddis ordenaunce.
They are vnder no power at all/
Nether ſpretuall nor temporall/
To the commen weallis fortheraunce.

Wat. ¶ They obey vnto their prelate/
At all ſeaſons yerly and late/
His precept accompliſſhynge.

Kef. ¶ I will not denye they do obey/
Vnto the ruler of their abbey.
A carle of their owne choſynge.

Yet is it in ſuperſticiouſnes/
With outen eny profitablenes/
Of their neghbours comforte.
They ſerve theym ſelves and no mo/
Carynge litell howe the worlde go/
So that they have pleaſure and ſporte.
And contrary the ſeculers/
Are vnder temporall rulers/
With their children and wyves.
At all ſeaſons preſt and redy/
To put theym ſelves in ieopardy/
Aventurynge bothe goodes and lyves.
To ſerve the kynge in warre and peace/
They putt theym ſelves alwaye in preace/
The defence of the realme aſſiſtynge.
Where as the religious ſectes/
Vnto no lawes are ſubiectes/
Obeyinge nether god nor kynge.
Yf the kynge will their ſervice vſe/
Forthwith they laye for an excuſe/
That they muſt do goddis buſines.
And yf in it they be found negligent/
They ſaye the kynge is impediment/
Becauſe they muſt do hym ſerves.
And yf the kynge ſhall theym compell/
Then obſtymatly they do rebell/
Fleinge to the popis mayntenaunce.
Of whom they obtayne exempcions/
From all the iuriſdiccions/
Of temporall governaunce.

Wat. ¶ Of the pope with out grett expens/
They can obtayne no ſoche defens.
As men ſaye which do it knowe.

Ref. ¶ Yet are they ſo farre out of tune/
That they do their goodes ſo conſume/
Rather then in goode vſes to beſtowe.

Wat. ¶ I perceave by this with out fayle/
Their obedience doth not provayle/
But what ſayſt thou to their poverte?

Kef. ¶ What nede I therof to ſpeake/
Conſideringe they do it breake/
Endued with ryche felicite.
Wat. ¶ Do they ſoche lyvelod poſſeſſe?
Kef. ¶ They have in maner the ryches/
Of every londe and nacion.
Namly in Englonde region/
They excede in poſſeſſion/
And lordly dominacion.
The blacke order hath more alone/
Then all the nobles every chone/
As touchynge their patrimony.
Thou woldeſt ſurly marvell/
To ſe their fare and aparell/
In all poyntes ſuperflu[o]uſly.
There be monkes of ſoche ſtatlynes.
That ſcant will ſoffer at their meſſe/
A lorde of bludde with theym to ſitt.
Whoſe prowde ſervice to beholde/
In plate of ſilver and golde/
It paſſeth a mans witt.
Knyghtes and ſquyers honorable/
Are fayne to ſerve at their table/
As vnto Dukes excellent.
Divers of theym have the degre/
Of worthy Erles in dignite/
And are lordes of the parlement.
Wat. ¶ They deſcende of famous progeny?
Kef. ¶ Ye beggers ſonnes moſt commenly/
Their fathers ſcant worth a groate.
Commynge fyrſt to the abby gate/
A beggynge with a ſcalled pate/
Havynge nether goode ſhurt nor coate.
Which as ſone as he is ones clad/
For a gentilman he is had/
Though he be but a ſtarcke knawe.
Wat. ¶ Soche poverte is plente/
For by it avoydynge ſcacite/
All welthynes they have.

Ref. ¶ It is truly their fiſſhynge nett/
Pover mens goodes awaye to gett/
To ſati[ſ]fy their gluttenny.
It is the goulfe of devoracion/
And fountayne of deſolacion.
To all people generally.
Wherof in wholy ſcripture/
Is written a notable figure/
Shewed in the boke of Daniell.
Howe the preſtes of Babilone/
With falſhod acordynge in one/
Had an ydole called Bell.
Outwardly made all of bras/
And inwardly of erth it was/
Havynge a reſceyte ſo deviſed.
That the ydole ſemed to devowere
An. C. ſhepe with wyne and flower/
Dayly vnto it ſacryfiſed.
Which the preſtes with their whores/
Thorowe crafty contrived dores/
Entreinge in the nyght ſecretly.
And there makynge recreacion/
They conſumed the oblacion/
Oppreſſynge the people grevouſly.
Which ſemed ſo ſtraunge a thynge/
That bothe the people and the kynge/
Reputed it a grett miracle.
Vntill Daniel at the laſt/
Perceavynge their diſceavable caſt/
Agaynſt it made an obſtacle.
He vttered to their confuſion/
The execrable illuſion/
Wherwith the folke they ſore noyed.
Cauſynge by his policy/
That this ydole vtterly/
Was broken and deſtroyed.

Mat. ¶ Wherto doſt thou this compare?

Ref. ¶ Of religious perſons to declare/
The intollerable enormite.

For as the preſtes with their ydoll/
The pover people did pill and poll/
By their diſſaytfull ſuttelte.
So the children of perdicion/
Named men of religion/
With their wilfull poverte.
The wyde worlde forto begger.
Daye and nyght they indever/
Blyndynge the peoples ſimplicite.

Wat. ¶ I marvayle men make no reſtraynt/
Their diſſaytfulnes to attaynt/
Whyls it is open and aperte.

Ref. ¶ Daniel is not yett come/
Which ſhall obtayne the roume/
Their fraudfull wayes to ſubuerte.

Wat. ¶ When ſhalbe then his comynge?

Ref. ¶ I enſure the or longe runnynge/
For he begynneth to drawe nere.

Wat. ¶ Well then/ this matter to remitt/
I wolde very fayne a lytell fitt/
Of their chaſtite to heare.

Ref. ¶ To tell the of their chaſtite/
It lyeth not in my capacite/
The ſhamfullnes therof to compryſe.

Wat. ¶ Men ſaye they live bilſſedly/
With out acte of matrimony/
Enſuynge verteous exercyſe.

Ref. ¶ Their cloyſters are the devils m[e]wes
Farre worſe then eny ſt[e]wes/
Or commen places of whordom.
They are the dens of baudines/
And fornaces of all letcherouſnes/
Lyke vnto Gomer and Sodom.
Yonge laddes and babes innocent/
They brynge in by their intyſment/
To their leawde congregacion.
Whom they receave to profeſſion/
Before that they have diſcrecion/
To their eternall damnacion.

For when they fele by experience/
The brynnynge of the concupiſcence/
Pryckynge their hertes with love.
Conſyderynge alſo their bondage/
Howe they can vſe no mariage/
As a chriſten man doth behove.
Then to quenche their apetytes/
They are fayne to be ſodomytes/
Abuſynge theym ſelves vnnaturally.
And ſo from hope of ſalvacion/
They fall into deſperacion/
Ordrynge their lyves moſt ſhamfully.

Wat. ¶ I will not ſay the contrary/
But amonge a grett company/
One or two ſoche thou mayſt fynde.

Ref. ¶ Make the company grett or ſmall/
A monge a thouſand fynde thou ſhall/
Scant one chaſt of boddy and mynde

Wat. ¶ They ſaye yett with bolde audacite/
That it reſteth in mans faculte/
Yf he will/ to live chaſtly.

Ref. ¶ Then make they Chriſt a lyer/
Callynge it a gyfte ſinguler/
Not geven to every boddy.
Paul alſo in his epiſtle/
Vnto Timothe his diſciple/
Writynge by ſprete of prophecy.
Nameth it a dyvliſſhe doctryne.
Which agaynſt ſcripture divine/
Forbiddeth folke to mary.
Morover the ſtorys not faynynge/
The lives of olde fathers conteynynge/
Geve reccorde to the ſame.
Which endued with godly ſcience/
Exercyſynge continuall abſtinence.
The luſtes of the fleſſhe to tame.
Yet feawe or none had the grace/
With all their laboure to purchace/
The ſinguler gyfte of chaſtite.

Howe ſhuld they then live chaſte/
That of goſtlynes have no taſte/
Geven holy to carnalite.
Which as wolves and bely beaſtes/
Eatynge and drynkynge in their feaſtes/
The bloudde of the pover commenalte/
They hate ſoche as are ſtudious/
Abhorrynge thoſe that are verteous/
As a toade/ or poyſonde ſerpente.
With oute knowledge as aſſes brute/
Of all goode manners deſtitute/
Braynles and inſipient.

Wat. ¶ I ſe then he werre a very chylde/
Which wolde eny mo abbeys bylde/
Yf the goodes ſhuld be ſo yll ſpent.

Ref. ¶ It werre fare better I ſuppoſe/
To plucke downe a grett ſorte of thoſe/
Which are all redy of coſtly bildynge/

Wat. ¶ Oure lorde forbid/ that werre pete/
For they kepe hoſpitalite/
Waye farynge people harborynge.
Huſbande men and labourers/
With all commen artificers/
They cauſe to have grett ernynge.
Their townes and villages/
With out exaccions or pillages/
Vnder theym have moche wynnynge.
They kepe alſo many ſervauntes/
Retaynynge fermers and tennauntes/
Which by theym have their lyvynge.

Ref. ¶ Hoſpitall abbeyes thou fyndeſt but feawe/
All though ſome of theym for a ſheawe/
To blyndfelde the peoples fyght.
Paraventure will not denaye/
Yf a gentle man come that waye/
To geve hym lodgynge for a nyght.
But yf pover men thyther reſorte/
They ſhall have full lytell comforte/
Nether meate/ dryncke/ ne lodgynge.

Savynge wother whyles perhapis/
They gett a feawe broken ſcrapis
Of theſe cormorantis levynge.

Mat. ¶ Well yett their fare conſyderynge/
It is I wis no ſmale thynge/
That they leave dayly at their borde.

Ref. ¶ Ye but thorowe falce lorchers/
And vnthryfty abbey lobbers/
To povre folcke lytell they a forde.
For the beſt meate awaye they carve/
Which for their harlottis muſt ſerve/
With wother frendes of their kynne.
Then proll the ſervynge officers/
With the yemen that be wayters/
So that their levettis are but thynne.
And where as thou makeſt relacion/
That men of ſondry occupacion/
By theym are ſett vnto laboure.
It is aboute ſoche folyſſhnes/
Concernynge no proffytablenes/
Vnto their neghbours ſuccoure.
In byldynge of chambers curious/
Churches/ and houſes/ ſuperfluous/
To no purpoſe expedient.
So that they maye ſatiſfy/
Their inordinate fantaſy/
They care for no detryment.
Set dyce and carde players a ſyde/
And thorowe out the worlde ſo wyde/
They waſte their goode moſt in vayne.
Their pryde maketh many a begger/
Feawe or none farynge the better/
Except an ydell Iavel or twayne.
Their townes ſomtyme of renowne/
Leawdly they cauſe to faule downe/
The honoure of the londe to marre/
They ſue their ſubiettis at the lawe/
Whom they make nott worth a ſtrawe/
Raynynge theym giltles at the barre.

And that I me nowe reporte/
To their lordſhips a grett ſorte/
With whom they had controverſys.
Namly/ Saynt Edmondis bery/
With dyvers wother a grett many/
Vnder the holde of monaſterys.
Furthermore theare as I did wone/
All huſbande men they have vndone/
Deſtroyinge the londe miſerably.

Wat. ¶ To prove that it wer very harde

Ref. ¶ Take hede howe farmers go backwarde/
And thou ſhalt ſe it with thyne ey.
For the londes welth pryncipally/
Stondeth in exercyſe of huſbandry/
By encreace of catell and tillynge.
Which as longe as it doth proſper/
The realme goeth backwarde never/
In ſtabill felicite perſeverynge.
The abbeys then full of covetyſe/
Whom poſſeſſions coulde not ſuffyſe/
Ever more and more encroachynge.
After they had ſpoyled gentill men/
They vndermyned huſbande men/
In this manner theym robbynge.
Wheare a farme for xx. li. was ſett/
Vnder. xxx. they wolde not it lett/
Rayſynge it vp on ſo hye a ſome.
That many a goode huſholder/
Conſtrayned to geve his farme over/
To extreme beggary did come.

Wat. ¶ I have hearde ſaye of myne elders/
That in Englonde many fermers/
Kept gaye houſholdes in tymes paſſed.

Ref. ¶ Ye that they did with liberalite/
Sheawynge to povre people charite/
But nowe all togethe r is daſſhed.
Of ryche farme places and halles/
Thou feiſt nothynge but bare walles/
The roſes fallen to the grownde/

To tourne fayre houſes into paſture/
They do their diligent cure/
The commen well to confownde.

Wat. ¶ Howe have the abbeys their payment?

Ref. ¶ A newe waye they do invent/
Lettynge a doſen farmes vnder one.
Which one or two ryche francklyngis/
Occupyinge a doſen mens lyvyngis/
Take all in their owne hondes a lone.

Wat. ¶ The wother in paiynge their rent/
Be lycklyhod were negligent/
And wolde not do their duty.

Ref. They payde their duty and more/
But their farmes are heythed ſo ſore/
That they are brought vnto beggery.

Wat. ¶ Have the francklyngis therby no gayne?

Ref. ¶ Yes/ but fyrſt they have moche payne/
Yer they can gett it ſubſtancially.
Payinge more for the entrynge in/
Then they ſhalbe able to wynne/
A goode whyle after certaynly.
For to gett the abbottis conſent/
Vnder the ſeale of the covent/
It is a thynge very coſtly.
Where of the charges to recover/
Leſt they ſhulde theym ſelves enpover/
And be brought into decaye.
Pover cilly ſhepperdis they gett/
Whome into their farmes they ſett/
Lyvynge on mylke/ whyg/ and whey/

Wat. ¶ Mercyfull lorde/ who hearde ever tell/
Religious folke to be ſo cruell/
Supplantynge the temporalte.

Ref. ¶ Thou knoweſt nott watkyn felowe/
Howe they have brought to ſorowe/
In lykwyſe the ſpretualte.

Wat. ¶ By what manner cavillacion?

Ref. ¶ Surly through improperacion.
Of inumerable benefices.

Mat. ¶ Do they benefices improperate?
Ref. ¶ Ye and that many a curate.
Dayly courſſe their cruell bellies.
Mat. ¶ They eate nether churche ne ſteple.
Ref. No but they robbe the pover people/
Devowrynge their ſubſtaunce.
Mat. ¶ Yf they do ſpretually ſowe/
They maye well temporally mowe/
After the apoſtles ordenaunce.
Ref. ¶ Toſhe they have it better cheape/
For they temporall goodes reape/
And ſowe nothynge ſpretually.
Their pariſſhons they ſheare and clippe/
But they never open their lippe/
To geve theym eny fode goſtly.
Mat. ¶ Happely they do it in prevete.
Ref. ¶ So god healpe me it maye well be/
Vnder ſome ſecret clauſure.
For it is ſurly ſo inviſible/
That I trowe it is not poſſible/
To be ſene of eny creature.
Mat. ¶ What requyre they of benefices?
Ref. ¶ No thynge but to have the ſleces/
And avauntages carnally.
Mat. ¶ I perceave not well thy meanynge.
Ref. ¶ They are redyer to take vp tythynge/
Then to preache to theym frutfully.
Mat. ¶ Is there eny grett differynge/
Bitwene theft and tythe gaderynge/
After the practyſe that we ſe?
Ref. ¶ Very litell/ all thynges reckened/
Savynge that theves are corrected/
And tythe gaderers go ſcott fre.
Mat. ¶ Have they no circumſpeccion/
With diligent affeccion/
For their pareſſhes to provyde?
Ref. ¶ They ſett in folyſſhe dotardes/
More mete forto be bearwardes/
Then chriſten mens ſoules to gyde.

And even as they do by farmage/
Brynge the londe into a rearage/
Contempnynge the ſtate temporall.
In lyke maner by their rapyne/
They have brought into ruyne/
The order eccleſiaſticall.

Wat. ¶ It apereth they are paſt grace.

Ref. ¶ They are the divels fornace/
Oven infernall vnſaciable.

Wat. ¶ If theſe monkes are ſo noyous/
Bothe fraudulent and covetous/
To what vſes are they proffitable?

Ref. ¶ Nowe by the death that I ſhall deye/
Of all people vnder neth the ſkye/
The worlde maye theym beſt ſpare.
Nether to the godly deite/
Nor yett to mans vtilite/
In eny cace proffitable they are.
And not only vnneceſſary/
But moreover clene contrary/
Defraudynge that to theym is due.
For though their lyfe ſo vicious/
To goddis lawes is iniurious/
Confowndynge the waye of vertue.
Yet are they more preſompteous/
Sayinge their workes meritorious/
Healpe ſynners to be goddis heyres.
Wherby Chriſtis bloud they deſpyſe/
As though it coulde not ſuffyſe/
With out their damnable prayres.
And wheare as they ſhulde be preſt/
At all ſeaſons doynge their beſt/
The commen well to mayntayne.
Their bellies are ſo full of greace/
That nether in warre nor peace/
They cane do eny healpe certayne.
Yet their fyndyngis they expende/
Which ſhulde the londe defende/
Devowrynge many a knyghtes ſe.

They are nether goſtly/ ner worldly/
Rather divlyſſhe then godly/
With out eny goode properte.
Wat. ¶ Yf they be ſoche ydell raveners/
They are lyke to the grett courſers/.
Which noble men in ſtables kepe
For they are cherefed all waye/
With freſſhe litter and goode haye.
Doynge right noght but eate and ſlepe.
Ref. ¶ There is in theym grett diverſite/
For yf it come to extremite/
They ſave their maſters from yvill.
Where as theſe miſerable brybers/
Brynge their fownders and healpers/
The ſtrayght waye to the devill.
Wat. ¶ Are they lyke to wolves ravenous?
Ref. ¶ A grett deale more outragious/
Farre excedynge their rapacitie.
For though they be cruell of kynde/
Yett they leave their ſkynnes be hynde/
As a mendes for their cruelte
But this miſchevous mounckry/
Though they robbe every country/
Whyls they be here a lyve.
Yet can they not be ſo pleaſed/
But after that they be deceaced/
Leaſt eny by theym ſhuld thryve.
They cary into their ſepulture/
Their dayly clothynge and veſture/
Buried in their churlyſſhe habyte.
Wat. ¶ Have they on their botes alſo?
Ref. ¶ Ye by my trothe even redy to go/
To the devill withouten reſpyte.
Wat. ¶ There is ſome miſtery pondered/
That they vſe ſo to be buried/
In their habyte and clothynge.
Ref. ¶ No dout it is a miſtery/
By coniectours manifeſtly/
Their wretched lyfe betokenynge.

For as in this lyfe they denayde/
Their chriſten neghbours to ayde/
Lyvynge here vncheritably.
So by their death and latter ende/
In their buriall they pretende/
Not to be of Chriſtis company.

Wat. ¶ To whom then do they pertayne?
Ket. To the devill their ſoverayne/
Which hath theym all in his bonde.

Wat. ¶ Beware thou be not to bolde/
For thy lyfe were bought and ſolde/
Yf thou ſpake this in Englonde.

Ket. ¶ They maye well bothe ban and cours/
But they cannot do moche wors/
Then they did to Hun the marchaunt.

Wat. ¶ Did they eny grevaunce to hym?

Ket. ¶ Out of this lyfe they did hym trymme/
Becauſe he was goddis ſervaunte.

Wat. ¶ He did ſome faulte gretly notory/

Ket. ¶ No thynge but for a mortuary/
The preſtes agaynſt hym did aryſe.
No maner faulte in hym was fownde/
Yet was he hanged/ brent/ and drownde.
His goodes takyn vp for a pryſe.
As an herityke they hym toke/
Becauſe he had many a boke/
In englyſſhe/ of holy ſcripture.
Alſo he worſhipped no ymages/
And wolde not go on pilgremages/
Vſynge none others to periure.

Wat. ¶ Are the prelatis ſo mad frantycke/
To iudge ſoche a man an heritycke/
Shewynge tokens of fydelite?

Ket. ¶ They regarde their worldly proffett/
Wynnynge therby many a forfett/
Whiche moveth theym to crudelite.
Mens goodes wrongfully to ceaſe/
They make heritykis whom they pleaſe/
By faulce relacion of Someners.

Wat. ¶ Have they none wother intelleccion?
Kef. ¶ Yes alſo by their confeſſion/
Which they tell in preſtes eares.
Wat. ¶ Dare they confeſſions to bewraye?
Kef. ¶ Confeſſions catha? ye by my faye/
They kepe no ſecretnes att all.
Though noble men have doctours/
To be their private confeſſours/
Yet they have one that is generall.
Wat. ¶ Beſyde thoſe which are perticuler?
Kef. ¶ Ye/ and that hath brought ſome to care/
Of whom I coulde make rehearceall.
Wat. ¶ His name wolde I very fayne here.
Kef. ¶ It is the engliſſhe Lucifer/
Wotherwyſe called the Cardinall.
In all the londe there is no wyght/
Nether lorde baron/ nor knyght/
To whom he hath eny hatred.
But ether by ſower ſpeche or ſwete/
Of their confeſſours he will wete/
Howe they have theym ſelves behaved.
What they ſaye/ it is accepted/
In no poynte to be obiected/
Though they be as falce as Iudas.
Wat. ¶ What authorite do they allege?
Kef. ¶ It is their churches previlege/
Falcely to fayne that never was.
Wat. ¶ Soche confeſſours are vniuſt.
Kef. ¶ Yett nedes do it they muſt/
Yf they will to honoure aſcende.
Wat. ¶ Promocions are of the Kyngis gyft?
Kef. ¶ For all that he maketh ſoche ſhyft/
That in his pleaſure they depende.
Though they have the kyngis patent/
Except they have alſo his aſſent/
It tourneth to none avauntage.
His power he doth ſo extende/
That the kyngis letters to rende/
He will not forbeare in his rage.

Wat. ¶ This is a grett preſumpcion/
For a villayne bochers ſonne/
His authorite ſo to avaunce.
But it is more to be marveyled/
That noble men wilbe confeſſed/
To theſe kaytives of miſcreaunce.

Lef. ¶ O/ the grett whore of Babilon/
With her deadly cuppe of poyſon/
Hath brought theym to dronkenſhip.
That paynted bordes and ded ſtockis/
Carved ydoles in ſtones and blockis/
Above allmyghty god they worſhip.

Wat. ¶ Hath Englond ſoche ſtacions/
Of devoute peregrinacions/
As are in Fraunce and Italy?

Lef. ¶ Seke oute londes every chone/
And thou ſhalt fynde none ſo prone/
As Englonde/ to this ydolatry.
Of wholy Roodes/ there is ſoche a ſight/
That bitwene this and mydnyght/
I coulde not make explicacion.
Then have they ladies as many/
Some of grace and ſome of mercy/
With divers of lamentacion.
Morover paynted ſtockis and ſtones/
With ſhrynes/ full of rotten bones/
To the whiche they make oblacion.

Wat. ¶ What are they after thy ſuppoſynge?

Lef. ¶ Stronge theves with outen gloſynge/
And authours of prevaricacion.

Wat. ¶ Take hede thou do not blaſpheme.

Lef. ¶ After their workes I theym eſteme/
Both to man and god oure creatoure.
Where as is no god but one.
We ought to worſhip hym alone/
And no falce goddes to adoure.
Whyche of his honoure is defrauded/
By theſe ydoles faulcely lauded/
With ſacrifice and adoracion.

Man in lyke maner they robbe/
Cauſynge povre folke to ſygh and ſobbe/
Takynge awaye their ſuſtentacion.

Wat. ¶ The goodes that to theym are offered/
Are they not to pover people proffered/
Their neceſſites to relefe?

Kef. ¶ It is waſted in ryetous revell/
Amonge many an ydell Iavell/
To noryſſhe the morther and miſchefe.

Wat. ¶ I heare ſaye that beſydes London/
There is oure lady of Wilſdon/
Which doth grett myracles dayly.

Kef. ¶ As for whordom/ and letcherouſnes/
She is the chefe lady maſtres/
Commen paramoure of baudry.
Many men as it is knowen/
Repe mo chyldren then their owne/
By her myracles promocion.
Wyves to deceave their huſbandes/
Make to her many errandes/
Vnder coloure of devocion.

Wat. ¶ Doſt thou oure lady ſo backbyte?

Kef. ¶ No but I have the ſtocks in deſpyte/
Wherby they diſhonoure her.
In ſcripture it is written/
And of oure lorde forbidden/
To be a falce ydolatrer.

Wat. ¶ Whyls thou doſt ſo farre procede/
Howe is it then in thy crede/
Of Saynt Thomas of Cantourbury?

Kef. ¶ I beleve/ and alſo I truſt/
Yf that he were in this lyfe iuſt/
And of oure lordes vocacion.
That his ſoule hath fruicion/
Perpetually with out intermiſſion/
Of eternall conſolacion.

Wat. ¶ Ye but I meane of his body/
Shryned in the monaſtery/
With golde and ſtones precious.

Alſo the grett myracles wrought/
And howe of people he is fought/
With offerynges and gyftes ſomptious.
Ref. ¶ As for that yf we geve credence/
To oure ſaveoure Chriſtis ſentence/
The Euangeliſtes bearynge recorde.
Many ſhall do thynges ſtraunge/
Wherby they will boldly chalange/
To worcke in the name of oure lorde.
And yet Chriſt in theym hath no parte/
But worcke theym by the devils arte/
Vſurpynge an angels lykenes.
Which doth hym ſilfe ſo tranſpoſe/
Fraudulently to begyle thoſe/
That contempne goddis rightouſnes.
Wat. ¶ Nevertheleſſe as clarckes defyne/
Workynge of myracles is a ſigne/
That vnto god they are acceptable.
Ref. ¶ Shall we to men credence geve/
Or ought we the goſpell to beleve/
Whoſe verite is impermutable?
I dare ſaye/ and abyde therby/
That Saynct Thomas of Caunterbury/
With wother Saynctis canonyſed.
Yf their paynted efficacite/
Is but as it ſemeth to be.
Of god they are deſpyſed.
For though they heale lame and blynde/
With men (as they ſaye) out of mynde/
Healpynge diſeaſes corporall.
Yet deſtroye they out of hande/
For every one of theym a thowſande/
Concernynge their ſoules ſpretuall.
And where as Chriſt doth requyre/
That of god we ſhulde deſyre/
All oure neceſſite and nede.
To theym we make peticion/
Agaynſt goddis prohibicion/
To wicked doctours gevynge hede.

Wat. ¶ Well yet I enſure the Ieffraye/
The goſpell for theym they laye/
Grownd ynge on it their argument.
Kef. ¶ Naye watkyn that is a ſtarcke lye.
Wat. ¶ Howe ſhall we then the troth trye/
By ſome probacion evident?
Kef. ¶ Mary take goddis wholy wrytynge/
Nether addynge nor diminyſſhynge/
But even playnly after the letter.
Wat. ¶ They ſaye ſcripture is ſo diffuſe/
That laye people on it to muſe/
Shulde be never the better.
It is no medlynge for ſoles/
But for ſoche as have bene at ſcoles/
As doctours that be graduate.
Kef. ¶ Weneſt thou that Peter the fiſſher/
Vnderſtode not ſcripture clearlyer/
Then the phariſaies obſtinate?
Who did ſo wilfully reſiſt/
Agaynſt the receavynge of Chriſt/
As they which were learned?
Wat. ¶ No wonder/ for they knewe hym not.
Kef. ¶ No more do oure doctours god wot/
In eny poynte to be diſcerned.
Wat. ¶ Of Chriſt yett they make mencion.
Kef. ¶ Ye for be cauſe their penſion/
With benefices maye be endued.
But in their lyfe and behaveoure/
They deſpyſe Chriſt oure ſaveoure/
Labourynge his worde to exclude.
Wat. ¶ Canſt thou prove this in dede?
Kef. ¶ Whoſoever will the goſpell rede/
To prove it ſhall nede no teſtes.
Wat. ¶ Peraventure they wolde have it hid/
Wherfore to rede it they forbid/
Leſt men ſhulde knowe their wickednes.
Kef. ¶ Had thou ſtudied an whoale yere/
Thou couldeſt not have gone no nere/
To hit their crafty ſuttelnes.

For yf the goſpell were ſoffered/
Of laye people frely to be red/
In their owne moders langage.
They ſhulde ſe at their fyngers endes/
The abhominacions of theſe fendes/
With the abuſion of pilgremage.
Alſo to perceave every whitt/
What it is Sayntis forto viſitt/
With nobles/ brouches/ and rynges.

Mat. ¶ Doſt thou this cuſtume reprehende?

Ref. ¶ I thyncke no goode man will commende/
Soche ſuperſticious offerynges.
Wherof thre poyntis I will move/
By the whyche I ſhall playnly prove/
That it is a thynge vngodly.
Fyrſt a povre man of farre dwellynge/
For his wyfe and chyldren labourynge/
To kepe and fynde theym honeſtly.
Peraventure for ſome ſickenes/
Or for a vowe of foliſſhnes/
To accomplyſſhe Satans inſtitute.
Taketh on hym a farre viage/
To ſome Saynctes ſhryne or ymage/
Leavynge his houſholde deſtitute.
Which often tymes do mis cary.
The meane while that he doth tary/
Beſtowynge his laboure in vayne.
And ſo goddis commaundment neglecte/
For ſmale tryfles of none effecte/
They put theym ſelves vnto payne.
Secondaryly/ what peviſſhnes/
Is it to honoure with ryches/
Of deade faynctis the bodies?
Seynge that whyls they here lyved/
From ryches they were deprived/
As we rede in their ſtoryes/
Thirdly/ it is no Chriſten touche/
To ſe many a golden ouche/
With rynges and ſtones precioufly.

To make deade ſaynctes forto ſhyne/
Where pover folke for honger pyne/
Dyinge with out healpe petiouſly.
And yf with all poſſibilite/
Oure chriſten neghbours poverte/
Duly to ayde we are bownde.
Why do Saynctes it then tranſgreſſe/
In whom charitable perfetnes/
In eſpeciall ſhulde redownde?
Saynct Iohn to Chriſt ſo amiable/
Sayth/ excepte we be charitable/
Lovynge eache wother fraternally.
It boteth not Chriſt to profeſſe/
For why/ we wander in darcknes/
With out light erroniouſly.
For howe can he have charite/
That ſeith his neghbours neceſſite/
And refuſeth hym to ſocoure?

Wat. ¶ I marvayle not by hym that me made/
Yf they be with golde and ſtones ſo lade/
Though they cannot their neghbours ſe.
But nowe to ſpeake erneſtly/
Have their ſoules celeſtially/
In ſoche offerynges eny delyte?

Ket. ¶ It is to theym grett deſpleaſure/
Abhorrynge it out of meaſure/
As a thynge done in their deſpyte.

Wat. ¶ What were beſt then to be done?

Ket. ¶ To breake theym in peces a none/
A monge povre folke to be deſtributed.

Wat. ¶ Haw/ to do that dede who durſt/
Seynge that he ſhulde be a courſt/
And as an herityke reputed.

Ket. ¶ Let theym with furiouſnes ſwell/
Courſynge with boke/ bell/ and candell/
Whyls they have breath for to ſpeake.
Yet had we the Kynges licence/
We wolde with outen diffydence/
Their golden ſhrynes in peces breake.

Mat. ¶ What ſhulde we do with their ryches?
Ieſ. ¶ Geve it to pover men in almes/
To whom of dute it doth longe.
Mat. ¶ The Saynctes then wolde be angry/
Yf that we ſhulde be ſo hardy/
Vnlaufully to do theym wronge.
For ſome men have it aſſayde/
Whom ſaynctes have ſhreawedly arayde/
In revengynge their iniury.
So that by an whole nyghtes ſpace/
They were fayne to kepe one place/
The dores ſtondynge open apertly.
Ieſ. ¶ And what was their fynall chaunce/
Mat. ¶ By my ſothe/ in an hangynge daunce/
Their neckis in a corde to preve.
Ieſ. ¶ Vſe the Saynctes eny men to kyll?
Mat. ¶ No but they make theym ſtonde ſtill/
Vntill they be taken of the Schereve.
Then are th[e]y lyke and ſemblable/
Vnto oure biſſhops venerable/
Which ſaye/ we will not morther.
But they put men in ſoche ſavegarde/
That with in a whyle afterwarde/
They be ſure to go no forther.
Ieſ. ¶ Are not ſoche ſaynctis reprehenſible?
Mat. ¶ Ye for they ſhulde be invincible/
Of charitable dileccion.
For if they will eny man noye/
Ether eny body to deſtroye/
They are not of Chriſtis eleccion.
Whiche after Lukis evangelion/
Sayde to th[e]apoſtels Iames and Iohn/
Neſcitis cuius ſpiritus eſtis.
The ſonne of man hidder cam/
Not forto deſtroye eny man/
But to ſave that periſſhed is.
Wherfore let theym do wonders/
By the divels their founders/
To leade men in blynde cecite.

Yett never theleſſe thou and I/
Wolde put oure ſelves in ieopardy/
Agaynſt all their malignite.
To take awaye their ouches/
Golden ryngis and brouches/
Gevynge it vnto the poore.

Wat. ¶ Thou excepſt. S. Chutbert of Duram/
With oure lady of Walſyngam/
Alſo oure lady of the Moore.

Kef. ¶ God beynge oure direccion/
We wolde make none excepcion/
Agaynſt the devils enchauntmentis.
To do their beſt/ let theym not ſpare/
For we wolde make theym full bare/
Of their precious ornamentis.

Wat. ¶ Oure honeſte then deſtayned/
Surely we ſhulde be proclaymed/
For outragious heretykis.

Kef. ¶ Why more we then the Cardinall?

Wat. ¶ He attempteth nothynge at all/
Soche maters in his biſſhopryckis.

Kef. ¶ I am ſure thou haſt hearde ſpoken/
What monaſteries he hath broken/
With out their fownders conſentis.
He ſubverteth churches/ and chappells/
Takynge a waye bokis and bells
With chaleſces/ and veſtmentis.
He plucketh downe the coſtly leades
That it maye rayne on ſaynctis heades/
Not ſparynge god nor oure ladye.
Where as they red ſervyce divyne/
There is grountynge of pigges and ſwyne/
With lowynge of oxen and kye.
The aultres of their celebracions/
Are made pearches for henns and capons/
De foylynge theym with their durt.
And though it be never ſo prophane/
He is counted a goode chriſtiane/
No man doynge hym eny hurtt.

Wat. ¶ A conſcience yf it be ſothe/
That the Cardinall ſo dothe/
I wonder that he is not apeached.
Kef. ¶ O/ churche men are wyly foxes/
More crafty then iuggelers boxes/
To play ligier dū mayne teached.
Yt is not for nought they fayne/
That the two ſweardes to theym pertayne/
Both ſpretuall/ and temporall.
Wherwith they playe on both hondes/
Moſt tyrannouſly in their bondes/
Holdynge the worlde vniverſall.
Agaynſt god they are ſo ſtobbourne/
That ſcripture they toſſe and tourne/
After their owne ymaginacion.
Yf they ſaye the mone is belewe/
We muſt beleve that it is true/
Admittynge their interpretacion.
Wat. ¶ Art thou not a frayde to preſume/
Agaynſt the Cardinalls fume/
Seynge they wilbe all on his ſyde?
Kef. ¶ No I do rather gretly reioyce/
That of a lytell wormes voyce/
Goddis iudgement maye be veryfyed.
Agaynſt ſoche a wicked brothell/
Which ſayth/ vnder his girthell/
He holdeth Kynges and Princes.
To whom for a ſalutacion/
I will rehearce a brefe oracion/
dedicate vnto his ſtatlynes.
Wat. ¶ Nowe gentell mate I the praye.
Kef. ¶ Have at it then with out delaye/
Contempnynge his maliciouſnes.

O miſerable monſter/ moſt malicious/
Father of perverſite/ patrone of hell.
O terrible Tyrant/ to god and man odious/
Advocate of antichriſt/ to Chriſt rebell.

To the I ſpeake/ o caytife Cardinall ſo cruell.
Cauſles chargynge by thy courſed commandment
To brenne goddis worde the wholy teſtament.

Goddis worde/ grownd of all vertue and grace
The fructeous fode/ of oure faythfull truſt.
Thou haſt condempned in moſt carfull cace/
Throwe furious foly/ falce and vniuſt.
O fearce Pharao/ folower of fleſſhly luſt.
What moved thy mynde by malyce to conſent/
To brenne goddis worde/ the wholy teſtament.

The tenoure of thy tyranny paſſeth my brayne
In every poynt evidently to endyght.
Nero nor herod/ wer never ſo noyus certayne
All though of goddis lawis they had lytel lyght
Shame it is to ſpeake howe agaynſt ryght.
Thy hatfull hert hath cauſed to be brent/
Goddis true worde/ the wholy teſtament.

O perverſe preſte patriarke of pryde/
Mortherer with out mercy moſt execrable.
O beaſtly brothell/ of baudry the bryde/
Darlynge of the devill/ gretly deteſtable.
Alas/ what wretch wolde be ſo vengeable?
At eny time to attempte ſoche impediment/
To brenne goddis worde the wholy teſtament.

God of his goodenes/ grudged not to dye/
Man to delyver from deadly dampnacion.
Whoſe will is that we ſhulde knowe perfetly
What he here hath done for oure ſaluacion.
O cruell kayface/ full of crafty conſpiracion.
Howe durſt thou geve then falce iudgement
To brenne goddis worde/ the wholy teſtament.

Thy leawednes of lyvynge is loth to heare/
Chriſtis goſpell to come vnto cleare light.
Howe be it furly it is ſo ſpred farre and neare

That forto let it thou haſte lytell myght.
God hath opened oure dercke dimed ſyght.
Truly to perceave thy tyrannous intent/
To brenne goddis worde the wholy teſtament.

Agaynſt thyne ambicion all people do crye/
Pompouſly ſpendinge the ſuſtenaunce of the pore
Thy haulte honoure hyly to magnify/
Maketh/ theves/ traytours/ and many a whore
Wo worth the wretche of wickednes the dore
Forger of oure dayly damage and detriment
To brenne goddis worde the wholy teſtament.

O paynted paſtoure/ of Satan the Prophet/
Ragynge courre/ wrapped in a wolues ſkynne
O butcherly biſſhop/ to be a ruler vnmete/
Maker of miſery/ occaſion of ſynne.
God graunt the grace nowe to begynne.
Of thy dampnable dedes to be penitent/
Brennynge goddis worde/ the wholy teſtament.

Mat. ¶ No more for oure lordis paſſion/
Thou rayleſt nowe of a faſſion/
With rebukis moſt deſpytous/
No man ſhall theſe wordes advert/
But will iudge theym of an hert/
To procede/ moſt contumelious.

Kef. ¶ Though popiſſhe curres here at do barcke
Yet thou mayſt therin well marcke/
The will of god accompleſſhed.
The Cardinall thus to rewarde/
Which with oute eny godly regarde/
Deſdayneth the trothe to be puppliſſhed.
Therfore as he did the trueth condempne/
So god wil hym and all his contempne/
With the ſwearde of punnyſſhment.

Mat. ¶ They had fyrſt ſome provocacion?

Kef. ¶ None wother then the tranſlacion/
Of the englyſſhe newe teſtament.

Wherin the authours with mecknes/
Vtterly avoydynge convicioufnes/
Demeaned theym ſo diſcretly.
That with all their invencion/
They coulde fynde no reprehencion/
Reſiſtynge goddis worde wilfully.

Wat. ¶ Howe had the goſpell fyrſt entraunce/
Into Englonde ſo farre of diſtaunce/
Where to rede hym/ no man maye?

Ref. ¶ Goode chriſten men with pure affecte/
Of god ſingulerly therto electe/
With coſt did hym thether conveye.
Which/ even as Chriſt was betrayed/
So with hym the clargy played/
Thorowe trayterous prodicion.

Wat. ¶ Who played the parte of Iudas?

Ref. ¶ The wholy biſſhop of Saynct Aſſe/
A poſte of Satans iuriſdiccion.
Whom they call Doctour ſtandiſſhe/
Wone that is nether fleſſhe nor fiſſhe/
At all tymes a commen lyer.
He is a bablynge Queſtioniſt/
And a mervelous grett ſophiſt/
Som tyme a lowſy graye fryer.
Of ſtommake he is ſcarce and bolde/
In braulynge wordes a very ſcolde/
Menglynge vennem with ſugre.
He deſpyſeth the trueth of god/
Takynge parte rather with falcehod/
Forto obtayne worldly lucre.
In carde playinge he is a goode greke/
And can ſkyll of poſt and glyeke/
Alſo a payre of dyce to trolle.
For whordom and fornicacions/
He maketh many viſitacions/
His Dioces to pill and polle.
Though he be a ſtowte divyne/
Yett a preſt to kepe a concubyne/
He there admitteth wittyngly.

So they paye their yearly tributis/
Vnto his dyvliſſhe ſubſtitutis/
Officiall/ or commiſſary.
To rehearce all his lyvynge/
God geve it yvell chevynge/
Or els ſome amendment ſhortly.

Wat. ¶ Howe did he the goſpell betraye?

Ref. ¶ As ſone as ever he hearde ſaye/
That the goſpell cam to Englonde.
Immediatly he did hym trappe/
And to the man in the red cappe/
He brought hym with ſtronge honde/
Before whoſe prowde conſiſtory/
Bryngynge in falce teſtimony/
The goſpell he did theare accuſe.

Wat. ¶ He did mo perſones repreſent/
Then Iudas the traytour malivolent/
Whiche betrayed Chriſt to the Iues.

Ref. Thou mayſt ſe of theym in one manne/
Herod/ Pilat/ Cayphas/ and Anne/
With their propertis ſeverall.
And in another manifeſtly/
Iudas full of conſpiracy/
With the ſectes phariſaicall.
They are a grett deale more mutable/
Then Proteus of forme ſo variable/
Which coulde hym ſilfe ſo diſgyſe.
They canne repreſent apes/ and beares/
Lyons/ and aſſes with longe eares/
Even as they liſt to divyſe.
But nowe of ſtandiſſhe accuſacion/
Brefly to make declaracion/
Thus to the Cardinall he ſpake.
Pleaſeth youre honourable grace/
Here is chaunſed a pitious cace/
And to the churche a grett lacke.
The goſpell in oure Engliſſhe tonge/
Of laye men to be red and ſonge/
Is nowe hidder come to remayne.

Which many heretykis ſhall make/
Except youre grace ſome waye take/
By youre authorite hym to reſtrayne.
For truly it is no handlynge/
For laye peoples vnderſtondynge/
With the goſpell to be buſy.
Which many wone interpriſynge/
Into hereſy it did brynge/
Diſdaynynge the churche vnreverently.

Mat. ¶ Toſſhe/ theſe ſayngis are ſophiſticall/
I wolde heare the ſence miſticall/
Of theſe wordes right interpreted.

Fef. In fayth with out ſimulacion/
This is the right ſignificacion/
Of his meanynge to be expreſſed.
O Cardinall ſo glorious/
Thou arte Capitayne over vs/
Antichriſtis chefe member.
Of all oure deteſtacions/
And ſinfull prevaricacions/
Thou alone/ arte the defender.
Wherfore healpe nowe or els never/
For we are vndone for ever/
Yf the goſpell abroade be ſpred.
For then with in a whyle after/
Every plowe manne and carter/
Shall ſe what a lyfe we have led.
Howe we have this five hondred yeres/
Roffled theym amonge the bryres/
Of deſperate infidelite.
And howe we have the worlde brought/
Vnto beggery worſie then nought/
Through oure chargeable vanite.
Which knowen/ we ſhalbe abhorred/
Reddi to be knocked in the forhed/
Oure welth taken awaye clene.
Therfore Tyrant playe nowe thy parte/
Seynge with the devill thou atre/
Gretter then eny manne hath bene.

Put the goſpel a waye quyght/
That he come not to laye mens ſight/
Forto knowe goddis commaundementis.
And then we that are the remmenaunt/
Shall diligently be attendaunt/
To blynde theym with oure commentis.
Yf they have once inhibicion/
In no maner of condicion/
To rede goddis worde and his lawes.
For vs doctours of theology/
It ſhalbe but a ſmale maſtery/
To make theym foles and dawes.·
Loke what thou doſt by tyranny/
We will alowe it by ſophiſtry/
Againſt theſe worldly villaynes.

Wat. ¶ Nowe truly this is the meanynge/
Howe ſoever be the ſpeakynge/
Of theſe ſpretuall lordaynes.

Wat. ¶ But what ſayde the Cardinall here at?

Ket. ¶ He ſpake the wordes of Pilat/
Sayinge/ I ſynde no fault therin.
Howe be it/ the biſſhops aſſembled/
Amonge theym he examened/
What was beſt to determyn?
Then anſwered biſſhop Cayphas/ Hoc eſt. London. Epūs.
That agrett parte better it was/
The goſpell to be condempned.
Leſt their vices manyfolde/
Shulde be knowen of yonge and olde/
Their eſtate to be contempned.
The Cardinall then incontinent/
Againſt the goſpell gave iudgement/
Sayinge/ to brenne he deſerved.
Wherto all the biſſhoppis cryed/
Anſwerynge/ it cannot be denyed/
He is worthy ſo to be ſerved.

Wat. ¶ Yf they playe thus their vages/
They ſhall not eſcape the plages/
Which to theym of Rome happened.

At whoſe ſcourge ſo marvelous/
They wolde yf they were gracious/
Gladly to be admoniſſhed.
To whom goddis worde in purite/
Was fyrſt ſhewed in humilite/
Accordlynge to the veritable ſence.
Howe be it they wolde not it receave/
But frawardly with ſwearde and gleave/
They expulſed it from thence.
Vnto tyranny they did leane/
Wherſore god vſynge another meane/
To brynge theym vnto repentaunce.
He ſtered vp ſome mens ſpryte/
Which their fautes did endyte/
Of their miſchefe makynge vttraunce.
Yet wolde not they amende/
But moare wilfully did deffende.
Their evill lyfe agaynſt goddis worde.
Therfore as miſlyvers obſtinate/
They were deſtroyed nowe of late/
With peſtilence and dent of ſworde.

Ref. ¶ Thou haſt rehearced thre poyntis/
Which will make all preſtes ioyntis/
For feare to trymble and ſhake.
Seynge that the fyrſt is paſt/
And the ſeconde commeth in faſt/
Their hypocriſi to awake.
And yf they will not be refrayned/
The ſworde of vengeaunce vnſayned/
On their frawardnes will light.

Wat. ¶ Well/ let vs by no perſuaſion/
Geve no ſoche occaſion/
Cauſynge chriſten men to fyght.

Ref. ¶ No man will have that ſuſpicion/
But take it for an admonicion/
Their vnhappy lyfe to repent.
For we ſhewe as they ſhall fynde/
Yf god inſpyre not their mynde/
To laboure for amendment.

Which by ſcripture to verify/
Let theym rede the prophet Ieremy/
In the chapter/ fower and twente.
Howe be it I will me hens hye/
Wheare as the Cardinals furye/
With his treaſure ſhall not gett me.

Wat. ¶ Is this prowde Cardinal rycher/
Then Chriſt or goode faynct Peter/
In whoſe roume he doth ſuccede?

Ief. ¶ The boſſes of hys mulis brydles/
Myght bye Chriſt and his diſciples/
As farre as I coulde ever rede.

Wat. ¶ Whether canſt thou then flye awaye?

Ief. ¶ To Conſtantinoble in Turkeye/
Amonge hethen my lyfe to leade.

Wat. ¶ Yf thou wilt then live chriſtenly/
Thou muſt vſe thy ſilfe prevely/
Or els ſurely thou arte but deade.

Ief. ¶ I ſhall have theare as grett liberte/
As in wother placis of chriſtente/
The trueth of Chriſt to profeſſe.
For he that will the trueth declare/
I dare ſaye moche better he weare/
To be with theym in hethenneſſe.

Wat. ¶ Though thou go never ſo farre hence/
Yet with moſt terrible ſentence/
To courſſe the they will not myſſe.

Ief. ¶ I ponder very lytell their courſes/
For to god I ſaye with humblenes/
They ſhall courſe/ and thou ſhalt blyſſe.

Wat. ¶ In their courſes/ is their no parell?

Ief. ¶ No for they do it in the quarell/
Of their god which is their belly.

Wat. ¶ What miſchevous god is that?

Ief. ¶ Wone that hath eaten vp the fatt/
Of englondis wealth ſo mery.

Wat. ¶ I will gett me then into Wales/
To dwell amonge hilles and dales/
With folke that be ſimple and rude.

Ref. ¶ Come not there I counſell the.
For the preſtes/ their ſimplicite/
Thorowe craftynes do ſo delude.
That whoſoever is ſo hardy/
To ſpeake againſt preſtes knavery/
For an herityke they hym take.
Of whoſe miſerable calamite/
Vnder the ſpretuall captiuite/
I will here after a proceſſe make.

Mat. ¶ Then will I go into the realme/
Of the plenteous londe of beame/
In the Cite of Prage to dwell.

Ref. ¶ Of two thyngis I will the warne/
Whiche thou muſt parfetly learne/
Yf thou wilt folowe my counſell.
Fyrſt beware in eſpeciall/
Of the outwarde man exteriall/
Though he ſhewe a fayre aperaunce.
Many ſhall come in a lambis ſkynne/
Which are raviſſhynge wolues with in/
Ennemys to Chriſtis ordinaunce.
The ſeconde is/ yf eny reply/
Bryngynge in reaſons obſtinatly/
Againſt that which ſemeth to be trewe.
Take no graduate for an authoure/
But remitt goode maſter doctoure/
To the olde teſtament or newe.
And yf he will beare the in honde/
That thou canſt not it vnderſtonde/
Be cauſe of the difficulte.
Axe hym howe thou arte able/
To vnderſtonde a fayned fable.
Of more crafty ſubtilite?

Mat. ¶ I ſe thou knoweſt their ſecretnes/

Ref. ¶ Ye I coulde in their very lycknes/
Declare theym yf I had reſpyte.

Mat. ¶ Well I will departe/ adue/

Ref. ¶ Nowe I beſeche oure lorde Ieſu/
To be thy gyde daye and nyght.

Christ goddis sonne/ borne of a mayden poore/
For to save mankynd/ from heven descended.
Pope Clemente. the sonne of an whoore/
To destroye man/ from hell hath ascended.

In whom is evidently comprehended.
The perfect meknes of our saveoure Christ/
And tyranny of the murtherer Antichrist.

A Proper Dyaloge, &c.

A compendious olde Treatyfe, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

IT occurred to Lord Arthur Hervey—then Archdeacon of Sudbury, now the Biſhop of Bath and Wells—while he was preparing a lecture, in the autumn of 1861, on the 'Diſſolution of the Monaſteries,' to be delivered in the enſuing October at Bury St. Edmunds, to look among the old books in his library at Ickworth, for anything that might bear upon the ſubject of his lecture. In ſo doing, he ſtumbled upon a ſmall volume of tracts, in old binding, with the top of the back torn off; which proved to contain in all nine tracts; three without titlepages, and the laſt one torn off in the middle.

2. On the firſt page are the names of THO. HERVEY: THO. and ISABELLA HERVEY: and WILL. HERVEY. The Marquis of Briſtol informed the great Engliſh-Bible ſcholar of our day, Mr. Francis Fry, F.S.A., of Cotham Tower, Briſtol—through whoſe facſimile of this text we came to know of this *Dyaloge, &c.*—that, "This Thomas was the Father of John Hervey, Firſt Earl of Briſtol, and his wife was Iſabella, daughter of Sir Humphrey May; his Father was Sir William Hervey of Ickworth, born 1585, died 1660. His Brother William was born in 1618, and died at Cambridge in 1642. Several of the Books now in the Library at Ickworth unqueſtionably belonged to Sir William. In a copy of Camden's Britannia, edit. 1610, is the ſignature of William Hervye or Hervy, apparently by the ſame hand as that in this volume, with the year 1634, entered as that in which the purchaſe was made for 40*s.*, and when William the ſon, would have been only ſixteen years of age." It ſeems therefore indubitable that theſe tracts had been in the poſſeſſion of the family, for more than two centuries.

3. The value of the find may be illuſtrated in two ways.

Lord A. Hervey having, with a public ſpirit deſerving of all praiſe, thought it right to offer the collection, in July 1865, to the Truſtees of the Britiſh Muſeum; they gladly paid him £120 for the ſame: ſo it is preſerved in that vaſt Treaſure-Houſe of books, acceſſible to all who can value it. There is alſo no doubt, now that the ſingularity of its contents is better known, but that a like collection would realize two or three times the above ſum, ſhould one ever be brought to the hammer.

Again. If Lord Harvey had been alive between the years 1530 and 1546, and had ſuch a collection been found in his poſſeſſion, any day during that time; he would have been inſtantly

hailed to prison: to have passed nights of weariness, fastened in the stocks, his feet higher than his head: and to have undergone wearier days of badgering, cajoling, browbeating, and accusation before the Bishop or Commissary of his diocese. He would have been degraded, as was another priest, the Benedictine monk of Bury St. Edmunds, Richard Bayfield; for the self same offence of possessing, reading, &c., these identical tracts, and others like them. He hardly might have escaped some such extra-judicial lynch justice as Stokesley, the Bishop of London, offered to that same Bayfield on the day of his degradation and death, the 27th November 1531, when the brutal bishop,—as if the surrender of life itself were not a sufficient expiation for having, reading, and circulating these identical and other like tracts,—smote Bayfield, who was kneeling on the top altar step, in the high choir of old St. Pauls, with his crosier-staff on the breast, and knocked him down the altar steps, so that he brake his head and swooned. Finally, his Lordship might, like that martyr, have been led to the stake, at or near Newgate, and there meekly offering his life, would have passed in a chariot of fire out of this world of trouble up to the bliss of heaven. Such suffering in this life, and glory in that to come, would his Lordship's adhesion to the doctrine of these tracts have ensured to him; had he lived when they were first secretly printed and circulated.

4. For the collection comprises some of the rankest Lollard and Protestant tracts of the time. We are able to identify every one of them, and three of them are apparently unique copies. Noticing them as they stand in the book, they are as follows:

(**1**) Title-page torn off. [Sir FRANCIS BYGOD'S *A Treatise concernynge impropriations of benefices*, printed by T. Godfrey, without date, but about 1534. We have largely quoted from this work in our Reprint of Thomas Lever's *Sermons*.]

(**2.**) Title-page torn off. [SIMON FISH'S translation 'out of the Dutch,' of *The Summe of Scripture*, referred to by John Fox in *Actes and Monumentes, f.* 987, *Ed.* 1576. This work has hitherto been quite lost. It was in the preparation of this Reprint that we identified the text with the title. The work consists of a considerable body of doctrine, and was therefore specially and repeatedly forbidden by the ecclesiastical authorities. No colophon. Possibly printed abroad. Is in a small Roman letter, and one of the earliest of this class of books in that fount of type.

(**3.**) Title-page torn off. [*A Treatise declaryng and shewing that Pyctures and other Ymages which were wont to be worshiped, are in no wyse to be suffered, &c.*] Printed by William Marshall in 16mo, at London.

No date.

(**4.**) *The praier and complaynte of the ploweman vnto Christe: written not longe after the yere of oure Lord* 1300. *To the Christian reader* is dated 'The last daye of February, Anno 1531.'

The following passage in this address is of importance:—"Even as the old phareses with the bischops and prestes presoned and persecuted Christe and his Apostles/ that al the rightuous bloode maye fall on their heedes that hath ben shed from the bloode of Steuen the first martyr to the

blode of that innocent man of God Thomas hitton whom willyam werham byschop of Canturbury and Iohn fyscher byschop of Rochestur mortheied at maydeston in kente the last yere for the same trouth. . . . ."

(**5.**) *A proper dyaloge, &c.* see *p.* 129. No other copy now known. Mr. F. Fry published a facsimile edition of it in 1863.

(**6.**) *The Testament of master* WYLLIAM TRACIE *esquier| expounded both by* WILLIAM TINDALL *and* IHON FRITH. *Wherin thou shalt perceyue with what charitie ye chaunceler of worcetter* [Worcester] *Burned whan he toke vp the deed carkas and made asshes of hit after hit was buried,* M.D.xxxv.

(**7.**) *An confortable exhortation: of oure mooste holy Christen faith| and her frutes. Written vnto the Christen bretherne in Scotlande| after the poore* [? pure] *worde of God.* At Parishe M.d.xxxv. [By J. JOHNSONE.] The COL. "¶ At Parishe by me Peter Congeth. A.M.D.xxxv. xx Januarij."

(**8.**) *The prophete Ionas, with an introduccion before teachinge to vnderstonde him and the right vse also of all the scripture, &c.* By WILLIAM TYNDALE. The introduction is preserved in Fox's edition of Tyndale's works, of 1573: but even he had not met with Tyndale's *text* of Jonah. Like Nos. (**2**) and (**5**) this is a complete recovery of a perfectly lost book. Mr. F. Fry issued a facsimile edition of it in 1863.

(**9.**) ¶ *The letters which* JOHN ASHWELL, *Priour of Newnham Abbey beside Bedforde, sente secretely to the Bishope of Lyncolne, in the yeare of our lord* M.D.xxvij. *Where in the sayde priour accuseth* GEORGE IOVE *that tyme beinge felawe of Peter college in Cambridge, of fower opinions: with the answer of the sayed George vn to the same opinions.* Imperfect. [COL. in other existing copies is, At Strasburge. 10 Daye of June. (year not stated.)]

5. The succeeding Texts may be regarded as Lollard Treatises in a Protestant setting. One of the hardest assertions that the early Reformers had to face was the accusation that the Reformation was a 'new-fangled heresy.' Cochlæus and others vaunted that antiquity was on their side; until time and research put their boasting out of court. It came at length to be understood how much light of knowledge and wisdom had gone out in the dark ages; which however it was not impossible to rekindle for the future use and benefit of man. In this way our first English Reformers brought forth these Lollard treatises; and were well satisfied if they could prove an antiquity of a century for any of their Complaints.

6. Tyndale was at Marburg in 1530, printing *The Practyse of Prelates.* He was doubtless the centre of a small knot of English fellow-labourers, one of whom put forth, on his own account, this *Dyalogе, &c.* It might have been friar Jerome Barlow. There is much similarity in the style of the *verse* with that of *Rede me and be not wrothe*; but this Complaint has not the grasp, virility, and strength of that Invective. If Bayfield's account of Roy to Sir T. More, in November 1531, be correct, Roy was probably not in Germany at this time: for the *Dyalogе* was certainly *written* after the meeting of parliament, 3 Nov. 1529, to the sitting of which there is allusion at *p.* 144, and consequently after the fall of Wolsey had become known at Marburg, as he is not once alluded to in it.

7. The Protestant setting supplied by the Englishman at Mar-

burg consists of *all* the verse, 'Unto the reader' at *p.* 170, and nearly all the side notes.

The A.B.C. *to the spritualte* must be distinguished from *The* A.B.C. *agenste the Clergye* prohibited at Paul's Cross on Advent Sunday, 3d Dec. 1531. For in the examination of Bayfield in the previous month of November he acknowledged to have imported, among other books from the Continent, the two following distinctly quoted works,

A. B. C, *of Thorpe's*, [See Fox's *Actes &c. p.* 401. *Ed.* 1563.

A Dialogue betwixt the Gentleman and the Ploughman.

Thorpe is the famous Lollard William of Thorpe, the date of whose *Examination* is 4 Sept. 1407, and of whose *Testament* is Sept. 1460. *He* could not have told the Clergy that they were 'lyke to haue a fall'; but in the time of the Reformation that would be true.

8. The two Lollard texts may have been sent out as 'smale flickes' from England, in answer to Roy's Invitation at *p.* 25. The dates assigned to them should be taken with caution. There is nothing in the fragment of the first to test the date; but the latter treatise is clearly not much earlier than 1450, A.D., see *p.* 178.

The drift of the *Dyaloge* is properly described in the title. The history of the persecution of the Lollards by the clergy in the reigns of Henry IV. and V., in return for the support they gave to the house of Lancaster referred to in it, is historically true. The Clergy encouraging Henry V. to foreign war, in order to prevent reformation at home, is represented by Shakespeare in his *Henry* V. While their vast possessions in land alone in England, was computed to equal, in the time of Rapin, in value, at twenty years' purchase, the enormous sum of £30,503,400.

In the glorious sunlight of truth which we now enjoy we can hardly realize the gloom and despairing darkness in the midst of which men underwent hazard of all things that they might have the law of their belief allowed in their native speech. If we knew more of the Lollard literature, we should think more of them, and their magnificent fight, 'faithful unto death.' The priests presumptuously claimed to keep the lips of knowledge. They did possess almost all branches of science and secular knowledge at that time, so that every such 'lettre' as these, was a revolt of man's best nature from all that would tend to keep it in a perpetual darkness, ignorance, and error. In considering Lollardism, it must never be forgotten that, for the most part, it was a struggle at the greatest disadvantage, of a true desire after holiness fed and strengthened by God's Word, against the learning and culture of the time. Our blessed Lord himself rejoiced that in a like case, it pleased the Father to hide His truth from the wise and prudent, and to reveal it unto babes.

A proper dyalo=

ge/ betwene a Gentillman and a husbandman/ eche complaynynge to other their mise= rable calamite/ through the am= bicion of the clergye.

¶ An A. B. C. to the spiritualte.

¶ Awake ye goostely persones/ awake/ awake
Bothe preste/ pope/ bisshoppe & Cardinall.
Consider wisely what wayes that ye take
Daungerously beynge lyke to haue a fall.
Every where/ the mischefe of you all.
Ferre and nere/ breaketh oute very fast
Godde wiff nedes be revenged at the last.
¶ Howe longe haue ye the worlde captyued
In sore bondage of mennes tradiciones?
Kynges and Emperoures/ ye haue deprpued
Lewedly vsurpynge/ their chefe possessiones.
Muche misery ye make/ in all regiones.
Nowe youre fraudes/ almoste at the latter cast
Of godde sore to be revenged at the last.
¶ Poore people to oppresse/ ye haue no shame
Qwakynge for feare of your doubble tyranny.
Rightfull iustice ye haue put out of frame
Sekynge the lust of youre godde/ the belly.
Therfore I dare you boldely certifye.
Very litle though ye be therof a gast
Yet god will be revenged at the last.

O Chriſten reder/ from raſhnes reſraine
Of haſtye iudgement/ and lyght ſentence.
though ſum recken it frowardnes of brayne
Thus to detecte ye clergyes inconuenience.
Vnto chriſtes wordes geue/ thou aduertence
Which ſaieth nothinge to be done ſo ſecretly
But it ſhall be knowen manifeſtly.

Where as men diſcerne no grefe of darcknes
Full litle is deſyred the confortable lyght
The daye is reſtrayned to ſhewe his clerenes
Tyll the clowdes be expelled of the night
As longe as we perceyue not wronge from right
Nether holynes from falſe hypocriſye
The truthe can not be knowen manifeſtly.

¶ Curſed they are/ as Eſaye doth expreſſe
Which preſume the euyll for good to commende
Sayenge that ſwete is foure/ and light darcknes
As nowe in the clergye/ we may perpende.
Whos diſguyſed madnes in the later ende
As ſcynt Paule to Timothe did propheſye
Shall be knowen to all men manifeſtly.

¶ Example of twayne he dothe there recyte
Whos names were called Iannes and Iambres
Which by enchauntment/ through deuels might
Strongely reſiſted the prophete Moyſes
Doynge lyke merueyles and wonderfulnes
So that none could the very trouth eſpye
Tyll their Iugglynge was knowen manifeſtly

Chriſte/ like wiſe/ with his predicacion
The phariſeyes ſhewynge outwarde holynes
Was a counted of ſmall reputacion
Vyce cloked vnder ſhyne of vertuouſnes.
Vntill at the laſt their furiouſnes
Accuſyng the woman taken in aduoutery
They ſawe their fautes detecte manifeſtly.

Their vyces opened/ they could not abyde
Shame drevynge them to confuſyon
Which afore ſeaſon through pope holy pryde
They bolſtred out vnder abuſyon
It is the practyſe of their colluſyon.
Zele of rightuouſnes to fayne outwardly
Tyll their fautes be detecte manifeſtly/

Which in oure clergye is evidently ſene
Fayned godlynes falſly pretendynge
Wherby moſte parte of people do wene
That they ſeke goddes honour in all thinge
How be it/ men ſhuld ſe that their ſekynge
Is to confounde chriſtes goſpell vtterly
Were their fautes detecte manifeſtly.

What greater deſpyte can they ymagine/
Agaynſt god his hye honour to deface
Than to vſurpe on them his power diuine
Abhominably ſittinge in holy place?
Which hath continued longe tyme and ſpace
And ſhall with outragious blaſphemy
Till their fautes be detecte manifeſtly.

Scripture vnto them was firſt proferyd
Mekely without any prouocacion.
Which to receyue when it was offeryd
They refuſed with indignacion.
Wherfore touchinge their reformacion.
Litle truſt is to be had certaynly
Tyll their fautes be detecte manifeſtly.

¶Thus to conclude/ o chriſten reder
Vnto pacience/ I the exhorte.
Aduerteſynge/ howe and in what maner
Chriſte rebuked this phariſaycall ſorte.
Whom as Mathew in the. xxiij. doth reporte.
With fearefull ſentence he curſed erneſtly
Their wicked fautes detectynge manifeſtly.

¶ Nihil eſt opertum quod non reueletur.
Mtaŧ. x.

¶ Here foloweth the Dialoge/ the Gentillman beginninge first his complaynte.

¶ Gentillman.

With forowfull harte/ maye I complayne
Concerninge the chaunce/ of my mifery
Although parauenture it is but vayne
Trueth oporeſſyd/ with open tyranny.
My enheritaunce and patrimony.
Agaynſt right/ from me they kepe awaye
Which faye/ for my frendes foules they praye.

¶ Myne aunceteres of worthy progeny
With rentes and lyuelood largely endued
Mayntayned their eſtates honorably
Aydynge the poore/ indigence to exclude.
Tyll at the laſt/ the clergy to them fued.
Pretendinge godlynes/ vnder a fals waye
Sayenge they wold for their foules praye.

¶ Stoutely they alleged before their fyght
Howe after this lyfe is a purgatory.
Wherin their foules both daye and night
Shuld be tormented with out memory
Excepte of their fubſtaunce tranſitory.
Vnto their feactes/ they wold fome what paye
Sayenge that they wold for their foules praye.

They bare them in hande that they had myght
Synnets to bynde and looſe at their owne pleſure
Takynge vpon them to leade thyem a right
Vnto ioye/ that euer ſhuld endure.
Of popes pardones they booſted the treaſure.
Chalengynge of heuene and hell the kaye
Sayenge/ that they wold for their foules praye.

To truſt wife or childern/ they did diſſwade
Eyther any frendes or perſones temporall.
Affermynge/ that oure loue ſhuld a way vade

Without any memory of them at all
Onely to hope in their feactes ſpirituall.
They entyced/ with perſuaſiones gaye
Sayenge that they wold for their ſoules praye.

Thus with wylines and argumentes vayne
Myne aunceters brought in to perplexite
Partely thorough feare of eternall payne
And partely for deſyre of felicite.
They conſented makynge no difficulte
To graunte their requeſtes without delaye
Sayenge that they wold for their ſoules praye

Their chefe lordſhippes and londes principall
With commodytes of their poſſeſſyon
Vnto the clergye they gaue forthe with all
Dyſheretinge their right ſucceſſyon.
Which to receiue without excepcion
The couetous clergy made no denay
Sayenge that they wold for their ſoules pray

By the meanes wherof/ I and ſuche other
Suffrynge the extremyte of indigence
Are occaſioned to theft or mourder
Fallynge in to moche inconuenience.
Becauſe the clergye agaynſt conſcience
Deuoureth oure poſſeſſiones nighte and daye
Sayeng yat for oure frendes ſoules they praye.

I haue wife and childern vpon my hande
Wantinge ſubſtaunce/ their lifes to ſuſtayne
Wherfore to the clergy that haue my lande
Sometyme I come and pituouſly complayne
Whos ſtatelines/ to helpe me hauyng diſdayne
With oute any comforte to me they ſaye
That for my frendes ſoules they dayly praye.

Shuld I and my houſhold for houngre dye
They wold not an haife peny with vs parte
So that they lyue in welthe aboundantly

Full litle they regarde oure woofull ſmerte.
To waſte oure goodes they nothinge aduerte
In vicious luſtes and pompous araye
Sayenge yat for our frendes ſoules they praye.

They take vpon them apoſtles auctorite
But they folowe nothinge their profeſſion
Often tymes they preache of chriſtes pouerte
Howe be it towarde it they haue no affeccion.
Yf ſo be they pleate ones in poſſeſſion
Harde it is to get ought fro them awaye
Sayenge/ that for our frendes ſoules they praye.

Thus muſt we beare their oppreſſion
Whiles to complayne there is no remedye
The worlde they haue brought in ſubiection
Vnder their ambicious tyranny.
No reſpecte they haue to the myſery
Of vs poore gentillmen that be laye
Sayenge that for our frendes ſoules they praye.

Alas/ is it not a myſerable caſe?
To ſe ydle perſones voyde of pyte
Occupyenge the landes before oure face
Which ſhuld pertayne vnto us of duete.
They haue richeſſe/ and we calamyte
Their honour encreaced/ oures muſt dekaye
Sayenge that for our frendes ſoules they praye.

¶ The husbandman.

Syr/ god geue you good morowe
I perceiue the cauſe of youre ſorowe
And moſt lamentable calamyte.
Is for the oppreſſion intollerable
Of thes monſtres ſo vncharitable
Whom men call the ſpiritualte.
Trouthe it is/ ye poore gentillmen are
By their craftynes made nedy and bare
Your landes with holdinge by violence

How be it we huſbandmen euery where
Are nowe in worſſe condicion ferre
As it may be marked by experience.

¶ Gentillman.

In worſe caas? nay/ that can not be ſo
For loke ouer the hoole worlde to and fro
Namely here in oure owne region.
And thou ſhalt fynde that in their handes
Remaynęth the chefe lordeſhippes and landes
Of poore gentillmens poſſeſſion.
They haue oure aunceters lyuelood and rentes
Their principall fearmes and teneamentes
With temporall fredomes and libertees.
They haue gotten vnto their kingdomes
Many noble baronries and erldomes
With eſquyres landes and knightes fees.

¶ Husbondeman.

Notwithſtondinge yet they ſaye precyſely
That your Aunceters gaue to theym freely
Soche worldly dominion and lyuelood.

¶ Gentillman.

Freely quod a? nay/ that is but fayned
For they ware certeynly therto conſtreyned
By their couetous diſceite and falſhod

¶ Husbondman.

Howe dyd they youre aunceteres compell?

¶ Gentillman.

Mary in threatnynge the paynes of hell
And ſharpe puniſhment of purgatorye.
Wher to brenne/ they made them beleue
Excepte they wolde vnto them geue
Parte of their ſubſtaunce and patrimony.

¶ Husbondeman.

But howe wold they delyuer them fro thence?

¶ Gentillman.

As they faide by their prayers affiſtence
Which with booſtynge wordes they dyd a lowe

¶ Husbondman.

Prayer? god geue her aſhamefull repreſe
For it is the mooſt briberynge theſe.
That euer was/ I make god a vowe.
For by her the clergy without dowte
Robbeth the hole countre rounde aboute
Bothe comones and eſtates none excepte.
I wote they haue prayed ſo longe all redy
That they haue brought the lande to beggery
And all thryftynes clene awaye ſwepte.
What ſoeuer we get with ſweate and labour
That prolle they awaye with their prayour
Sayenge they praye for oure ſoules allwaye
But is their prayer not more avaylynge
To the deade ſoules/ than to the lyuynge
So is it not worthe a rotten aye.

¶ Gentillman.

To the ſoules departed it is not profitable
For whye/ thos that are in caſe dampnable
No aſſiſtence of prayour can attayne.
And as for purgatory ther is none
Allthough there be clerkes many one
Which to feke it take moche payne.

¶ Husbondman.

Than I wold their prayenge were at an ende
For yf they pray longe thus ſo god me mende
They ſhall make ye lande worſſe than nought.
But nowe I will rehearce ſeriouſly

Howe we huſbande men full pituouſly
Vnto miſerable wrechednes are brought.
Fyrſt whan englonde was in his floures
Ordred by the temporall gouernoures
Knowenge no ſpirituall iuriſdiccion.
Than was ther in eche ſtate and degre
Haboundance and plentuous proſperite
Peaceable welthe without affliccion.
Noblenes of blood/ was had in price
Vertuouſnes avaunced/ hated was vyce
Princes obeyd/ with due reuerence.
Artificers and men of occupacion
Quietly wanne their ſuſtentacion
Without any greſe of nedy indigence.
We huſband men lyke wiſe proſperouſly
Occupyenge the feates of huſbandry
Hyerd fearmes of pryce competent.
Wherby oure lyuinge honeſtly we wanne
And had ynough to paye euery manne
Helpinge other that were indigent.
Tyll at the laſt the rauenous clergye
Through their craftynes and hypocriſye
Gate to theym worldly dominacion.
Than were we ouercharged very ſore
Oure fearmes ſet vp dayly more and more
With ſhamefull pryce in ſoche a faſſhyon.
That we paye more nowe by halfe the ſume
Than a foretymes we dyd of cuſtome
Holdinge ought of their poſſeſſion.
Beſyde this/ other contentes of brybery
As payenge of tythes/ open and preuy
And for herynge of confeſſion.
Alſo preſtes dueties and clerkes wages
Byenge of perdones and freres quarterages
With chirches and aultares reparacion.
All oure charges can not be nombred
Wherwith we are greatly acombred
Ouer whelmyd with deſolacion.

We tourmoyle oure ſelfes nyght and daye
And are fayne to dryncke whygge and whaye
For to maynteyne the clargyes facciones

¶ Gentillman.

This were a great ſhame to be knowen
Seynge halfe the realme is their owne
That they charge you with ſoche exaccions.
Me thyncketh ſo to do is no ſmall cryme
For they kepte as good houſes a foretyme
Whiles theyr fearme hyers was ferre leſſe.

¶ Husbandman.

Ye/ more plentuous houſes a great deale
How be yt in hyndrynge the comoneweale
They vſe alſo this practyſe doutles.
Where as poore huſband men afore ſeaſon
Accordinge vnto equite and reaſon
Houſe or lande to fearme dyd deſyre.
Without any difficulte they might it get
And yet no hygher price was ther vp ſet
Than good conſcience did require.
But nowe their ambicious ſuttlete
Maketh one fearme of two or thre
Ye ſome tyme they bringe. vi. to one.
Which to gentillmen they let in farmage
Or elles to ryche marchauntes for avauntage
To the vndoynge of huſbandeman ech one.
Wherby the comones ſufferinge damage
The hole lande is brought in to rerage
As by experience ye may well ſee.
Thus is the wealth of village and towne
With the fame of honorable renowne
Fallen in to myſerable pouerte.
Plentuous houſholdes hereby ar dekayde
Relefe of poore people is awaye ſtrayde
Allmes exyled with hoſpitalyte.

By ſoche meanes/ all thinge waxeth dere
Complaynte of ſubiectes cryenge ferre and nere
Oppreſſed with greuous calamyte.

¶ Gentillman.

Truely thou ſheweſt the very abuſe
Neuertheleſſe concernynge oure excuſe
Why we gentillmen fearmes occupye.
The principall occaſion is onely this
That oure patrimony geuen awaye is
Vnto thes wolffes of the clergye.
By whos oppreſſion we are ſo beggeryd
That neceſſite hath vs compellyd
With fearmes ſoche ſhyft to make.
For as ye huſbandmen can well vnderſtande
Touchinge expences and charges of the lande
They diſdayne any parte with vs to take.

¶ Husbandman.

Ye by ſeynte Marye/ I you warrante
In ſoche caſes/ their ayde is very ſcant
Makinge curteſye to do any goode.
Let the realme go what way it wull
They hauynge eaſe/ and their belyes full
Regarde litle the comone weale by the rode
Vf princes demaunde their ſuccour or ayde
This anſwere of them is comonely ſaide
We are pore bedemen of youre grace.
We praye for your diſceaced auncetryes
For whom we ſynge maſſes and dirigees
To ſuccour their ſoules in nedefull caſe.

¶ Gentillman.

Oh/ they afoorde prayers good cheape
Sayenge rather many maſſes by heape
Than to geue a poore man his dyner.
Wherfore as thou ſaydeſt/ ſo god helpe me

I ſe of their prayenge no comodyte
Nether avauntage in any maner.
For whye with in thes. iiij. hundred yere
Thorough oute chriſtendome was not a freer
Of thes/ whom we mendicantes call.
And ſyth that tyme dyuers facciones
Of collegianes/ monkes and chanones
Haue ſpred this region ouer all.
Alſo of preſtes/ were not the tenthe parte
Which as they ſaye/ haue none other arte
But for vs worldly people to praye.
And yet the worlde is nowe ſarre worſſe
As euery man felyth in his poorſſe
Than it was at that tyme I dare ſaye.
Wherfore the trueth openly to betryde
I wolde they ſhuld laye their prayenge a ſyde
And geue theym ſelſes to labour bodely.

¶ Husbandman.

It were harde to bringe theym therto
Vtterly refuſynge any labour to do
Becauſe they are people goſtely.

¶ Gentillman.

Were not the apoſtles goſtely alſo?

¶ Husbandman.

Yes ſyr/ but it is ſo longe ago
That their lyuynge is oute of memorye.

¶ Gentillman.

We ſynde it well in the newe teſtament.

¶ Husbandman.

The clargye ſaye/ it is not conuenyent
For layemen therwith to be buſye.

¶ Gentillman.

Woteſt thou wherfore they do that?

¶ Husbondman.

In fayth ſyr I coniecture ſome what
And I ſuppoſe I do not moche erre.
Might men the ſcripture in Engliſhe rede
We ſecular people ſhuld than ſe in dede
What Chriſt and the apoſtles lyues were.
Which I dout nothinge are contrarye
Vnto the lyuynge of oure clargye
Geuyn to pompous ydlenes euery where.
Whos abhominacion ones knowen
Their pryde ſhuld be ſone ouer throwen
And fewe wold their ſtatelynes for beare.

¶ Gentyllman.

Thou hytteſt the nayle vpon the heed
For that is the thinge that they dreed
Leaſt ſcripture ſhuld come vnto light.
God commaundyd man in the begynnynge
With ſweat of vyſage to wynne his lyuynge
As Moſes in his fyrſt boke dothe wryte.
And as Marcke ſayeth in the. vi. chapter
Chriſte here vpon erthe was a carpenter
Not dyſdayninge an occupacion.
Alſo the diſciples vniuerſally
With their handes laboured buſyly
Exchewynge ydle conuerſacion.

¶ Husbandman.

Oure clargye lyue nothynge after their rate

¶ Gentillman.

No/ they ſeke ydelly to auaunce their eſtate
And to be had in reputacyon.

¶ Husbondman.

Are they worldly or goſtely to ſaye the trothe?

¶ Gentyllman.

So god helpe me I trowe none of bothe
As it apperyth by their faſſhion.
For in matters of worldly buſynes
The clergye haue moche more entreſſe
Than temporall men I enſure the.
The landes of lordes and dukes to poſſeſſe
Thei abaſſhe not a whit the feculernes
Chalengynge tytles of worldly honour
But is the realme in any neceſſyte
Where as they ſhuld condeſcend of duete
To ſtande by their prince with ſuccour
Than to be of the world they denye
Sayenge that their helpe is ſpiritually
From the worlde makinge a ſeparacion.

¶ Husbandman.

Whiles they vſe ſoche craftynes to contryue
The temporalte ought theym to depryue
Of their worldly dominacyon.
And euen as they ſaye that they are goſtely
So without any affiſtence worldly
To lyue goſtely they ſhuld haue no let.

¶ Gentillman.

That were an expedyent medicyne
Accordinge vnto ſaynt Paules doctryne
Qui non laborat/ non manducet.
Nowithſtonding their power is ſo ſtronge
That whether they do ryght or wronge
They haue their owne will without ſayle.
Their enormytees ſo ferre out breaketh
That all the worlde agaynſt theym ſpeaketh
But alas man what dothe it avayle?

¶ Husbondman.

The remedy that I can ymagyne
Were beſt that we together determyne
To get vs to london incontynent.
Where as it is here for a ſurete tolde
The kinge with his nobles dothe holde
A generall counſell or parlament.

¶ Gentillman.

What woldeſt thou that we ſhuld do there?

¶ Husbondman.

The conſtraynte of oure myſerye to declare
Vnder a meke forme of lamentacion.

¶ Gentillman.

So ſhuld we be ſure of ſoche anſweres
As were made vnto the poore beggers
For their pituous ſupplicacyon.
Againſt whom ye clergyes reſons nought worthe
The ſoules of purgatory they brought forthe
The beggers complaynte to diſcomfyte.
Wherfore againſt oure peticion I the tell
They wold bringe out all the deuells in hell
For to do vs ſome ſhamefull deſpyte.

¶ Husbondman.

And was ther none other waye at all
But the ſoules of purgatory to call
In ayde and aſſiſtence of the clergye.

¶ Gentillman.

It was the ſuereſt waye by ſeynt Ihone
For had they to playne ſcripture gone
I wouſſe they hadde be taken tardye.
The beggers complaynte was ſo grounded
That the clargye hadde be confounded
Had they not to purgatory haſted.

¶ Vnsbondman.

Where fayd they purgatorye ſhuld be?

¶ Gentillman.

By ſcripture they ſhewed no certente
Albeit with ſtowte wordes they it faced.
Euen like vnto the man/ which went
A certeyne ſtraunge ylonde to inuent
But whan he ſawe/ he could it not fynde.
Leaſt his wit and travaile ſhuld feme in vayne
Reporte of other men he beganne to fayne
The ſymplicite of rude people to blynde.
But touchinge oure communicacion
Ther is a nother conſideracion
Which ſomewhat more troubleth my mynde.
Thou knoweſt that in the parlament
The chefe of ye clergye are reſident
In a maruelous great multitude.
Whos fearce diſpleaſure is ſo terrible
That I iudge it were not poſſible
Any cauſe againſt them to conclude.
As for this ones we ſhall not be herde
And great men I tell the[y] are a ferde
With them to haue any doynge.
Whoſoeuer will agaynſt them contende
Shall be ſure of a miſchefe in the ende
Is he gentellman lorde or kynge.
And that vnto kynge Iohn I me reporte
With other princes and lordes a great forte
Whom the cronycles expreſſe by name.
Whiles they were a lyue they did them trouble
And after their deathe with cruelnes double
They ceaſed not their honour to diffame.
Dyd not they ſo longe ſtriue and wraſtle
Againſt the good knight ſyr Ihon oldecaſtle
Other wiſe called lorde of Cobham.
That from hyghe hereſye vnto treaſone

They brought him to fynall deſtruction
With other many a noble man.
Moreouer at ſeynt Edmundes bury ſome ſaye
That the famous prince duke Humfray
By them of his lyfe was abreuiate.
Sythe that tyme I could recken mo
Whom they cauſed to be diſpatched ſo
Parauenture ſome of no lowe eſtate.

¶ The husbandman.

Their tyranny is great without fayle
Neuertheleſſe yf we wold them aſſayle
With argumentes of the holy goſpell.
They ſhuld not be ones able to reſiſte
For the wordes of our ſauiour chriſte
Shuld ſtoppe them were they neuer ſo fell.
Who in the. xxiij. chapter of ſeynt Luke
To their great confuſyon and rebuke
Forbydeth ſecular ambicion.
Wherin he himſelfe example gaue
Contempnynge worldly honour to haue
Of this world claymynge no kingdome.
Alſo when his diſciples forthe he ſent
He commaunded them to be content
With foode and apparayle neceſſary.
Wherto ſaint Paules doctrine accordinge
Saieth: hauynge meate drinke and clothinge
We ſhuld no thinge couet ſuperfluouſly.

¶ Gentillman.

Yf the holy goſpell allege we ſhuld
As ſtronge heretikes take vs they would
Vnto their churche diſobedient.
For why they haue commaunded ſtraytely
That none vnder great payne be ſo hardye
To haue in engliſhe the teſtament.
Which as thou knoweſt at London

The biſſhop makinge ther a ſermon
With ſhamefull blaſphemy was brent.

¶ Husbondeman.

Alas that cruelte goeth to my hert
Wherfor I feare me we ſhall all ſmert
At lengthe with bitter puniſſhment.

¶ Gentillman.

Vndouted it is greatly to be fearyd
Leaſt the hole region ſhalbe plagyd
For their outragious blaſphemy.
In kynge Henryes dayes of that name ye fyft
The clergye their pride aboue to lyft
Perſecuted chriſten brothers haynouſly.
The goſpell of Chriſt a ſyde to caſt
Which at that tyme proſpered faſt.
With all their puyſaunce they dyd conſpyre.
Euery where they threwe theym in preſones
In ſharpe gayles/ and horrible doungeones
Cauſynge many to be brent in fyre.
Their furious malice neuer ſtentyd
Tyll they had the light oute quenchyd
Of the goſpell and holy ſcripture.
Wherof all bokes that they could get
They cauſéd on a fayre fyre to be ſet
To expell goddes worde doynge their cure.
But conſyder what ther of did chaunce
Moſte terrible plages of fearfull vengeaunce
And endles forowe to oure nacion.
For within ſhorte ſeaſon after they loſt
Which many a mans lyfe did coſt
In fraunce their dominacoin.
Amonge them ſelfes moſte hatefull mourdre
Many ſtronge batayles/ one after a nother
With great effuſyon of engliſſhe bloode.
Frende againſt frende/ brother againſt brother.

Euery man at variaunce with other
The realme longe ſeaſon in myſchefe ſtoode

¶ Husbondman.

This is nowe a dayes clene oute of mynde

¶ Gentillman.

I praye god/ hereafter we do not fynde
The ſame vengeaunce for like offence
For as it is in the byble playnely red
God left neuer lande yet vnpuniſhed
Which agaynſt his worde made reſiſtence.

¶ Husbondman.

Well ſyr/ yf ſcripture ye forthe bringe
I beſeche you/ what is their anſweringe
Are they ſo bolde goddes worde to denye?

¶ Gentillman.

Naye but after their ymaginacion
They make there of an interpretacion
Vnto the texte clene contrary
They allege the popes auctorite
Cuſtomes of auncyent antiquite
With diuers counſeiles approbacion.
Alſo the holynes of religious fathers
With the bloode ſheadinge of marters
For their chirches preſervacion.
Beſyde that contynuance of yeres
Myracles of biſhoppes/ monkes and freres
Whom for ſpeciall patrones they holde.
And ſynally to make a concluſion
In fortefyenge their abuſion
Other practyſes they vſe manyfolde.
They reſorte to lordes and greate eſtates
With whom they are dayly checke mates
Ye to ſaye the trouthe their ſoueraynes.

Where amonge other communicacion
They admoniſhe them with proteſtacion
To beware of thes heretikes Lutheranes.
Whom they ſaye is a ſecte newe fangled
With execrable hereſyes entangled
Sekinge the chirches perdicion.
Which oure fore fathers as wiſe as we
Were contente with humble ſimplicite
To honour/ obeynge their tuycion.
Alſo none preſumed till nowe a late
Againſt the clergye to beare any hate
Or grudged at their poſſeſſion.

¶ Husbondman.

By ſeynt mary ſyr/ that is a ſtarcke lye
I can ſhewe you a worcke by and by
Againſt that poynte makinge obiection.
Which of warantyſe I dare be bolde
That it is aboue an hundred yere old
As the engliſhe ſelfe dothe teſtifye.
Wherin the auctour with argumentes
Speaketh againſt the lordſhippes and rentes
Of the clergye poſſeſſed wrongfully.

¶ Gentillman.

Is it ſo olde as thou doeſt here expreſſe
Reprouynge their pompous lordlynes
So is it than no newe found hereſy.

¶ Husbondman.

No/ but alas/ halfe the boke we want
Hauynge no more left than a remenant
From the begynnynge of the. vi. chapter verely.

¶ Gentillman.

As for that it maketh no matter
Begynne hardely at the ſixte chapter

Redynge forthe to the ende ſeriouſly.
For though old writinges a pere to be rude
Yet notwithſtandinge they do include
The pithe of a matter moſt fructuouſly.

¶ Husbondman.

To rede it I ſhall be diligent
Though the ſtyle be nothinge eloquent
With ornate ſpeache ſet out curiouſly.

¶ Here foloweth an olde treatyse made aboute the tyme of kynge Rychardе the seconde.

Here as the clergy perceyueth that lordlynes and worldly dominion can not be borne out bi ſcripture/ then flie they to argumentes of mennes perſuaſyon fayenge after thys maner Seynt Huge and ſeynt Swithune were thus lordes/ and in this they enſued Chriſtes lyuyng and his doctrine/ therfore we may be laufully thus lordes. But I wote well that Gabriel ſhall blowe his horne or they haue proued the minor. That is/ that thes fayntes or patrones in this fued the doctrine or the lyfe of Ieſu Chriſte. And of this thou mayſt ſe that ſoch argumentes that ar not clothed with Chriſtes lyuynge or his teachinge/ be right nought worthe all though the clerkes blynde with them moch folke in ye world. But here haue I no leyſer to tell though I coulde/ what chefefaunce and coſtes the churche maketh and what werres they hold to contynue this ſymony and hereſy ſo vnaviſely brought in to ye chirche. And yet they ſeke all the wayes therto that they can. Ye in ſo moch that they go openly armyd in to the felde to kyll chriſten men/ for to get and holde ſoche lord-

ſhippe. And notwithſtondynge ſeynt Peter was ſo pore that he had nether golde nor ſyluer as he ſaieth in the Actes of the apoſtles. And his other worldly good he left/ whan he beganne to ſue Chriſte. And as towchynge the tytle of worldly lawe that he had to ſoch worldly goodes/ he made neuer cleyme ne neuer reſceyued after any worldly lordſhippe. And yet they call all their hole kingdom ſeynt Peters grounde or lordſhippe. And therefor ſeynt Bernarde writeth to Eugenie ye pope ſayenge. Yf thou wilt be a lorde/ ſeke by a nother waye to attayne it/ but not by thys apoſtles ryght For he may not geue the that he had not/ that he had he gaue/ the whiche was bufynes vpon chirches. Whether he gaue lordſhippe or no/ here what he ſaieth. Be ye not lordes in the clergy/ but be ye made forme and example off Chriſtes flocke. And leaſt ye trowe thys be not ſayde of trothe take kepe what Chriſte ſaieth in ye goſpell. The kinges of hethen haue lordſhippe vpon theym/ forſothe ye not ſo. Se howe playnly lordſhippe is forboden to all apoſtles/ for yf thou be a lorde howe dareſt thou take vpon the apoſtleſhyp/ or yf thou be a byſſhoppe/ howe dareſt thou take vpon the lordſhip? Pleynly thou art forboden bothe. And yf thou wylt haue bothe to gether thou ſhalt leſe bothe/ and be of the nomber/ of whych god pleineth by the prophete Oſee ſayenge. They reygnyd but not by me ſayeth god. And yf we holde that/ that is forboden/ here we that is boden of Chryſte. He that is greateſt of you ſe yat he be made as younger in ſymplenes/ and he that is a fore goere loke he be as a ſeruant. Thys is ye forme of apoſtles lyfe/ lordſhyppes forboden and ſeruys is boden thys ſayeth ſaynt Bernerde there. And therfor no man may put a nother grounde beſydes yat that is put whych is Chriſte Ieſu.

Act. iij.

Libro. ij

i. Petri.

But yet I wote well that clarkes and relyggyous folcke that loue vnkyndly theie lordlynes wyll gloſe here and

ſaye/ yat they occupye not ſoche lordſhyppes in proper as ſecular lordes doo/ but in comone/ lyke as the apoſtles and perfyte people dyde in the beginnynge of Chriſtes chirche as wryteth Saynct Luke in the fourthe chaptre of the Actes of the apoſtles/ the whyche had all thynges in comone/ lyke as ſoche clarkes and religyous ſaye they haue nowe. In tokeninge wherof no man ſayde of any thinge at that tyme/ thys ys myne/ ſo oure clarkes and namely relygyous people whan they wyll ſpeake in termes of their religyon. A pryuate perſon wyll not ſaye this or thys is myne/ but in parſone of all his bretheren he wyll ſaye/ this is oures. And ouer thys they ſaye more ſuttelly that they occupye not this by tytle of ſecular lordſhyppe/ but by tytle of perpetuall allmes. But what euer thys people ſaye here/ we mote take hede to the rule of prefe that fayleth not. The whiche rule Chriſte teacheth vs in the goſpell in dyuers places/ where he ſayeth/ beleue ye the workes. For why by their workes ye ſhall know theim. And thys rule is wonder nedefull to a man that hath a do with any man of the Pharyſeys condycyones. For as Chriſte ſayeth Math. xxiij. They ſaye but they do not. And ſo as Chriſtes workes bere witneſſe of hym as he hym ſelfe ſayeth/ and ſheweth what he was and howe he lyued/ ſo the dedes and maner of lyuinge/ or the thynge in it ſelfe bearyth wytneſſe wythout fayle howe it ſtondyth amonge theym in thys poynte. And yf we take hede thus by thys rule we ſhall ſe at oure eye howe the clargye ſayeth other wyſe than it is in dede. For in ſome place in pryuate parſone/ and in ſome place in comone or parſone aggregate/ whiche is all one as ſaynct Auſtyne ſayeth vppon the pſalter/ ye clargy occupyeth the ſecular lordſhyppe ſecularly/ and ye ſo in propere. For in the ſame maner wyſe as ye Barone/ or the knyghte occupyeth and gouuernyth hys baronrye or hys knyghtes ſe/ ſo after the amorteſyenge occupyeth ye clarcke/ ye Monke/ or Chanon/ the

College or Conuente/ the ſame lordſhippe and gouerneth it by ye ſame lawes in iudgement and puniſhinge as perſonnynge and hangynge with ſoche other worldly turmentyng the which ſome tyme belongyd to the ſecular arme of the chirche. Ye oft tymes we may ſe howe they buſye theym ſelfes to be kinges in their owne/ and reioyce them full moche in that ciuilyte or ſecularite yf they may get it. And this is an euidence that they wold gladly be kynges of all the realme or the world. For where their londes and ſecular mennes fraunchyſe ar to gether they ſtriue who ſhall haue the galowes/ or other maner tourmentes for ſelaunes. They kepe alſo vnder bondage their tenauntes and their yſſue with their londes. And this is the moſte ciuilite or ſecular lordſhyppinge that any kynge or lorde hath on his tenauntes And therfore we maye ſe howe they cleyme in their goodes a maner of proper poſſeſſyon contrarye to the comonnynge of the comone goodes in tyme of the perfyte men in the begynnynge of Chriſtes chirche. And ſo what ſo euer the clergy fayeth the dede ſheweth well that they haue not their goodes in comone lyke as Chriſte with his apoſtles and perfyte men had in the begynnynge of chriſtes chirche. For in holdynge or hauynge of their goodes/ is properte of poſſeſſyon and ſecular lordſhippinge. The which ſtondith not with ye plente of chriſtes perfeccyon in preſtes as it ſueth of this proceſſe and of that/ that is declared before. And as for that o ther gloſe that clerkes haue here/ where they ſaye that they holde thes lordſhyppes by tytle of perpetuall almes. Almes

But here ye ſhall vnderſtande that mercy or almes is a will of releuinge of ſome wretche oute of his myſeſe as Lyncolnienſis ſayeth in the begynnynge of his dictis. So that yf a man ſhuld effec- Dicto. ij
tually do almeſſe he muſt loke to whom he ſhulde do almeſſe to/ were in myſeaſe and had nede to be releuyd. In tokeninge wherof/ chriſt onely aſſigneth almeſſe to thos/ in whom he marketh myſeaſe. And ſo here of

this it will ſue/ that yf a man will releue one wretche and make a nother or mo/ he dothe none almeſſe/ but rather maketh myſeaſe. And moche more he dothe none almeſſe yf be make riche thos perſones that haue no nede. For as moche as they be ſufficient to theym ſelfes/ this hath no coloure of almeſſe. For this may be better called a woodnes or a waſtynge of goddes goodes. And ouer this yf a man take thos goodes/ the which god in the beſt wyſe enen and with oute erroures hath aſſygned to the ſtate of ſecular lordes/ and geue thos goodes to another people that hath no nede of theym/ ye to yat which people ſoche goodes are forſendid. This ſhuld be called no almeſſe/ but peruertinge of goddes ordinaunce/ and the deſtruction of the ſtate of ſecular lordes ye which god hath approued in his chirche. For as ſaynt Paule ſayeth. ij. Cori. viij. Almeſſe dede ſhuld be ruled ſo ye it were releuinge to thos yat receiue it. And moch rather it ſhuld not be vndoynge of thos that do it. And therfore Chriſt teachith in the goſpell to do almes of tho thinges that be nedeles or ſuperfluite. And in this dede a man ſhuld haue regarde to the nede of him that he dothe almes to and to the charge of his owne houſe. What almes was it then I praye you/ to vndo the ſtate of the Emperoure/ and to make the clarkes riche with his lordſhippes/ namely ſyth Chriſt confirmyd to ye Emperour his ſtate/ with tho thinges that longe therto/ notwithſtonding at that tyme the emperoure was hethen. And he hath forſendyd expreſly hys clergy in worde and in example ſoche lordſhyppe. And as thys was no allmes/ ſo we mote ſaye of other kynges/ dukes and erles/ barones and knyghtes that are vndone hereby/ and the clerkes made ryche and worldly lordes with theyr goodes. And though it had be ſo yat the clergy myght haue occupyed thus worldly lordſhyppe/ and alſo though it hadde be no deſtruccion nor appeyrynge of any other ſtate/ yet it hadde be no allmes

Quod superest date elemosinam. Luce. xiiij.

for to geue to theym ſoche goodes/ wherfor it may be ryghtfully ſayde. No man may put a nother grounde beſydes that is put/ which is Chriſte Ieſu.

Here we may ſe by the grounde of ye goſpel and by the ordynaunce of chriſte/ that the clergye was ſufficiently purueyd for lyuelood. For god is ſo perfyte in all his werckynge/ yat he may ordeyne no ſtate in hys chirche but yf he ordeyne ſufficient lyuelood to the ſame ſtate. And this is open in goddes lawe who ſo takyth hede/ and that vnder euery lawe of god/ as vnder ye lawe of innocencye and of kynde/ vnder ye lawe geuen by Moyſes and alſo vnder ye lawe geuen by chriſte. In ye tyme of the ſtate of innocencye we knowe well by beleue yat god hadde ſo ordeyned for man kynde that it ſhuld haue hadde lyuelood ynough withoute any tedious laboure And of ye lawe of kynde/ chriſt ſpeakyth in ye goſpell ſayenge thus Matt. vij All thynges yat ye wyll yat other men do to you/ do ye to theym. And yf thys lawe hadde be kepte ther ſhuld no man haue bene myſcheuouſly nedy. And in the tyme of ye lawe geuen by Moyſes/ god made a full and a ſufficient ordynuance for all hys people howe and wher by they ſhuld lyue. For he dealyd ye londe amonge the laye people and he aſſygned ye fyrſt frutes and tythes to ye preſtes and deakenes. And all though yat he wold yat ther ſhuld be all waye poore men in ye lande of yſraell/ yet he made an ordin- Deute. xv. aunce agaynſt myſcheuous nede. And comandyd all the people that ther ſhuld be in no wyſe a nedye man and a begger amonge them as it is wrytten. And ſo in thys lawe he ordeyned ſufficiently ynough for hys people. And in ye tyme of the newe lawe chriſte aſſigned ye ſeculer lordſhyppes to temporall lordes as it is taught before/ And alowed ye comonte her lyuelood gotten by true marchaundyſe and huſboundrye and other craftys. And in [no] worde and enſaumple he taught hys preſtes to be ꝓroctoures for nedye people and poore at ye ryche men/ and ſpecifyed thes

poore/ and taught howe they that were myghty/ ſhuld make a purueaunce for ſoche poore folke yat they were not conſtrayned by nede for to begge/ as great clerkes marcke vpon thes wordes of ye goſpell where chryſte Luce. xiiij. ſayeth thus. Whan thou makeſt thy feaſt/ yat is of allmes/ call poore people/ feble/ lame and blynde He ſayeth not lett ſoche poore men call vpon ye/ but call thou vpon theym meanynge in yat/ that thou ſhuldeſt make a purueaunce for ſoche people/ yat they be not myſcheuouſly fautye. And for ye clergy he ordeined ſufficiently/ teching theym in worde and enſample howe they ſhuld holde theym appayde with lyuelood and hylynge myniſtred to theym/ for theyr true laboure in the goſpell as it is written before. Of thys than thou mayſt ſe howe god in all hys lawes hath ſufficiently ordeyned for all ye ſtates that be founded and approuyd And howe it is agaynſt ye goodnes and wyſdom of god/ to ordeyne any ſtate/ but yf he ordeyned ſufficient lyuelood therto. Syth than thys ordenaunce of god was ſufficient as well for the clergye as for other men it ſemeth a foule preſumpcion to brynge in a newe and a contrarye ordinaunce of lyuelood for clerckes vpon the ordinaunce yat Criſte hath made for theym before. Of ye whiche ordynaunce/ the clergye full many yeres after the begynnynge of Chryſtes chyrche/ whan it was beſt gouuernyd/ held theym well a payde. For thys meaneth that Chriſtes ordynaunce was inſufficient/ and worthy to be vndone And yf we take good hede/ they hadde no more nede to pleyne theym of thys ordynaunce/ than hadde the other two ſtates of hys chyrche/ which vnto this daye holde theym a payde with thys ordynaunce of chryſt/ were it fully kepte. And more ſekirnes and enſuraunce maye no man make of any thinge than chryſt hath of hys lyuelood to the clergye For chryſt not onely affermyth to ye people ye he wyll not fayle theym in lyuelood and hylinge/ but alſo prouyth thys by argumentes yat may not be aſſoyled/ So yat they be true

ſeruauntes to him. For Chryſte meanyth thus in his arguynge there. Syth god ſayleth not bryddes and lyles and graſſe that groweth in ye felde/ nether hethen men. Howe moche rather ſhall he not ſayle hys true ſeruauntes? And ſo this purneaunce of perpetuall almes yat oure clerkes ſpeake of/ meanyth faute of beleue and deſpeyre of the gracious gouernaunce of god. Syth than as it is ſayde before/ it is no allmes to releue one wretche and to make another or moo/ and to make theim ryche wyth temporall lordſhippe/ the whiche bene forfendyd to ſoche people and namely yf ſoche almes geuynge be deſtroyenge or appeyringe of any ſtate approuyd by God in his chirche/ it will ſue that the endowynge of ye clargye with worldly lordſhippe/ ought not to be called allmeſſe/ but rather all a myſſe/ or waſtynge of goddes goodes or deſtroyenge of his ordinaunce/ for as moche as the clergye was ſufficiently ordeyned by Chriſte. For why/ this almes that clerckes ſpeake of here/ made many wretches and it was geuen to theym that had no nede. And thus it is empeyringe not only of one eſtate of ye chyrche/ but of all thre of the which I ſpake in ye begynynge. And ſo this almes geuynge hath made all oure realme nedy/ ye and as I ſuppoſe full nygh all chriſtendom full poore and nedy and miſcheuous ouer that it ſhulde haue bene yf the clargye had held theym a payde with chriſtes ordinaunce. But nowe thourough this perpetuall all a myſſe/ that the clarkes call almes/ chriſtes ordinaunce ys vndon in ſome landes holly and in Englonde for ye more party and it is lykely to be all vndone in proceſſe of tyme. For by a morteſyenge of lordſhippes/ ye lordes be vndone in great party. And many noble men becauſe they lacke their owne parte through foliſhe gifte of their aunceters be full nedy. Forthermore it may be vnderſtonde of this proceſſe/ yat withdrawyng of this lordſhippes from ye clergy and reſtoringe againe of them to the ſtates yat god hathe aſſigned them to/ ſhuld not be called robbery of holy

chirche as oure clerkes ſaye/ but rather rightwiſe reſtitucion of good wrongfully and theefly withold. And ther fore ther maye none othe or vowe binde any man to maytayne this theft and deſtruccion of goddes ordinannce/ and this great harmynge of Chriſtes chirche. As ye vowe of Iepte ſhuld not haue bounde him to kill and ſacrifice his owne doughter. Ne the othe of Herode ſhuld not haue bounde him to kill innocent Iohn. But as Iepte ſhuld a broken his othe or vowe and haue offered a nother thinge that had bene pleaſynge to god and accordinge with his lawe: As ſaynt Auſtyne ſayeth vpon the ſame ſtorye. So Herode ſhuld haue broken his othe and a ſaued innocent blood and ſore a repented him for his vnavyſed ſwerynge. And ſo ſhuld lordes nowe a dayes breake theyr othes that they haue unavyſely and without counſeyle of holy ſcripture ſworne to maynteine this theefte/ ye hereſy and ſymony as it is proued before/ the which oure clerkes call perpetuall almes And not ſue theire foliſhe dedes and othes yat they haue made to maynteyne this miſcheuous peruerttinge of chhriſtes ordinaunce. For as the ſtate of the clergye hath no power or leaue/ to make the people or lordes to ſynne deadly or to deſtroye gods ordinaunce in his chirche. So they haue no leaue or power of god to counceile or to conſtrayne in any caſe the lordes or ye people to ſwere for to maynteyne this endowenge of ye clerkes and religious folke/ which is full great theſte hereſy and ſymony/ and wounder harmefull to chriſtes chirche as it is ſhewed in this proceſſe and in other writen before. But the lordes ſpecially ſhuld ſe here/ what were pleaſynge not to theſe clerkes/ but to god/ and that ſhuld they do. For her to they be bounde by vertue of their office vppe peyne of dampnacion. And there may no no man diſpence with them of yat bound ſtondinge her ſtate. For no man ſhuld put a nother grounde beſydes that/ yat is put which is chriſt Ieſu.

Loke well apon this reason.

And therfore men deme it a great ſynne to geue londe entayled by mennes lawe from ye parſone or kynred that it is entayled to/ ye although it be ſo that the parſone or kynred that ſoche lande is geuen to be nedye and haue leaue by goddes lawe to occupye ſoche maner londe or lordſhippe. And this is demyd full great ſynne among the people not onely to the geuer but alſo to the taker. For both they do dampnable wronge to him that it is entayled to/ as the people demyth ye although it be geuen for good and true ſeruyce that the receyuer hath done to the geuer before/ er elles by waye of almes of releuynge of the per[i]one or kinred that it is geuen to. How moche rather than I praye you without compariſon is it a greater ſynne/ as well to the reaceyuers as to the geuers/ to take the lordeſhippes/ the whiche god that hath full lordſhippe vpon all the world hathe geuen by perpetuall lawe or right to the ſtate of ſecular lordes/ or geue this from the ſtate to the whiche god entayled this lordſhippe to a nother ſtraunge people off a nother lyne/ the which hadde neuer neade/ ne leaue of god to occupye it. And yf prieſtes cleyme tythes becauſe god graunted them to ye kynred of leuy/ yet ther argument is voide. For chriſte came of the lynage of Iuda/ to whiche lyne was no tythes graunted and ſo as men ſuppoſe this entayle was not confermyd by chriſte and his apoſtles to the prieſtes in the newe lawe.

For Gregory the tenthe ordeyned firſt tythes to be payed to curates only. And yet they cleyme ſo ferforthe tythes that no man maye lawefully withholde theym or miniſtre them ſaue they. Ne they maye be turned or geuen to any other ſtate or kynred ſaue onely to theym. Although men wolde do that vnder coloure or by tytle off perpetuall allmes. For this ſhulde be demyd of the clergye a dampnable ſynne and deſtroyenge of holy chirche and ſacrilege. How moche rather is it then an hydeous and dampnable ſynne/ to

Policro. Lib. vij.

geue or to take awaye the fecular lordſhippes from the ſtate of fecular lordes/ the whiche god had geuen and entayled to them by the ſame lawe and right/ by the whiche he hadde geuen the tithes to the prieſtes in the olde lawe. And this entayle was neuer interrupt nor broken vnto chriſtes tyme and his holy apoſtles. And than they confermed this entayle by lawe ſo ſtronge to the feculer parte yat no man (ſaue Antichriſte and his diſciples) may openly impungne this entayle as it is ſhewed before. And ſo as no man ſhulde preſume to withdrawe withholde or turne the tithes from the ſtate of preſthod/ as they ſaye/ ſo moche rather ſhuld no man preſume by geuynge or takinge to aliene ye temperall lordſhippes from the ſtate of feculer lordes. And thus clerkes haue not ſo moche coloure to ſaye yat the lordes and the laye people robbe them for as moch as they take their temperalities in to ye handes of ye clergy hath neuer the leſſe malice in it ſelfe. For as moche as it is done by ſimulacion of holynes/ ye whiche is double
Gene. iij wickednes. For thus Lucifer robbed Adam both of goodes of fortune/ of kinde and yet dothe the chirche of thes thre maner goodes. For right as lucifer dyd this harme to Adam and Eue vnder coloure of loue and frendſhippe and helpinge of them: ſo do nowe his angells/ thoſe ypocrites that tranfigure them ſelfes into angells of light/ and deceyue ye people by falſe beheſte of heuenly helpe yat they will procure to theym for their goodes as they ſaye/ and yf a biſſhope and his college or an abbate and his conuent maye not aliene fro them any of ye temporalties yat thei haue/ nor geue to their founder any of thos poſſeſſions that he hath geuen them/ what nede that euer he haue/ bounde onely by a poſityſe lawe or a tradicion that they them ſelfe haue made. And yf any ſoche lord ſhippes be withdrawen/ aliened/ or taken fro them by recheleſnes of their predeceſſoures/ they ought on all wiſe/ ye to the deathe laboure to get ye poſſeſſiones in

to their hondes agayne as they ſaye. Howe moche more than ſhuld not a ſecular lorde or a laye aliene fro him and his yſſue or fro the ſtate of ſecular lordes/ ye ſecular lordſhippes the whiche god hath lymyted to that ſtate/ ſyth he is bounde by the lawe of kynde to ordeyne for his children. And ouer this he is bounde by godes lawe to ſuſteyne the ſtate of ſecular lordes/ the whiche is auctoryſed in the chirche and his apoſtles. Of this proceſſe than yf a man take hede he ſhall perceyue the falſenes of this gloſe/ whan oure clerckes and religious folke ſaye that they hold theſe lordſhippes onely by title of perpetuall allmes. For certis ſyth theſe tythes and offerynges the which as I ſuppoſe counteruayle the ſecular lordes rentes of the realme or elles paſſe as it is full lykely/ for though they beleſſe in one chirche they paſſe in a nother and be ſufficient for all the prieſtes in chriſtendome yf they were euen dealed. Than it were no nede to amorteyſe ſecular lordſhippes to the ſtate of the clergye. The which amorteſyenge is vndoynge of lordes/ apoſtaſye of the clergye. And yf this amorteſyenge were not nedefull/ then were it no allmes as it is declared. And ouer the tythes and offerynges that be nowe off certeynte/ the clerckes haue many great and ſmall perquyſytis/ the whiche ſmacke of ſymonye and extorcion. As the fyrſt frutes of vacante benefyces/ prouynge of teſtamentes and money for halowenge of chapelles/ chirches/ chauncelles/ and other ornamentes of the chirche/ and for ſacryng of ordres/ and full many mo that for multitude may not well be numbred. For well nigh all theire bleſſynges be ſet to ſale and to prijs/in to chryſtenynge and confirmacion. Wherfore I may nowe ſaye as I ſayde at the begynninge. No man may put a nother grounde beſydes that/ that is put/ the whiche is Chriſte Ieſu. The which grounde of lyuynge chriſte grauntes to kepe that we maye eſcape the euerlaſtinge peynes of hell. A M E N.

¶ The husbandman.

Loo/ nowe by this treatyſe may ye well ſe
That aforetymes againſt the ſpiritualte
Men dyd invey/ ſhewinge their vyces.
Alſo here after this auctour dothe tell
What great Ieoparde it is and perell
For prieſtes to be in ſecular offices.
Ye/ and to lordes which againſt right
Suffre them therein or therto excyte
Prouynge it by their owne doctours and lawes

¶ Gentillman.

I beſeche the rede forthe the proceſſe
That the people may ſe their vnhappeneſſe
Which make all the world foles and dawes.

¶ Seynt Cipriane ſayeth yat by the counceile of biſſhops ther is made a ſtatute/ that all yat bene charged with prieſthode and ordeyned in ye ſeruys of clerkes/ ſhuld not ſerue but to the aulter and to miniſtre ye ſacramentes/ to preache gods worde/ and to take hede to prayers and oryſones. It is for ſothe writen. No man bering his knighthode to god: entryketh him with ſecular nedes. The which oure biſſhops and oure predeceſſours beholdinge religiouſly and purueynge holſomly/ deme that whoſoeuer taketh miniſtres of ye chirche/ from ſpirituall office to ſecular/ that ther be none offrynge done for him/ ne any ſacrifice holowed for his ſepulture. For they deſerue not to be named before ye aulter of god in ye prayer off prieſtes/ the whiche will clepe awaye prieſtes and miniſtres of ye chirche from ye aulter. Thus ſayeth ſeynt Cipriane. Here men maye ſe how perelous it is to ye kyng and ſecular lordes to withholde any prieſte of chriſt in ſecular buſynes. This is proued thus. For euery ſecular lorde by the lawe of

hist. xxi. [lj.] iij.ca. Cipriane

the goſpell is gods bayly. But yf any bayly hyred a worckman with his lordes good and put him to his owne ſeruys/ he muſt be vntrewe to his owne lorde. Right ſo is any ſecular lorde to oure lorde Chriſt Ieſu/ but yf he amende hym/ that taketh a prieſte and putteth him in his ſecular office breakinge the heeſt of his lorde god that commaundeth/ thou ſhalt coueyet none other mannes ſervaunte. And he withdraweth hym fro the ſeruys of god and fro the kepinge of chriſten mennes ſoules/ ye which he hath taken charge of/ for which ſoules oure lorde Ieſu Chriſte toke fleſche and bloude and ſuffered harde dethe/ and ſhedde his owne harte bloode. This parelous doynge of ſecular lordes is bothe againſt goddes lawe and mannes. It is ageinſt gods lawe for as ſeynt Paule ij. Thi. ij. ſaieth. No man yat is a perfyte knight of god/ as euery prieſt ſhuld be by his ordre/ entromedleth him with worldly deades and buſynes. And for this ende that he may ſo pleaſe ye lorde to whoſe ſeruyce he hathe put him ſelfe/ and that is good. For ſoche worldly buſynes in clerkes is againſt their ordre. And therfore ye apoſtles ſaid as it is writen in Acto. vi ye dedes of ye apoſtles/ it is not euen/ vs to leue ye worde of god and miniſtre to boordes of poore folke. And yf it was vnequite as the apoſtles ſaide in their comone decree/ them for to leaue ye preachinge of goddes worde/ and miniſtre to the boordes of poore folke: Howe moche more vnequite and wronge to god and man it is/ preaſtes to leaue contemplacion/ ſtudye/ prayer and preachinge of goddes wor[d] and miniſtrynge to poore folke for the ſervyce of a ſecular lorde? It is alſo agaynſt the Popes lawe/ for he Linn. iij. de re. in fine ſpeaketh to a biſſhoppe and byddeth hym that he warne preaſtes and clerckes/ that they be not occupyed in ſecular offices ne procurators of ſecular lordes deades and her goodes. And yf preſtes and clerckes be ſo bolde to occupye theym in ſoche buſynes and if they fall after by loſſe of lordes goodes/ then ſayeth the lawe it is not worthy

yat they be holpen and ſocoured of holy chirche/ ſythe through theim holy chirche is ſclaundred. And ſaynct Gregorye wrote to the defenſoure of Rome in this maner. It is tolde to vs that oure moſte reuerente brother Baſyle ye byſſhoppe is occupyed in ſecular cauſes and kepith vnproffitable moote halles. Which thinge makyth him foule and deſtroyeth ye reuerence of preſthood/ therfore anone as thou haſt receiued this mandement/ compell him with ſharppe execucion to turne agayne. So yat it be not lefull to ye by no excuſacion to tarye fyue dayes/ left in any maner thou ſuffre hym any longer to tarye there in/ thou be culpable with hym agaynſt vs. And ſo byſſhoppes and other preſtes be bounde to teache and reforme lordes/ to withdrawe theym fro this ſynne and ſharpely to reproue preſtes and curates vnder them yat they occupye no ſecular office. This is proued thus by ye Ezechie. xxxiij. holy prophet Ezechiell ſayenge. Yf ye wayte or ye watcheman ſe enemies come/ and yf ye people be not warned and kepe not them ſelues but enemies come and ſle ye people/ then ſayeth god that ye people is taken in their wickednes. And of ye wayte yat ſhulde haue blowen his horne god will axe accountes and reckeninge of the bloode and of the deathe of ye people. But nowe to goſtely vnderſtandinge/ euery biſſhoppe ſhulde be a wayte or a watche man/ to tell and warne before to all ye people by his good luyinge and teachinge ye perell of ſynne/ and this is ye reaſon why biſſhoppes and other prelates and preſtes ſhuld not be occupyed with worldly deades and cauſes. For ſoche occupacions and charges make preſtes ſlepinge and ſlomobringe in ſynne. And therfore it is great perell to make ouer them goſtly waytes and watchemen/ as biſſhoppes/ parſones/ vicaries/ yat ben ſlepers in luſtes of ye fleſſhe and in ſlomebernes and blinded with pouder of couetyſe of worldly deades yat they nether can ne maye kepe them ſelfes ne no nother man. For of this perell and ſoche other/ a

prelate that hath witte and cunninge ſhuld ſharpely reproue and warne all maner men to the ſhedinge of his oune bloode as chriſt did And yf he ſo leaue and blame not them he aſſentyth to their treſpaſes and ſynneth deadly. For as ſayeth Malach. Preſtes lippes kepe cunninge and the people ſhall aſke the lawe of god of his mouth/ for he is the Angell of god/ yf he kepe well the ordre and degre of preſthood. And therfor it is not lefull to any man to drawe to feculer offices and buſynes ye meſſangeres of chriſte/ that hath ſo vtterly forfendyd theym both in worde and dede fecular offices in preſthood. &c. Mala. ij

¶ Husbandman.

Syr howe lyke ye nowe this olde treatyſe
Yf ſo be noble men wold it aduertyſe
Puttynge a parte pryuate affeccion.
Shuld they not perceyue here euydently
That the clergye dothe theym great iniury
Retaynynge thus temporall poſſeſſyon?

¶ Gentyllman.

Nowe I promyſe the after my iudgement
I haue not hard of ſoche an olde fragment
Better groundyd on reaſon with ſcripture.
Yf ſoche auncyent thynges myght come to lyght
That noble men hadde ones of theym a fyght
The world yet wolde chaunge perauenture
For here agaynſt the clergye can not bercke
Sayenge as they do/ thys is a newe wercke
Of heretykes contryued lately.
And by thys treatyſe it apperyth playne
That before oure dayes men did compleyne
Agaynſt clerkes ambycyon ſo ſtately.

¶ Husbandman.

Concernynge thys treatyſe and lyke matters
I haue hard ſaye of my forefathers,
Howe in kynge henry the. v. raygne.
What tyme as ye dyd ſpecyſye
The clergye perſecutyd the goſpell fercely
Cauſynge moche chryſten people to be ſlayne
The kynge at the laſt hauynge informacyon
Thourough ſeryous conſyderacyon
Of ſoche proper matters as thys is,
Beganne to note the clergyes tyranny
And what temporaltees/ they dyd occupye
Their ſpirituall ſtate ferre a myſſe.
Wherfore he determyned certeynly
To depryue theym temporally
Of all theyr worldly gouuernaunce.
Whos pretence/ as ſone as they perceyued
Amonge theym ſelfes they Imagyned
To get the kynge ouer in to fraunce.
That whyles he conqueryd ther his ryght
In england do what they lyſt they myght
Theyr froward tyranny to fulfyll.
Which counſeil/ thus brought to paſſe
The kynge euer after ſo buſyed waſſe
That he could not performe hys ſayde wyll.

¶ Gentyllman.

So moote I the/ it was happye for the kynge
That by ſoche a colour they could hym brynge
From medlynge with that caſe any more.
For hadde he it ones erneſtly begonne.
They had put hym to a confuſyon
Euene as they dyd other kynges before.

¶ Husbandman.

What ſuppoſe ye they wold haue done?

¶ Gentylman.

Mary/ fyrſt with a fayre interdyccion
To courſſe the lande as blacke as pytche.
Than to inhybyt fayenge and fyngynge
Of mattyns/ maſſe/ and belles ryngynge
With chriſten buryall of poore and ryche.
Beſyde that precheres euery where
Shuld haue brought men in ſoche fere
By theyr threatnynge exclamacyon.
That their malycyous partye to take
Subgettes ſhuld theyr prynce forſake
Contrarye to goddes ordynacyon.
Euene as they dyd in hygh Germany
To the Emperour lewes of Bauerye
Whom Pope Ihone fought to confounde
And ſo dyd the clergy as I vnderſtande
Vnto kynge Ihon here in Englande
To kynge Steuen/ and henry the ſecounde.

¶ Husbandman.

They ſaye kynge Ihone was poyſoned
Becauſe an halfe peny lofe of breed
He ſayde/ he wold make worthe. xij. pence.

¶ Gentillman.

Tuſhe that is a caſt of theyr comon gyſe
Soche infamy of prynces to deuyſe
To cloke theyr oune tyrannous vyolence.
For hadde not kynge Ihon gone aboute
From their temporaltees to put theym owt
He hadde bene longe after a lyues man.
But murder they neuer ſo ſhamefully
They can geue it a cloke full craftely
Sayenge/ nobis non licet occidere quenquam.
Whan they brennyd the newe teſtament
They pretendyd a zele very feruent
To maynteyne onely goddes honour.

Which they ſayde with proteſtacyon
Was obſcured by tranſlacyon
In englyſſhe/ cauſynge moche errour.
But the trueth playnly to be ſayde
Thys was the cauſe why they were a frayde
Leaſt laye men ſhuld knowe theyr iniquite.
Which through goddes worde is ſo vttred
That it were not poſſyble to be ſuffred
Yf to rede ſcripture men had lyberte.
Alſo after the ſame maner a faſſhyon
Subtelly to colour theyr abhomynacyon
They deſtroyed cronicles not longe a gone.
Which for certeyne poyntes vnreuerently
Soundynge agaynſt the kynges auncetrye
As they ſaye/ were brent euerychone.
But for all that/ they ſhulde haue been ſpared
From burnynge: had they not ſo declared
The clergyes abhomynable exceſſe.

¶ Husbandman.

I ſuppoſe then/ that they vſe the ſame wayes
In burnynge of heretykes nowe a dayes
Whom they purſue with great furyouſnes.

¶ Gentillman.

No fayle/ they perſwade temporall menne
Thes heretykes (as they ſaye) to brenne
Leaſt other good chriſtians they ſhuld infecte
But ye cauſe why they wolde haue theim rydde
Is onely that theyr vnhappynes nowe hydde
They dreede leaſt they ſhuld openly detecte

¶ Husbandman.

By my trouth it is nothinge vnlickly.
For let one lyue neuer ſo wyckedly
In abhominable ſcandaliſacion.

As longe as he will their church obaye
Not refuſynge his tithes duely to paye
They ſhall make of him no accuſacion.
Howbeyt let him ones begynne to pynche
Or withdrawe their tithinge an ynche
For an heretike they will him aſcite.
Wherfore I wonder moche of the temporalte
That in performynge the clargyes cruelte
To burne ſoche parſones they haue delyte.

¶ Gentillman.

It is no merueil yf thou marcke well
The clargye ſayenge yat it is goddes quarrell
Their miſcheuous murdre to execute.

¶ Husbandman.

So they are not a knowen by their wyll
That it is their cauſe chriſten men to kyll
But the faute vnto other they impute.

¶ Gentyllman.

Touchinge that/ another tyme at leyſer
I ſhall ſhewe the more of their maner
But nowe I can not tary verely.

¶ Husbandman.

Well ſyr/ yf ye may no longer abyde
Oure lorde be your continuall gyde
Grauntinge ye trouth to be knowen openly.

A compendious

olde treatyse/ shewynge/ howe that we ought to haue the scripture in Englysshe.

Thy[e] excusacyon of ye treatyse

Though I am olde/ clothed in barbarous wede
Nothynge garnyſſhed with gaye eloquency
Yet I tell the trouth/ yf ye lyſt to take hede
Agaynſt theyr frowarde/ furious freneſy
Which recken it for a great hereſy
And vnto laye people greuous outrage
To haue goddes worde in their natyſe langage

Enemyes I ſhall haue/ many a ſhoren crowne
With forked cappes and gaye croofys of golde
Which to maynteyne ther ambicious renowne
Are glad laye people in ignorance to holde
Yet to ſhewe the verite/ one maye be bolde
All though it be a prouerbe daylye ſpoken
Who that tellyth trouth/ his head ſhalbe broken.

¶ Vnto the Reader.

GRace and peace: not that ye worlde geuyth/ but from god the father and oure ſauioure Ieſu Chriſt with increace of the holy ſpryt be with the and all that thurſte ye truthe. Amen. ¶ Con-

ſyderynge ye malycioufnes of oure prelatz and theyr adherentes whiche ſo furiouſly barke a geynſt ye worde of God/ and ſpecially the new teſtament tranſlatyd and ſet forthe by Maſter William Tyndale/ which they falſely pretende to be fore corrupte. That ye may knowe yat yt is only the inwarde malyce whiche they haue euer had ageynſt the worde of God. I haue here put in prynte a tretyſe wrytten aboute ye yere of oure lorde a thouſande foure hundryd. By which thou ſhalte playnly perceyue/ yat they wolde yet neuer from the begynnynge admytte any tranſlacion to ye laye people/ ſo yat it is not ye corrupte tranſlacion yat they withſtonde. For yf that were true the ydle bellyes wold haue had leyſer Inough to put forth a nother well tranſlatyd. But yt is theyr owne myſcheuous lyuynge yat mouith them accordyng as Chriſte ſayd. Ihonn. iij. Euery man that workyth euyll hatyth ye lyght/ ner comyth to ye lyght leſt hys workes ſhulde be reproued. &c. Thus mayſt thou ſe that bycauſe their workes are nought and not bycauſe yt is euill tranſlatyd/ they ſo furiouſly refyſte the worde of god whiche is the trew lyght. For yet was ther neuer none tranſlatyd but other with falſhed or tyranny they put yt downe. Wherfore I exhorte the reder not to conſydre and note ye wordes but the matter. And praye to god to ſende ye rulers hartes to vnderſtonde ye trewth and further ye fame and the god of all comforte be with the AMEN

¶ Thys treatyſe more than an. C. yere olde
Declareth howe owre prelatis do ferre a myſſe
Which of frowarde preſumpcion are ſo bolde
To forbede the worde of god in engliſhe
For as the prophete ſaieth bleſſed he is
That exercyſeth him ſelfe diligently Psal. i
In ſcripture night and daye continually.

Or to make vpon antichriſt I take figure of king Antioche of whome gods lawe ſpeaketh in ye boke of Machabeijs/ for righte as kinge Antioche came in the ende wellnygh of ye olde lawe/ and brent the bokes of gods lawe/ and compelled ye people to do maumentry. So now Antichriſt ye kinge off clergy that lyuen worſe then hethen preſtes/ brenneth nowe nygh the[e]nde of ye new lawe th[e]euangely of Chriſte that is nyghe ye ende of ye world/ to deceyue wellnygh all the worlde/ and to proue ye feruauntes of god. For nowe god ſhall knowe who will ſtande by his lawe/ for Sathanas as prophetes ſaye is nowe vnbounde and hathe ben. CCCC. yeres and more for to inhabit oure clergye/ as he did the clergye of the olde lawe/ but now with moche more malyce. For as they dampned Chriſt ſo now oure biſſhopes dampne and bren goddes lawe/ for bycauſe it is drawen into our mother tounge. But it ought to be (and we ſaued ſhuld be) as we ſhall proue by open euidence thorowe goddes helpe. Firſt we take witneſſe of Boetius de diſciplina ſcolarium/[2] that ſaythe that childerne ſhulde be taught in the bokes of Seneke. And Bede expoundeth this ſayenge/ and ſaythe that childerne in vertues ſhulde be taught. For the bokes of Seneke ben moralles and for they be not taught thus in there youthe they contynue ſtill euyll maneryd and be vnable to conceyue the ſubtyle ſcience of trouthe ſayng/ ye wife man is as a cleane myrror new pulliſhed Wiſdome ſhall not enter into a wicked ſoule. And moche is herof the ſentence of Bede. And Al-

Ye may se it is no nouelteis yat the bishoppes burne ye gospell.[1]

Reade robynhode/ saye oure masters.

[1] The marginal notes are evidently inserted by the Editor of 1530, and do not belong to the original text.

[2] It must be recollected that the whole of these references are to manuscript copies.

gaſell in his logyke ſaieth/ the foule of man is a cleane myrror newe puliſhed in which is ſeyn lightly the ymage of vertue. And for the people haue not cunnynge in youthe they haue darke foules and blinde with ignorance/ ſo that they profyt not in vertue but in falſnes and malice and other vices/ and moche is therof ye matter. Sythen hethen philoſophers wolden the people to profyt in naturall ſcience/ howe moche more ſhuld chriſten clerckes will ye people to profyt in ſcience of vertues/ for ſo wold god. For when the lawe was geuen to Moſes in ye Mount of Sinai/ god gaue it to his people in ther mother tonge of Ebrue/ that all the people ſhuld vnderſtande it/ and commaunded Moſes to reade it to them vntyll they vnderſtode it/ and ſo he did/ as it is playne Deute. xxxi. And Eſdras alſo redde it in theire mother tonge/ fro morowe vntyll none as it is playne in the firſt boke of Eſdras Ca. viij. And he redde it apertly in the ſtreate and the eares of ye people were intently geuen therto/ in ſo moche yat the people fell into greate weping for ye miſkeping of ye lawe. Alſo gods lawe ſaith Deutero. xxij. that fathers ſhuld make the lawe knowen to their ſonnes/ and the ſonnes yat ſhulde be borne of them ſhuld ryſe and teache theſe thinges to ther ſonnes. And ye holy apoſtle ſeynt Peter in ye fourth chapter of his firſt boke ſpeaketh after this maner/ ſayenge. Whoſoeuer ſpeake/ ſpeake he as ye worde of god: and euery man as he hath taken grace of knowinge/ ſo miniſtre he forth to other men It is wrytten playnly in the boke of noumbres Chapter. xi. When the prophet Moſes hadde choſen ſeuenty eldermen/ and the ſprite of god reſted on them and they prophefyed. Two men befydes them/ Eldad and Medad/ prophefyed in ye tentes/ and Ioſue the miniſtre of Moſes ſaid to Moſes/ forbyd thou them. And Moſes ſayde/ what envieſt thou for me? Who ſhall let yat all the people prophefye/ yf god gyue them his ſpirite? Alſo it is redde in ye

moses letted no man to prophesye.

goſpell yat ſaynct Iohn euangeliſt ſaid vnto Chriſt/ lorde we ſhall forbid one that caſteth out ſpirites in thy name/ which foloweth not vs. And Chriſt ſaid do not forbid for who ſo is not againſt vs is with vs. And vnto the ſame agreyth well the propheſy of Iohell whiche ſeynct Petre preachinge to the Iewes ſtrongly alleged as Luke recyteth in the ſeconde chapter of the actes of the apoſtles ſayenge after this maner. That god nowe in the laſte dayes ſhall ſhede out his ſpirite vpon euery fleſch. For god ſayeth your ſonnes and doughters ſhuld propheſy/ and your yong men ſhall ſe viſyons. And vpon whit ſonday god gaue knowlege of his lawe to diuerſe nacions without any excepcions in ther mother tonge/ by the vnderſtanding of one tounge. And of this it is notabyll ſithen the laye people in the olde lawe had their lawe in ther mother tounge/ but the lay engliſhe people in the newe lawe haue it as all other nacions haue/ ſyns Chriſt bought vs as he did other and hath geuen to vs the ſame grace as to other. For ſaynt Peter. Actu. xi. was reproued for he had baptyſed Cornelij and his felows that were hethen men. And Peter anſwered and ſayde Yf god haue gevyn the ſame grace to them that he hath to vs/ who am I that may forbyd god? As who ſaythe it lyeth not in the power of men. Than who art thou yat forbiddeſt ye people to haue gods lawe in ther mother tounge? we ſaye yat thou art Antichriſt himſelf. For Paule ſaieth. i. Corin. x. I will euery man to ſpeake with tounges/ more forſothe to propheſy/ alſo he ſaith howe ſhall he ſaye Amen vpon thy bleſſynge that woteth not what thou ſayſt. Vpon this ſaith doctor Lyre.[1] Yf the people vnderſtonde ye prayer of ye prieſt it ſhall the better be ledde vnto god/ and the more deuoutly anſwere Amen.

Luce. ix.

But they saye only master doctor can vnderstande ye scripture.

Here youre owne master Lire yf ye will not here Paul.

[1] Nicholas de Lyra, a voluminous writer. He was a converted Jew who became a Minorite at Verneuil in 1291, and died at Paris in 23, Oct. 1340.

Alſo Paul ſaith in the ſame chapter. I will rather fyue wordes to be ſpoken to the vnderſtanding of men/ then ten thouſand yat they vnderſtand not. And. lxx. doctours with other mo before the incarnacion of chriſte tranſlated ye bible out of Ebrue into Greke. And after ye aſcenſion many tranſlated all ye bible in diuerſe langages/ as into ſpanyſh tonge/ frenſhe tunge/ almanye/ and italy/ and by many yeres haue had it. It was hard of a worthy man of Almayne that ye ſame tyme was a flemmyng whoſe name was Iames Merland which tranſlated all the bible into flemyſh. For whiche dede he was ſomonned before the Pope of great malyce. And the boke was taken to examinacion. And truely he approued it. And then it was delyuerd to him agayn vnto confuſion of all his enemyes. Worſhupfull Bede in his firſt booke called de geſtis Anglorum. chapter. iij. telleth that ſaynt Oſwolde the Kyng of Northumberlande aſked of the ſkottes an holy biſhoppe Aidan to preache to his people/ and the kyng him ſelfe interpreted it in engliſhe to the people. Sythen this bleſſed deade of this Kynge is alowed of all holy churche/ whye not nowe ought it as well to be alowed/ a man to reade ye goſpell in Engliſhe to the people/ ſythen that ſeynt Paule ſaith yf oure goſpell be hidde/ it is hidde in them that ſhall be dampned. And he ſaith alſo he that knoweth not ſhall not be knowen of god And therfore venerabilis Bede ledde by the ſpirite of god tranſlated a greate parte of the bible into Engliſhe/ whoſe originalles ben in many Abbeyes in England. And Ciſtercienſis. libro v. chaptre. xxiiij. ſaythe that the Euangely off Ihon was drawen into Engliſhe by the forſayde Bede whiche Euangelye off Iohn and other Goſpels ben yet in many places of ſo olde engliſhe that ſcant can anye engliſhe man reade them. For this Bede reygned in the yere off oure lorde god. vij. hundred and. xxxij. Alſo Ciſtercien.

A fearefull sayenge.

libro. vi. chaptre. i. ſaythe that kyng Al[ſ]red ordyned open ſcoles of diuerſe artes in Oxforde and he turned the beſt lawes into his mother tounge and the Pſalter alſo/ he reygned in the yere of oure lorde god. viij. hundred. lxxiij. And ſaynt thomas ſayth ſuper librum politicorum expounding this worde/ barbarus/ that barbarus is he that vnderſtondyth not yat he readeth in his mother tonge. Wherfore the apoſtle ſaith If I knowe not the vertue of the voice to whome I ſpeake I ſhalbe to him barbarus/ that is to ſaye/ he vnderſtandeth not what I ſaye/ nor I what he ſaith. And ſo all tho preſtes that vnderſtonde not what they readyn by ther mother tonge be called barbarus/ and therfore Bede did drawe into engliſhe liberall artes leſte engliſhe men ſhuld be come barbarus/ hæc Thomas. Alſo Lincoln[1] ſayeth in a ſermon that begynnith/ Scriptum eſt de leuitis. Yf any prieſte ſaye he can not preache/ one remedye is/ reſigne he vppe his benefyce. Another remedy yf he will not thus/ recorde he in the weke the naked texte of the ſondaye goſpell that he haue the groſſe ſtorye and tell it to the people/ that is yf he vnderſtonde latyn/ and do he this euery weke in the yere he ſhall profyt moch. For thus preched oure lorde ſayenge Ihonn. vi. The wordes that I ſpeake to you be ſpirit and lyfe. Yf he do not vnderſtonde latyn go he to one of his neighboures yat vnderſtondeth/ which will charitably expoune it to him/ and thus edifye he his flocke. Vpon this argueth a great clerke and ſaithe/ yf it be laufull to preache ye naked texte to ye people/ it is alſo lefull to write and read it to them. Alſo ſir[2] William Thoriſby archebiſhop of Yorke[3] did do draw a treatyſe in

Resygne in no wise but apon a good pensyon.

The same treatise is in ye

[1] The famous Robert Grosse-tete, who was Bp of Lincoln, bet. 11 June 1235—9 Oct. 1253.

[2] The usual prefix at the time to a priest's name.

[3] Rather John de Thoresby, who was Archbishop of York bet. Sept. 1348-Nov. 1356.

chirch over againste London stone at this houre.

engliſhe by a worſhipfull clercke/ whoſe name was Gatryke/ in the whiche were conteyned the articles of beleue/ the ſeuen dedly ſynnes the ſeuen workes of mercy/ the. x. commaundmentes.[1] And ſent them in ſmall pagines to the commyn people to learne it and to knowe it/ of which yet many a copye be in england. Alſo Richard[2] the heremyte of Hampole drewe into engliſhe the Pſalter with a gloſe and the leſſons of dirige and many other treatices/ by the whiche many engleſhemen haue ben greatly edifyed. And they ben curſed of god yat wolden let ye people to be lewder then they ben. But many men nowe be lyke vnto ye frendes of Hiob/ yat whiles they enforced to defende god they offended in him greuouſly. And though ſuche as be ſlayne do myracles/ neuertheles they ben ſtynkynge marters. This ſaieth Richard ye heremyt expouning this verſe/ Ne auferas de ore meo verbum veritatis vſquequaque. And Chriſt ſaieth yat men ſhuld deame them ſelf to do great pleſaunt ſeruice to god in killing of his people. Arbitretur ſe obſequium preſtare deo. &c. Alſo a man of london whoſe name was Wyrynge had a bible in engliſh of northen ſpeache whiche was feyne of many men and it ſemyd to be. C C. yeres old. Alſo it is knowen to many men in ye tyme of king Richerd ye. ii. yat into a parlement was put a bible by th[e]aſſent of. ij. archbiſſhops and of the clergy to adnulle the bible that tyme tranſlated into Engliſhe with other Engliſhe bookes of th[e]expoſicion off the goſpells whiche when it was harde and feyn of lordes and of the comones. The duke of Lancaſter Ihon anſwered thereto ryght ſharpely ſayenge this ſentence/ we will

This propheſye of chriſt must be fulfilled take hede

[1] This must be the *Speculum Christiani*, which exists in MS., and was also printed by Machlinia. If so, this paragraph fixes the authorship; respecting which see Mr. Halliwell in *Archæologia*. xxxiv.

[2] Richard Rolle de Hampole [*b.* at Thornton in Yorkshire, *d.* 1349.] His *Pricke of Conscience* was published by the Philological Society in 1863, and some of his *Prose Treatises* by the Early English Text Society in 1866.

not be refuſe of all other nacions. For ſythen they haue goddes lawe whiche is the lawe of oure beleſe in there owne langage/ we will haue oures in Engliſhe whoſoeuer ſay naye. And this he affermyd with a great othe Alſo Thomas Arundell Archebiſhoppe off Canterbury ſayde in a ſermon at weſtmeſter/ at the buryenge of Quiene Anne/[1] that it was more ioye of here than of any woman that euer he knewe. For ſhe an alien borne hadde in engliſhe all the. iiij. goſpels with the doctours vpon them And he ſaid that ſhe had ſent them to him to examen/ and he ſaide that they were good and trewe. And he blamyd in that ſermon ſharpely the negligence of the prelates and other men. In ſo moche that he ſaide that he wold leaue vp the office of Chaunceler and forſake worldly buſynes/ and gyue him to fulfyll his paſtorall offyce/ for that he had feyn/ and redde in tho bokes. And after this promyſe he became ye moſte cruell enemye that mighte be againſte engliſhe bokes. And therfore as many men ſayne God ſmote him with a cruell dethe[2] as he didde alſo Richard flemyng biſſhoppe of Lincolne.[3]

Ypocrisy is ye nature of all bishoppes.

Neuer trust bishop as longe as he kepeth his possessions

[1] Anne of Bohemia, the first wife of Richard II. She was buried on Monday, 3 August 1394, at Westminster. Arundel was at this time Archbishop of York.

[2] Thomas Fitz Allan of Arundel, also called Thomas Arundel, was consecrated Bp of Ely, 9 Apr. 1374, was five times Lord Chancellor of England, was translated to York on 3 Apr. 1388, and thence to Canterbury on 25 Sept. 1596. He died 19 Feb. 1414. "His end (being as some report it) was very miserable; his tongue swelled so big in his mouth, as he was able neither to eat, drink nor speak in many daies before his death, and died at last of hunger."—F. Godwin, Bp. of Landaff, *A Catalogue of the Bishops of England, &c. p.* 155. *Ed.* 1615.

[3] The see of Lincoln was filled in succession by two men who at one time had been disciples and coadjutors of Wyckliffe. Philip de Repingdon, who was Bishop between 24 Mar. 1405 10 Oct. 1419: and Richard Fleming, who was consecrated Bp. by the Pope's own hand on 28 Apr. 1520, and died at Sleaford on 25 Jan 1531, respecting whom Bp. Gedwin says:—"For two things he is famous: one, that he caused the bones of *Wickcliffe* to be taken vp and burnt in the yeare 1425, being required by the Council of Sienna so to do, and the other, that he founded Lincoln College in Oxford 1430."—*Idem.* p. 300.

Bp. Fleming's death seems the latest personal allusion in the text. It is alluded to in so distant a manner as to afford a presumption that the treatise was not written for a number of years after.

And yet oure biſhops ben ſo indurate and ſo ferre ſtrayed from god that they haue no grace one to beware of a nother/ but proudely againſt all reaſons and euidence of gods lawes/ and doctours ſentences/ they brenne gods worde the whiche hathe brought thys realme to vndoynge for euer but if godes grace be the more/ for thys cruell deade is cauſe of peſtilence/ hungers/ warres/ and that alſo this realme ſhalbe conqueryd in ſhort tyme/ as faynct Edward ye kyng and confeſſor propheſyethe in his booke yat beginnith thus/ Sanctus Edwardus rex vidit ſpiritualibus oculis. And therfore it were good to the Kyng and to other lordes to make ſome remedy agaynſt this conſtitucion of Antichriſt that ſaythe it is vnlawfull to vs englyſhemen to haue in englyſhe goddes lawe/[1] and therfore he brennythe and ſleythe them yat maynteyne this good deade/ and that is for default that the kyng and lordes knowen not ne wyll not knowe ther owne office in maintenance of god and his lawe. For as ſainct Auſten ſaithe the Kyng with his knyghtes repreſentyn the godhede of Chriſte/ and preſtes the manhode of Chriſte/ Rex eſt vicarius diuinitatis/ et ſacerdos eſt vicarius Chriſti humanitatis/ hæc Auguſtinus in de queſtionibus veteris et nouæ legis. ca. xci. And if the kyng deſyer to knowe perfytly his offyce/ he maye fynde men to ſhewe to hym bookes that truely and perfytly ſhall enforme hym to doo his office

Wher is ye auncient blode yat was in england in these dayes.

Et nunc reges intelligite erudimini qui iudicatis terram.

[1] The Constitution of Archbishop Arundel is to the following effect:—"Therefore we enact and ordain that no one shall henceforth translate of his own authority any text of Holy Scripture into the English or other tongue by way of book, pamphlet, or tract: neither shall any such book, pamphlet, or tract be read, whether composed in recent times by the said John Wycliffe, or since, or which may hereafter be composed, in part or entire, openly or in secret, under pain of the greater Excommunication. Unless the same translation be approved by the Diocesean of the place, or if need be, by the Provincial Council. Whosoever shall act contrary to this shall be punished as guilty of Heresy and error."—Lyndewode's *Provinciale, &c.* V. *c.* 4. *De Magistris, p.* 286. *Ed.* 1679.

to the pleſaunce of god. But this can not he lerne of Byſhoppys for they enforme hym after Antichriſtes lawe and ordenaunce for his lawes nowe reignen. Yet agaynſt them that ſayn ye goſpell in englyſhe wold make men to erre/ wote they well yat we fynde in latyn langage more heretykes then of all other langages for the decre. ſaythe. xxiiij. xciij. Quidam autem heretici/ that there be founden ſyxty laten heretykes. And if men ſhuld hate any langage for hereſy then muſt they hate laten. But god forbede that any langage ſhuld be hated for hereſy ſythen manye heretykes were of ye diſciples of ye apoſtles. For ſainct Ihonn ſaithe they haue gonn owt of vs but they were not of vs. And Paule ſaithe it behouyth hereſys to be/ and antichriſt makythe many mo heretykes then there ſhuld be for he ſtoppythe ſo the knowyng of gods lawe/ and punyſheth ſo them that he knoweth yat haue it/ yat they dare not comen therof openly to haue trewe informacion/ and thys makyth layemen yat beſyren and louen to knowe gods lawe to goo to gyther in pryuyte and conceyuen by theyr owne wyttes many tymes hereſys ye which hereſies in ſhort tyme ſhuld be deſtroyed/ yf men myght haue free comenyng openly/ and but if this maye be had moche of ye people ſhall dye in hereſy/ for it lyethe neuer in Antichriſtes power to deſtroye all englyſhe bookes for as faſt as he brennethe/ other men ſhale drawe/ and thus ye cauſe of hereſy and of ye people that dyeth in hereſy is ye frowardnes of byſhoppes that wyll not ſuffer men to haue opyn comoning and fre in the lawe of god and therfore they be cowntable of as many ſowlys as dyen in thys default/ and are traytors to god in ſtoppynge of his lawe ye whiche was made in ſaluacion of ye people. And nowe they turne his lawe by ther cruell conſtitucyons into dampnacion of ye people

Bisshops will not teache against their god their bely.

How Antichrist is cause of al hereſyes.

Is not this turninge ye rotys of ye tres vpward

as it ſhalbe prouyd apon them at the dayte of dome for gods lawe ſaithe/ *Stabunt iuſti in magna conſtantia aduerſus eos qui ſe anguſtiauerunt, & qui abſtulerunt labores eorum. &c.* For that the other men laboren they brennen/ and yf owre clergy wold ſtudy well this leſſon of ſapience to ye ende they ſhuld mowe rede therin theyr oune dampnacion/ but yf they amend this defaulte with other defaultes. Saithe not the holy man Ardemakan in the booke of queſtions that ye wurſhupfull ſacrament of ye alter maye be made in eche comen langage. For he ſaithe ſo diden ye apoſtles. But we couet not thys/ but yat Antechriſt geue vs leaue to haue the lawe of ower beleue in engliſhe. Alſo they yat haue comonyd moche with ye Iewes ſaye yat they haue in euery lande yat they be borne in/ ye byble in ther mother tounge/ yat is Ebrewe And they be more practyſe therin than annye men/ ye aſwell ye lewde men as ye preſtes. But it is redde in her ſynagoges amongeſt ye people of ther preſtes to fulfyll ther preſtes office and to ye edificacion of ye poraile/ that for worldly buſynes and ſlewthe maye not ſtudye it. Alſo the. iiij. euangeliſtes wrote ye goſpell in diuerſe langages/ as Mathewe in Iurye/ Marke in Italy/ Luke in Achaie/ and Ihonn in Aſie. And all theſe wrotte in ye langages of the ſame contreys/ alſo Tobye ſaithe Chap. xiij. that god diſperged/ ſprede/ or ſcaterid ye Iewes abrode among the hethen people yat they tellynge vnto theym ye merueylles of godde: they ſhuld knowe that there were nonne other god/ but god of Iſraell. And god ordyned his people to beleue his lawe wrytten among them in ther mother tounge/ vt patet Ge. x. vij. and Exo. xiij. In ſo moche the boke of Iudithe is wrytten in Calde ſpeche/ vt patet per Hieronimum in prologo eiuſdem. Alſo the bookes of Daniel/ and of Eſdre ben written in Calde/ vt patet per Hieroni. in prologis eorundem/ alſo the booke of Iohel in Arabyke and Syre ſpeche/ vt patet per Hieroni. in prologo eiuſdem.

Reade Sapien vi. and vij.

Alſo Ezechiell the prophet propheſyed in Babylon/ and lefte his propheſye vnder the mother tounge of Babylon/ vt pater per Hieronimum in prologo eiuſdem Alſo the propheyſe of Iſaie is tranſlated in to the tounge of Ethiope/ as Hie. concludyth in primo prologo Gene. Then ſythen the darke propheſyes were tranſlated amonges the hethen people yat they myght haue knowlege of god and of the incarnacion of Chriſt/ moche more it ought to be tranſlatyd to englyſhe people that haue receiuyd the faythe and bounden them ſelfe to kepe it vpon payne of dampnacion/ ſythen Chriſt commaunded his apoſtles to preache his goſpell vnto all the worlde and exceptyd no people nor langage. Alſo Origen tranſlated the byble owt of Ebrewe into Greke with helpe of other in the yere of owre lorde god CCxxxiiij. Alſo Aquila tranſlated in the tyme of Adrian the emperoure in the yere of oure lorde. C.xxiiij. alſo Theodoſion tranſlatid it in ye tyme of th[e]emperowre Comede. liiij. yere after Aquila/ alſo Simacus tranſlated it in the tyme of th[e]emperowre Serene. xxx. yere after Theodoſion. viij. yere after Simacus it was tranſlated the auctor vnknowen yn the tyme of Alexander the emperowre/ And Ierome tranſlated it into latyn/ vt in cronicis Ciſtercien. li. ij. ca. xxxij. And after that Ierom had tranſlated it into laten/ he tranſlated to women moche of the bible. And to the maydens Euſtochia and Paula/ he tranſlated the bookes of Ioſue of Iudicum and Ruth and Heſter/ and Eccleſiaſtes/ Ieremy/ Iſaie and Daniell/ and the. xij. prophetes/ and ye. vij. canonyke epyſtylles/ vt patet in prologo eorundem. And ſo all men maye ſe here by Ierom/ yat it was neuer his entent to bynde ye lawe of god vnder his tranſlacion of laten but by his owne dede geuythe leaue to tranſlate it into euery ſpeche/ for Ierom wrytythe in his. lxxviij. epyſtle to this man Acleta/ that he ſhuld enforme his daughter in the bookes of the olde lawe and the newe Alſo in his.

Mathei. xxviij.

lxxv. epiſtle he wrytythe to ye virgin Demetriadis/ that ſhe ſhuld for to encreaſe her felfe in vertue rede nowe vpon one booke/ and nowe vpon another. And he ſpecifiethe vnto her that ſhe alſo rede the goſpell/ and the epiſtylles of the apoſtles And thus Th[e]englyſhe men deſyre to haue the lawe of god in englyſhe/ ſythen it is called the lawe vndefyled conuertyng ſowlys in to clennes/ lex domini immaculata conuertens animas/ but Antechriſt ſaithe that it is corrupte with ye litterall lettre yat fleyth ſowlys takyng his auctorite of Paule/ that ſaithe/ litera occidit ſpiritus autem viuificat. That is the lettre of the ceremonies of ye olde lawe fleyth the Iewes/ and them that nowe vſen them/ but the ſpirite of the newe lawe quykenethe trewe Chriſten men/ ſythen Chriſt ſaythe my wordes ben ſpritte and lyffe. Alſo we take enſample of holy virgyns to loue to reade the goſpell as they diden/ as Katheryn/ Cecyle/ Lucye/ Agnes/ Margaret/ whiche alegyd the holy goſpell to the infidels/ that ſlewe them for the keping therof. Of theſe forefaid auctorites it is prouyd laufull/ that both men and women laufully may reade and wryte gods lawe in their mother tonge/ and they that forſenden this they ſhewe them felfes heyers and ſonnes of the firſt tormentors/ and werſe/ for they ſhewen them felfes the veraye diſciples of Antichriſt/ whiche hathe and ſhall paſſe all the malyce of tyrauntes that haue ben before in ſloppyng and peruertynge of gods lawe whiche deade engendrythe greate vengeaunce to fall in this realme/ but yf it be amendid For Paule ſaithe Roma. i. The wrathe of god is ſhewyd from heuyn vpon cruelnes and vnryghtfulnes of theſe men that with holden the trowthe of god in vnryghtwyſnes/ Reuelatur enim ira dei ſuper omnem impietatem et iniuſticiam hominum eorum qui veritatem dei in iniuſtitio detinent. Now god of hys mercy geue vnto ower kyng/ and to ower lordes grace of trewe vnderſtandyng to amende this default principally and all

But my lordes say yat it maketh men heretikes and peruerteth soules.

other/ then ſhall we mowe eaſely to be amendid. For vntyll it be amendid there ſhall neuer be reſt and peace in thys realme.[1] Who that fyndythe or redythe this lettre put it furthe in examinacyon and ſuffer it not to be hydde or deſtroyed/ but multyplyed for no man knoweth what proffyt maye come therof. For he that compiled it / purpoſyth with goddes helpe to mayntayne it vnto the deathe/ yf neade be. And therfore all chriſten men and women/ praye that ye worde of god maye be vnbounde/ and deliuered from the powerof Antichriſt/ and renne amonge his people. Amen.

¶ Emprented at Marborow in the lande of Heſſen/ by me Hans Luft/ in the yere of owre lorde. M. CCCCC. and. XXX.

[1] From this, it would seem that this Treatise was written in the turmoil and troubles of the Wars of the Roses.

Muir & Paterson, Printers, Edinburgh.

English Reprints.

The last Fight of the Revenge *at sea*;

UNDER THE COMMAND OF

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE,

ON THE 10-11TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1591.

DESCRIBED BY

November, 1591.
SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

1595.
GERVASE MARKHAM,

AND

In *Dutch*, 1596; *English*, 1598; and *Latin*, 1599.
JAN HUYGEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.

Than this [action at sea], what have we more! What can be greater!—
JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S. *Navigation and Commerce, their Original and Progress, p.* 74, *Ed.* 1674.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY EDWARD ARBER, A.K.C., F.R.G.S.

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ALLEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON, W.C.

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INTRODUCTION.

In the whole Spanish war, but one Queen's ship, the Revenge, *and (if I recollect right) but one private man-of-war, Sir Richard Hawkins* Dainty [after a three days' fight, 20-22 June 1594, sustained by 75 Englishmen against 1300 Spaniards] *had ever struck their colours to the enemy.* Rev. Canon Kingsley, *Westward Ho!* ii, 320, Ed. 1855.

PErhaps in all naval hiſtory there never was a more gallant fight than that of the *Revenge* off the Weſtern Isles. Its fame is increaſing with our greater general knowledge of thoſe times. Mr. Kingſley has adduced it in his apotheoſis of Elizabeth's ſea kings in *Weſtward Ho!*; and Mr. Froude crowned his article in the *Weſtminſter Review* for July 1852, on *England's Forgotten Worthies*, (ſince included by him in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*) with a ſketch of this heroic ſtruggle; while we have here collected as many contemporary notices as poſſible of this celebrated action at ſea.

We will very briefly touch on its date, occaſion, and neceſſity; leaving its details and reſults to our reprinted narratives.

2. Sir W. Raleigh dates the commencement of the Fight at 3 P.M. of the laſt of Auguſt, *i.e.* Old Style, or 10 September, New Style. Linſchoten, writing in 1596, five years after the event, puts the arrival of the Armada on 13 September; but Sir Walter, writing in the following November of 1591, and with a freſh knowledge derived from the depoſitions of the ſurvivors, is much more likely to be correct in this reſpect.

3. The Weſtern Iſlands being the junction of the Portugueſe fleets from the Eaſt Indies, and the Spaniſh fleets from the Weſt Indies, had been, for years, a favourite cruizing ground for Engliſh men-of-war and privateers. The wealth of both the Indies was now the heritage of Philip II. Although—by the blaſts of the Almighty more than by the power of man—the great Fleet

of 1588, which was the Spaniſh inauguration of open war, had been ſhattered and broken: ſtill money and money's worth might rebuild freſh Armadas for Spain, while the King held human life cheap indeed. There could therefore be no halting. England muſt fight on and ſtrike hard if ſhe would preſerve the advantage ſhe had then gained. In capturing or ſinking the Indian ſupplies of gold, ſilver, and ſpices, ſhe ſtopped the ſources of Philip's power to hurt herſelf. So our glorious forefathers ſank, deſtroyed, or brought home every Spaniſh ſhip they could approach: while Spain ſtrove her utmoſt to protect her argoſies, and to bring them ſafely into port.

What chances occurred in this conteſt. Five or ſix Portugueſe carracks uſually returned each year from Goa, laden, almoſt to ſinking point, with the coſtly treaſures of the Eaſt. Drake miſſed, by one day only, outſide Liſbon bar, five of ſuch prizes on 24 Aug. 1589. Linſchoten alſo ſaw the entire quay of Angra, the chief village of Terceira, covered from November 1589 to March 1590, with cheſts of ſilver to the value of five millions of ducats, equal to one million pounds ſterling, or in correſponding preſent value to four or five millions; all landed there at one time, together with a vaſt unregiſtered quantity of gold, pearls, and other precious ſtones, from two ſhips only, coming from the Weſt Indies. What muſt the annual fleets have carried? A ſpecial fleet was ſent from Spain for this treaſure. In its return to San Lucar it was blown by the wind northwards towards Liſbon. Nevertheleſs the Admiral, Alvaro Flores de Quiniones would have forced his way back to San Lucar, according to his orders; but the wind and the ſailors' importunities were too ſtrong for him. The fleet went to Liſbon, and was, with the treaſure, ſaved. For off Cape Vincent lay 20 Engliſh ſhips waiting for them, a force that would infallibly have captured or ſunk every one of them. A correſponding ill fortune too, befell many a Spaniſh ſhip, now lying at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Theſe dangers and loſſes alarmed Philip II. and his council.

Whereupon [in September 1590] the king aduised the fleet, lying in *Hauana*, in the Spanish Indies ready to come for *Spain* that they should stay there all that yeare, till the next yeare, because of the great danger they might fal into by the Englishmen, which was no small charge, and hinderance to the Fleet, for that the ships that lie there doe consume themselues, and in a manner eat vp one an other, by reason of the great number of people, together with the scarsetie of al things, so that many ships chose rather, one by one to adventure themselues alone, to get home, then to stay there: all which fell into the English mens hands, whereof diuers of the men were brought into *Tercera*, for that a whole day we could see nothing els, but spoyled men set on shore, some out of one ship, some out of an other, that pittie it was to see, al of them cursing the Englishmen, and their owne fortunes, with those that had bin the causes to prouoke the Englishmen to fight, and complayning of the small remedie and order taken therein by the king of *Spaines* Officers. *Linschoten. p.* 191. *Ed.* 1596.

4. Sir W. Monson, who had done good ſervice in the Azores

in 1589, was with his old commander the Earl of Cumberland off the coaſt of Spain in 1591. His account of this ſea-fight is the moſt diſparaging of all to Sir R. Grenville. It was firſt printed in *Magalopſychy*, 1682, fol., which is a hard and often unfair account of the naval war with Spain, 1587-1603. A.D. A tranſcript differing verbally from this text is now *Cott. MS. Titus. B. viii.*, and was reprinted in *Archæologia*. xxxiv. 296-349. We give the account entire from the 1682 text:—

Her Maiesty understanding of the *Indian* Fleets Wintering in the *Havana*, and that Necessity would compell them home this Year 1591, she sent a Fleet to the Islands under the Command of the Lord *Thomas Howard*.

The King of *Spain* perceiving her Drift, and being sensible how much the safety of that Fleete concerned him, caused them to set out thence so late in the Year, that it endangered the Shipwrack of them all; chosing rather to hazard the perishing of Ships, Men and Goods, then their falling into our hands.

He had two Designs in bringing home this Fleete so late: One was, he thought the Lord *Thomas* would have consumed his Victuals, and have been forced Home: The other, that he might in the mean time furnish the great Fleet he was preparing, little inferior to that of 1588. In the first he found himself deceived: For my Lord was supplied both with Ships and Victuals out of *England*; and in the second, he was as much prevented: For my Lord of *Cumberland*, who then lay upon the Coast of *Spain*, had Intelligence of the *Spaniards* putting out to Sea, and advertised the Lord Thomas thereof, the very Night before they arrived at *Flores*, where my Lord lay.

The day after this Intelligence, the *Spanish* Fleet was discovered by my Lord *Thomas*, whom he knew by their Number and Greatness, to be the Ships of which he had warning; and by that means escaped the Danger that Sir *Richard Greenvile*, his Vice-admiral rashly ran into. Upon View of the *Spaniards*, which were 55 Sail, the Lord *Thomas* warily, and like a discreet General, weighed Anchor, and made Signs to the rest of his Fleet to do the like, with a purpose to get the Wind of them; but Sir *Richard Grenvile*, being a stubborn man, and imagining this Fleet to come from the *Indies*, and not to be the *Armado* of which they were informed, would by no means be persuaded by his Master, or Company, to cut his main Sail, to follow the Admiral; nay, so head-strong and rash he was, that he offered violence to those that councelled him thereto.

But the Old Saying, that a wilful man is the Cause of his own Woe, could not be more truly verified than in him. For when the *Armado* approached him, and he beheld the Greatness of the Ships, he begun to see and repent him of his Folly, and when it was too late, would have freed himself of them, but in vain: For he was left a Prey to the Enemy, every Ship striving to be the first [that] should board him.

This wilful Rashness of Sir *Richard* made the *Spaniards* triumph as much as if they had obtained a Signal Victory, it being the first Ship that ever they took of Her Majesties, and commended to them by some English Fugitives to be the very best she had; but their Joy continued not long For they enjoyed her but five days before she was cast away with many *Spaniards* in her, upon the Islands of *Tercera*.

Commonly one Misfortune is accompanied with another: For the *Indian* Fleet, for which my Lord had waited the whole Summer, the day after this mishap, fell into the Company of the *Spanish Armado*: who, if they had staid but one day longer, or the *Indian* Fleet had come home but one day sooner, we had possest both them and many millions of Treasure which the Sea afterwards devoured: For from the tyme they met with the Armado, and before they could recover home, nigh an hundred of them suffered Shipwrack, besides the *Ascention* of *Sevil*, and the double Fly-boat, that were sunk by the side of the *Revenge*.

All which was occasioned by their Wintering in the *Indies* and the late Disambogueing from thence: For the Worm which that Country, is subject to, weakens and consumes their Ships.

Notwithstanding their cross and perverse Fortune which happened by means of Sir *Richard Greenvile*, the Lord *Thomas* would not be dismayed or discouraged; but kept the Sea so long as he had Victuals; and by such Ships as himself and the rest of the Fleet took, defrayed the better part of the Charge of the whole Action, *p.* 20. *pp.* 24-5.

In flat contradiction with this is a *confidential* letter written in London on 31 October 1591, by Thomas Phelippes the decipherer, who some years before had been employed by Sir F. Walsingham in the discovery of the Babington conspiracy. Writing to his friend Thomas Barnes, he says—

Can write no good news from hence: the loss of the Revenge, with Sir R. Grenfield is stale; they disguised it here with the sinking of so many of the King of Spain's ships and men; and besides she has since sunk in the sea, with many Spaniards that were in her; they condemn the Lord Thomas for a coward, and some say he is for the King of Spain Supposes he has heard of the quarrel and offer of combat between the Lord Admiral and Sir Walter Raleigh. Seven prizes, part of the West India fleet, have been brought in by the merchants that went to second Lord Thomas. They report that the rest, with the King's ships of war, are drowned by a tempest, and only 26 arrived in Spain. *Cal.* S. P., *Eliz.*

Nelson at Copenhagen, when Sir Hyde Parker put up the signal of recal, put his telescope to his sightless eye. Being successful, the matter was passed over. Grenville in like case perishing, is blamed by Monson for not obeying the signal of his superior officer. Sir W. Raleigh's *Report* was written to soothe and extenuate everybody; but the common proportion arises, If the *Revenge* did so much hurt, what would the whole English squadron, crippled though it was, have done? if, seeing the *Revenge* once committed, however wrongly and contrary to orders, they had all borne down and made an united attack on the Spanish fleet? Even if driven off, they would have probably sunk or disabled all the Spanish ships. There *was* the chance of the Spaniards flying as in 1588. While victory would have given them, on the very next day, the Indian fleet, with its untold prize money, for which they had been so long waiting. Had the fiery Grenville been Admiral and Lord Thomas, Vice-admiral; such a course as this would undoubtedly have been taken.

5. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Observations, &c.*, posthumously published in 1622, shows that Grenville as Vice-admiral was necessarily the last to leave the island.

In the Fleete of her Maiestie, vnder the charge of my Father Sir *Iohn Hawkins*, Anno 1590. vpon the coast of *Spaine*, the Vice-admirall being a head one morning, where his place was to be a Sterne, lost vs the taking of eight men of Warre, loaden with Munition, Victuals, and Provisions, for the supplie of the Souldiers in *Brittaine*: and although they were seaven or eight Leagues from the Shore, when our Vice-admirall began to fight with them, yet for that the rest of our Fleete were some foure, some fiue Leagues, and

some more distant from them, when we beganne to giue chase: the *Spaniards* re covered into the Harbour of *Monge*, before our Admirall could come vp to giue direction, yet well beaten, with losse of aboue two hundreth men, as they themselues confessed to me after.

In this poynt, at the Ile of *Flores*, Sir *Richard Greenfield* got eternall honour and reputation of great valour, and of an experimented Souldier, chusing rather to sacrifice his life, and to passe all danger whatsoeuer, then to fayle in his Obligation, by gathering together those which had remained a shore in that place, though with the hazard of his ship and companie; And rather we ought to imbrace an honourable death then to liue with infamie and dishonour, by fayling in dutie: and I account that he, and his Country got much honor in that occasion: for one ship, and of the second sort of her Maiesties, sustained the force of all the Fleete of *Spaine*, and gaue them to vnderstand, that they be impregnible, for having bought deerely the boording of her, divers and sundry times, and with many ioynts, and with a continuall fight of 14. or 16. houres, at length leaving her without any Mast standing, and like a Logge in the Seas, shee made notwithstanding, a most honourable composition of life and libertie, for aboue two hundreth and sixtie men,[1] as by the Pay-booke appeareth: which her Maiestie of her free grace commanded in recompence of their service, to be given to every one his six moneths wages. All which may worthily be written in our Chronicles in letters of Gold, in memory for all Posterities, some to beware, and others by that example in the like occasions, to imitate the true valour of our Nation in these Ages.

In point of Providence, which Captaine *Vavisor* in the *foresight* gaue also good proofe of his valour, in casting about vpon the whole Fleete, notwithstanding the greatnesse and multitude of the Spanish *Armado*, to yeeld that succour which he was able; Although some doe say, and I consent with them, that the best valour is to obey, and to follow the head, seeme that good or bad which is commanded. *fol.* 9-11.

It is manifeſt, from all accounts, that the *Revenge* could have got away as ſoon as ſhe was clear of Flores. Then comes the turning-point as to the neceſſity for the fight at all. It was a difference of judgment, probably arifing out of a difference of character. Mouſan ſeems to be quite in error in making Grenville to miſtake the Armada for the Indian fleet. Grenville dared to outdare everything, and to force his ſingle ſhip through the Spaniſh hoſt. The worſt that can be ſaid of the fight is that it was the Balaclava charge of that Spaniſh War. Yet even here, its exceſſive loſs to the Spaniards in ſhips and men would not juſtify the phraſe, *C'eſt magnifique, mais ce n'eſt pas la guerre.* For it was war, and in frightful earneſt: as the dreadful ſhrieks of the ſinking Spaniſh crews drowning out of ſight paſſed all remedy, rang above the cannons' roar amid the horrors of that September night.

6. The adviſability of the conflict apart; words cannot ſufficiently blazon forth the honour and glory of this great Sea-Fight. One hundred fighting Engliſhmen at bay with fifteen thouſand Spaniards, Portugueſe, and Dutch. It is our naval Thermopylæ. Lord Bacon, with his own beautiful ſtyle and imagery, thus magnifies it:—

[1] *This evidently comprises the entire crew, sick and well. The action seems to have been fought by about a hundred Englishmen. The rest lay sick on the ballast.*

In the yeare 1591. was that Memorable Fight, of an *English Ship* called the *Reuenge*, vnder the Command of Sir *Richard Greenuill*; Memorable (I say) euen beyond credit, and to the Height of some Heroicall Fable. And though it were a Defeat, yet it exceeded a Victory; Being like the Act of *Sampson*, that killed more Men at his Death, than he had done in the time of all his Life. This *Ship*, for the space of 15. hours, sate like a Stagge amongst Hounds, at the bay, and was seiged, and fought with, in turne, by 15. great Ships of Spaine; Part of a Nauy of 55. Ships in all; The rest like Abettors looking on a farre off. And amongst the 15. Ships that fought, the great *Sant Philippo* was one; A Ship of 1500. tonne: Prince of the twelue *Sea Apostles*; Which was right glad, when she was shifted off from the *Reuenge*. This braue ship the *Reuenge*, being manned only with 200. (Souldiers and Mariners,) whereof 80. lay sicke, yet neuerthelesse after a Fight maintained (as was said) of 15 hours and two Ships of the Enemy sunke by her side; Besides many more torne and battred, and great slaughter of Men; neuer came to be entred, but was taken by Composition; The Enemies themselues hauing in admiration the Vertue of the Commander, and the whole Tragedy of that Ship. *Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine.* [Written in 1624] included in *Certaine Miscellany Works*. Ed. by Dr. Rawley, *p.* 52-3. *Ed.* 1629.

7. The *Revenge* was apparently built about 1579; probably at Chatham, by Sir J. Hawkins. She was a notoriously unlucky ship. Sir R. Hawkins gives the following account of her mishaps:—

As was plainely seene in the *Reuenge*, which was ever the vnfortunatest Ship, the late Queenes Maiestie had during her Raigne; for comming out of *Ireland*, with Sir *John Parrot*, shee was like to be cast away vpon the *Kentish* Coast. After in the Voyage of Sir *Iohn Hawkins* my Father, Anno 1586, shee strucke aground comming into *Plimouth*, before her going to Sea: Vpon the coast of *Spaine*, shee left her Fleete, readie to sinke with a great Leake: At her returne into the Harbour of *Plimouth*, shee beate vpon *Winter Stone*; and after in the same Voyage, going out of *Portsmouth* Haven, shee ranne twice a-ground; and in the latter of them, lay twentie two houres beating vpon the shore, and at length with eight foote of water in hold, she was forced off, and presently ranne vpon the Ooze: and was cause, that shee remained there (with other three Ships of her Maiesties) six moneths, till the Spring of the yeare; When comming about to be docked, entring the river of *Thames*, her old Leake breaking vpon her, had like to haue drowned all those which were in her. In Anno 1591. with a storme of wind and weather, riding at her Moorings in the river of *Rochester*, nothing but her bare Masts over head, shee was turned topse-turvie, her Keele vppermost: And the cost and losse shee wrought, I haue good cause to remember; in her last Voyage, in which shee was lost, when shee gaue *England* and *Spaine* iust cause to remember her. For the *Spaniards* themselues confesse, that three of their Ships sunke by her side, and was the death of aboue 1500. of their men, with the losse of a great part of their fleete, by a storme which suddainly tooke them the next day. What *English* died in her, many liuing, are witnesses: Amongst which was Sir *Richard Grenfeild*, a noble and valiant Gentleman, Vice-admirall in her of her Maiesties Fleete. So that well considered, shee was euen a Ship loaden, and full fraught with ill successe. *Observations, &c., fol.* 2-3. *Ed.* 1622.

Yet the *Revenge* was the crack ship of its class in the British Navy; in which she was what we should now call a Second Rate. She was of 500 tons burden, with a crew of 250 men, and probably carrying from 30 to 40 guns of different sizes. Drake, whose skill in seamanship was unsurpassed, chose her to fight his

fight as Vice-admiral againſt the Armada of 1588, and it is a ſingular teſtimony to her excellent qualities, that deſpite all her ill luck, her model ſhould have been ſelected, after the experience gained in that great conflict, by the firſt ſeaman of the time as the beſt type for future ſhips.

1588. Nov. [20.] Device by Lord Admiral Howard. Sir F. Drake, Sir W. Wynter, Sir John Hawkyns, Captain Wm. Borough, and others for the conſtruction of four new ships to be built on the model of the *Revenge*, but exceeding her in burthen. The dimensions to be 100 feet by the keel, 35 feet in breadth, and 15 feet depth in the hold. *Cal.* S. P. *Eliz.*

8. Corniſh men and Devonſhire men may ever be proud of Sir Richard Grenville. Among all the Knights of the Sea that attended Queen Elizabeth, and who outvied the fabled deeds of the Knights of the Round Table, he held a high place. A long and active life devoted to his Queen and country was cloſed by the moſt glorious of deaths. The dying words of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, of Moore on the hill above Corunna, of Nelſon at Trafalgar, do not ſurpaſs thoſe of this fine old Engliſh gentleman, who ſpoke his own epitaph when he ſaid—

'*Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind: for that I have ended my life as a true ſoldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, Queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my ſoul moſt joyfully departeth out of this body, and ſhall always have behind it an everlaſting fame of a valiant and true ſoldier; that hath done his dutie as he was bound to do.* p. 94.

Notes respecting Sir Richard Grenville, Knt.

of Stow, co. Cornwall, and Bideford, co. Devon.

A short Latin account of Vice-Admiral Sir R. Grenville occurs, with his portrait at *p.* 81 of H. Holland's *Heroologia*, London, 1620, fol. but there does not appear to be any contemporary Life of him. The following brief notes are, unless otherwise stated, taken from *Calenders of State Papers. Elizabeth* (Domestic), and *Colonial*.

The Grenville family were among the very foremost of the Cornish gentry. Lysons gives the following account of them.

"The manor of Kilkhampton [in the extreme north of Cornwall] is supposed to have belonged to the Grenville family, from nearly the time of the Conquest; Dugdale says, that they were seated here in the reign of William Rufus. Richard de Grenville, who came over with William the Conqueror, is said, in the pedigrees of the family, to have been a younger brother of Robert Fitzhaman, Earl of Carbill, Lord of Thurigny and Granville, in France and Normandy; and to have been lineally descended from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. It is on record, that Richard de Grenville held certain knight's fees at Bideford in Devonshire, in the reign of Henry II. We have not found any record of the Grenvilles' possessions at Kilkhampton, of an earlier date than the *quo warranto* roll before-mentioned [1301 A.D.], but it appears that it had at that time been long in the family: they continued to reside at Stowe, in this parish, for many generations, and frequently served the office of sheriff for the county. William Grenville or Grenfield, (as the name was at that early period generally written), son of Sir Theobald, became Archbishop of York, and distinguished himself as an able statesman; he died in 1315. Sir Richard Grenville, son of Roger (who was himself a captain in the navy, and lost his life, as Carew tells us, in the unfortunate *Mary Rose*,) was a celebrated military and naval commander in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He first distinguished himself [æt. 16] in the wars [in Hungary] under the Emperor Maximilian against the Turks, for which his name is recorded by several foreign writers." *Magna Britannia*. iii. *Cornwall*, *p.* 163, *Ed.* 1814.

Richard Carew of Anthony, notices Stow, at f. 118, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, finished on 23 April 1602.

1571. R. Grenville of Stow represents Cornwall in Parliament.

1577 or **1578.** Having been High Sheriff for Cornwall he is knighted. See also S. Morgan's *Sphere of Gentry* iii. 90, *Ed.* 1661, under Richard Gri[n]field.

1581. Oct. 25. Is, with other commissioners, at Radstow, examining John Piers, the pirate.

1582. May 5. Is, with other commissioners, at Penryn, enquiring as touching the taking away of the Spanish ship out of Falmouth, by Sir J. Killigrew's servants.

1583. Dec. 27. Writes from Redford as to the custody of the Castle and Island of Tintagel.

1584. May. One of the commissioners for Dover Haven. He proposes the erection of a mole at Folkestone.

July 13. Captains Amadas and Barlowe, sent out with two ships by Sir W. Raleigh, take possession of Virginia.

Aug. 6. Sir R. Grenville writes from Penheale that he has been so busily engaged with the musters that he could not make collections for the relief of Namptwich [destroyed by fire].

Oct. 17. Sends from 'my poor house of Stow' a further sum of £20 for the relief of Namptwich.

Oct. Signs the national Association for the defence of the Queen.

1585. May 19. Sir W. Raleigh's first colony, headed by Ralph Lane, for Virginia, sets out from Plymouth in 7 ships, under Sir R. Grenville. *Hakluyt. Eng. Voyages, &c. p.* 733, *Ed.* 1589.

Aug. 12. *Ralph Lane to Sec. Walsingham* [from Port Ferdinando, Virginia]. The General [Sir Ric. Grenville's] return to England cuts him off from reporting upon the peculiarities of the

country. Although they arrived there late in the year, wholly through the fault of him who intends to accuse others. . . . .

SEPT. 8. *Lane to Secretary Walsingham* [from the New Fort in Virginia]. Has thought good to advertise him concerning Sir R. Grenefeelde's [Grenville] complaints against sundry gentlemen of this service, and particularly against Mr. Candyshe [Thos. Cavendish afterwards the circumnavigator] their high marshal, Edw. Gorge, Francis Brooke, their treasurer, and Capt. Clerk. Certifies to their faithfulness and industry, and to the tyrannical conduct of Grenville from first to last, through whose great default the action had been made most painful and perilous. Refers him to an ample discourse of the whole voyage in the hands of the bearer, their treasurer, directed to Sir W. Raleigh, wherein Grenville's intolerable pride, insatiable ambition, and proceedings towards them all, and to Lane in particular, are set forth. Has had so much experience of Grenville as to desire to be freed from the place where he is to carry any authority in chief.

AUG. 31. Sir R. Grenville returning home takes 'a Spanish ship of 300 tunne richly loaden, boording her with a boate made with boards of chests, which fell a sunder, and sunke at the shippes side assoone as euer he and his men were out of it.' Hakluyt, *idem*, *p.* 736.

OCT. 29. *Sir Rich. Grenville to Sec. Walsingham* [from Plymouth]. Acquaints him with the success of his voyage. Has performed the action directed, and discovered, taken possession of, and peopled a new country [Virginia], and stored it with cattle, fruits, and plants. The commodities that are found there are such as he was advertised of by his cousin Sir Walter Raleigh. In his way home captured, after some fighting, a Spanish ship, returning from St. Domingo, laden with ginger and sugar.

1586. APR. 27. The Justices of Cornwall report to the Council 'Sir R. Greynvile being about to depart to sea, has left his charge of 300 men to Geo. Greynvill.'

JUNE 19. Sir F. Drake and a large fleet bring home the first Virginian colony, arriving at Plymouth on 27 JULY.

JUNE Immediately after their departure, a ship of 100 tons arrives with supplies, but finding the colony gone, returns home.

JULY. About 14 or 15 days after the departure of this ship, Sir R. Grenville, with 3 ships, arrives in Virginia. He also returns.

"Not long after he fell in with the Isles of *Azores*, on some of which islands he landed, and spoyled the towns of such thinges as were worth cariage, where also he tooke diuers Spanyardes, with these and many other exployctes done by him in this voyage, as well outwarde as homeward, he returned into England.—Hakluyt, *Idem*, *p.* 748.

1587. MAR. Is appointed by the Queen to survey the maritime defences and review the trained bands in Devonshire and Cornwall.

1588. APR. 3. In a statistical return of the musters of England at this date, *Harl. MS.* 4228, *f.* 70, out of 1,500 trained men in Cornwall, Sir Richard comes first with 303 men, armed with 129 *shott*, 69 *corsletts*, 179 *bowes*, and 0 [nought] *billes*.

APR. While preparing another fleet at Bideford for Virginia, for Sir W. Raleigh, Grenville is stayed by the Queen.

JULY-AUG. In the Armada fight; he guards Cornwall and Devon.

SEPT. 14 The Queen tells him to stay all shipping upon the north coast of Devon and Cornwall, as some of the Spanish ships had been driven to sundry ports on the west coast of Ireland.

1591. AUG. 31. [SEPT. 10.] The fight in the *Revenge* begins.

SEPT. 3 or 4 [13 or 14.] Sir R. Grenville dies on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, and his body is buried in the sea. He leaves four sons and five daughters. He was the grandfather of the 'English Bayard,' Sir Bevill Grenville [*b.* 23 March 1595 -killed at the battle of Lansdowne, near Bath, on 5 Jnly 1643].

DEC. 9. A commission issued to Sir R. Beville and five others to inquire after the death of Sir R. Grenville, co. Cornwall.

The family were patrons of Bideford church; the only monument in which was that of Sir T. Grenville, Kt., *d.* 18 Mar. 1513.

The decease of our hero's widow is thus entered in the parish register:—

1623. Nov. 5. "The Ladie Mary Grenvile, daughter unto the Right honourable Sir John St. Leger, Knight, deceased, and wife to that famous Warriour Sir Richard Grenvile, Knight, also deceased, beinge in his life time the Spaniard's terror; She was buried in the Grenvile's Isle in the church of Bediford the fifthe daie of November, A.D. 1623." *Polwhele. History of Devon, p.* 425. *Ed.* 1797.

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3. 1810-12. London. In this Reprint of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, under the edi- 5 vols. 4to. torship of R. H. EVANS, the tract will be found at ii. 662-71. Ed. 1810.

∴ The authorship is fixed by Hakluyt's heading at No. **2**. Curiously enough the tract is not included in either of the two editions of Raleigh's *Works* that have as yet appeared: viz. that of Dr. Birch in 1751, excluding, and the Oxford edition of 1829 including, the *History of the World.*

4. 1871. Nov. 15. London, 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1.

The Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile, Knt.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1591. London. 1 vol. 4to: see title at *p.* 35.

II. *With other works.*

2. 1871. Nov. 15. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1.

Jan Huygen van Linschoten's Travels, &c.

1. 1596-5-6. Amsterdam. Itinerario. Voyage ofte Schipvaert/ van Jan 1 vol. fol. Huyghen van Lischoten naer Oost ofte Portugaels Indien *&c.* The extract here printed occurs at *pp.* 156-7 of this edition.

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∴ There were several later continental editions in Latin, French, &c.

A REPORT

OF THE TRVTH OF

the fight about the Iles of

Açores, this laſt

Sommer.

BETVVIXT THE

Reuenge, one of her Maieſties

Shippes,

And an Armada of the King

of Spaine.

LONDON

Printed for william Ponſonbie.

1591.

A report of the truth of the fight about *the Iſles of Açores, this laſt ſummer, betwixt the Reuenge, one of her Maieſties Shippes, and an Armada of the king of Spaine.*

Becauſe the rumours are diuerſly ſpred, as well in Englande as in the lowe countries and els where, of this late encounter between her maieſties ſhips and the Armada of *Spain*; and that the Spaniardes according to their vſuall maner, fill the world with their vaine glorious vaunts, making great apparance of victories: when on the contrary, themſelues are moſt commonly and ſhamefully beaten and diſhonoured; therby hoping to poſſeſſe the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning falſe reports: It is agreeable with all good reaſon, for manifeſtation of the truth to ouercome falſhood and vntruth; that the beginning, continuance and ſucceſſe of this late honourable encounter of Syr *Richard Grinuile*, and other her maieſties Captaines, with the Armada of *Spaine*; ſhould be truly ſet downe and publiſhed without parcialltie or falſe imaginations. And it is no maruell that the Spaniard ſhould ſeeke by falſe and ſlandrous Pamphlets, aduiſoes and Letters, to couer their owne loſſe, and to derogate from others their due honours eſpecially in this fight beeing performed farre of; ſeeing they were not aſhamed in the yeare 1588. when they purpoſed the inuaſion of this land, to publiſh in ſundrie languages in print, great victories in wordes, which they pleaded to haue obteined againſt this Realme, and ſpredde the ſame in a moſt falſe ſort ouer all partes of *France*, *Italie*, and elſewhere. When ſhortly after it was happily mani-

feſted in verie deed to all Nations, how their Nauy which they termed inuincible, conſiſting of 240. ſaile of ſhips, not onely of their own kingdom, but ſtrengthened with the greateſt Argoſies, *Portugall* Caracts, Florentines and huge Hulkes of other countries: were by thirtie of her Maieſties owne ſhippes of warre, and a few of our owne Marchants, by the wiſe, valiant, and moſt aduantagious conduction of the L. *Charles Howard*, high Admirall of England, beaten and ſhuffeled togither, euen from the Lizard in *Cornwall*: firſt to *Portland*, where they ſhamefully left *Don Pedro de Valdes*, with his mightie ſhippe: from *Portland* to *Cales*, where they loſt *Hugo de Moncado*, with the Gallias of which he was Captain, and from *Cales*, driuen with ſquibs from their anchors: were chaſed out of the ſight of England, round about *Scotland* and *Ireland*. Where for the ſympathie of their barbarous religion, hoping to finde ſuccour and aſſiſtance: a great part of them were cruſht againſt the rocks, and thoſe other that landed, being verie manie in number, were notwithſtanding broken, ſlaine, and taken, and ſo ſent from village to village coupled in halters to be ſhipped into Engla[n]d. Where her Maieſtie of her Princely and inuincible diſpoſition, diſdaining to put them to death, and ſcorning either to retaine or entertaine them: [they] were all ſent backe againe to theire countries, to witneſſe and recount the worthy achieuements of their inuincible and dreadfull Navy. Of which the number of ſouldiers, the feareſull burthen of their ſhippes, the commanders names of euerie ſquadron, with all other their magaſines of prouiſion, were put in print, as an Army and Nauy vnreſiſtible, and diſdaining preuention. With all which ſo great and terrible an oſtentation, they did not in all their ſailing rounde about England, ſo much as ſinke or take one ſhip, Barke, Pinnes, or Cockbote of ours: or euer burnt ſo much as one ſheepcote of this land. When as on the contrarie, Syr *Francis Drake*, with

only 800. ſouldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced *Santiago*, *Santo Domingo*, *Cartagena*, and the Fortes of *Florida*.

And after that, Syr *Iohn Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of ſouldiers, to the gates of *Lisbone*, being aboue 40. Engliſh miles. Where the Earle of *Effex* himſelfe and other valiant Gentlemen, braued the Cittie of *Lisbone*, encamped at the verie gates; from whence after many daies abode, finding neither promiſed partie, nor prouiſion to batter: made retrait by land, in deſpight of all their Garriſons, both of Horſe and foote. In this ſort I haue a little digreſſed from my firſt purpoſe, only by the neceſſarie compariſon of theirs and our actions: the one couetous of honour without vaunt or oſtentation; the other ſo greedy to purchaſe the opinion of their own affaires, and by falſe rumors to reſiſt the blaſts of their owne diſhonors, as they wil not only not bluſh to ſpread all maner of vntruthes: but euen for the leaſt aduantage, be it but for the taking of one poore aduenturer of the Engliſh, will celebrate the victorie with bonefiers in euerie town, alwaies ſpending more in faggots, then the purchaſe was worth they obtained. When as we neuer yet thought it worth the conſumption of two billets, when we haue taken eight or ten of their Indian ſhippes at one time, and twentie of the Braſill fleet. Such is the difference betweene true valure, and oſtentation: and betweene honourable actions, and friuolous vaineglorious uaunts. But now to returne to my firſt purpoſe.

The L. *Thomas Howard*, with ſixe of her Maieſties ſhips, ſixe victualers of London, the barke Ralegh, and two or three Pinnaſſes riding at anchor nere vnto Flores, one of the Weſterlie Ilands of the Azores, the laſt of Auguſt in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captaine *Midleton*, of the approch of the Spaniſh Armada. Which *Midleton* being in a verie good Sailer, had kept them companie three daies before, of

good purpoſe, both to diſcouer their forces the more, as alſo to giue aduice to my L. *Thomas* of their approch. He had no ſooner deliuered the newes but the Fleet was in ſight: manie of our ſhippes companies were on ſhore in the Iland; ſome prouiding balaſt for their ſhips; others filling of water and refreſhing themſelues from the land with ſuch thinges as they coulde either for money, or by force recouer. By reaſon whereof our ſhips being all peſtered and romaging euerie thing out of order, verie light for want of balaſt. And that which was moſt to our diſaduantage, the one halfe part of the men of euerie ſhippe ſicke, and vtterly vnſeruiceable. For in the *Reuenge* there were nintie diſeaſed: in the *Bonauenture*, not ſo many in health as could handle her maine ſaile. For had not twentie men beene taken out of a Barke of Sir *George Caryes*, his being commanded to be ſunke, and thoſe appointed to her, ſhe had hardly euer recouered England. The reſt for the moſt part, were in little better ſtate. The names of her Maieſties ſhippes were theſe as followeth: the *Defiaunce*, which was Admirall, the *Reuenge* Viceadmirall, the *Bonauenture* commanded by Captaine *Croſſe*, the *Lion* by *George Fenner*, the *Foreſight* by M. *Thomas Vauiſour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffeild*. The *Foreſight* and the *Crane* being but ſmall ſhips; onely the other were of the middle ſize; the reſt, beſid[e]s the Barke *Ralegh*, commanded by Captaine *Thin*, were victualers, and of ſmall force or none. The Spaniſh fleete hauing ſhrouded their approch by reaſon of the Iland; were now ſo ſoone at hand, as our ſhips had ſcarce time to waye their anchors, but ſome of them were driuen to let ſlippe their Cables, and ſet ſayle. Sir *Richard Grinuile* was the laſt waied, to recouer the men that were vpon the Iland, which otherwiſe had beene loſt. The L. *Thomas* with the reſt verie hardly recouered the winde, which Sir *Richard Grinuile* not being able to do, was perſwaded by the maiſter and others to cut his

maine ſaile, and caſt about, and to truſt to the ſailing of his ſhippe: for the ſquadron of Siuil were on his wether bow. But Sir *Richard* vtterly refuſed to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather choſe to dye, then to diſhonour him ſelfe, his countrie, and her Maieſties ſhippe, perſwading his companie that he would paſſe through the two Squadrons, in deſpight of them: and enforce thoſe of *Siuill* to giue him way. Which he performed vpon diuerſe of the formoſt, who as the Marriners terme it, ſprang their luffe, and fell vnder the lee of the *Reuenge*. But the other courſe had beene the better, and might right well haue beene anſwered in ſo great an impoſsibilitie of preuailing. Notwithſtanding out of the greatneſſe of his minde, he could not bee perſwaded. In the meane while as hee attended thoſe which were neareſt him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his ſailes in ſuch ſort, as the ſhippe could neither way nor feele the helme: ſo huge and high carged was the Spaniſh ſhip, being of a thouſand and fiue hundreth tuns. Who afterlaid the *Reuenge* aboord. When he was thus bereft of his ſailes, the ſhips that wer vnder his lee luffing vp, alſo laid him aborde: of which the next was the Admirall of the Biſcaines, a verie mightie and puyſant ſhippe commanded by *Brittan Dona*. The ſaid *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a ſide, and eleuen peeces in euerie tire. She ſhot eight forth right out of her chaſe, beſides thoſe of her Sterne portes.

After the *Reuenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her ſtarboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that euening. But the great *San Philip* hauing receyued the lower tire of the *Reuenge*, diſcharged with croſſebarſhot, ſhifted hir ſelfe with all diligence from her ſides, vtterly miſliking hir firſt entertainment. Some ſay that the ſhippe foundred,

but wee cannot report it for truth, vnleſſe we were aſſured. The Spaniſh ſhips were filled with companies of ſouldiers, in ſome two hundred beſides the Marriners; in ſome fiue, in others eight hundreth. In ours there were none at all, beſide the Marriners, but the ſeruants of the commanders and ſome fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only. After many enterchanged voleies of great ordinance and ſmall ſhot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Reuenge*, and made diuers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed ſouldiers and Musketiers, but were ſtill repulſed againe and againe, aud at all times beaten backe, into their owne ſhippes, or into the ſeas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of *London*, hauing receiued ſome ſhot thorow her by the Armados, fell vnder the Lee of the *Reuenge*, and asked Syr *Richard* what he would command him, being but one of the victulers and of ſmall force: Syr *Richard* bid him ſaue himſelfe, and leaue him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermiſſion, continued while the day laſted and ſome houres of the night, many of our men were ſlaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both ſunke, and in many other of the Spaniſh ſhips great ſlaughter was made. Some write that ſir *Richard* was verie dangerouſly hurt almoſt in the beginning of the fight, and laie ſpeechleſſe for a time ere he recouered. But two of the *Reuenges* owne companie, brought home in a ſhip of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by ſome of the Lordes, and others: affirmed that he was neuer ſo wounded as that hee forſooke the vpper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being ſhot into the bodie with a Muſket as hee was a dreſſing, was againe ſhot into the head, and withall his Chirugion wounded to death. This agreeth alſo with an examination taken by Syr *Frances Godolphin*, of 4. other Marriners of the ſame ſhippe being returned, which examination, the ſaid Syr *Frances* ſent vnto maiſter *William Killigrue*, of her Maieſties priuie Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spaniſh ſhips which attempted to board the *Reuenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, ſo alwaies others came in their places, ſhe hauing neuer leſſe then two mightie Gallions by her ſides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fifteene ſeuerall Armados aſſailed her; and all ſo ill approued their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a compoſition, then haſtily to make any more aſſaults or entries. But as the day encreaſed, ſo our men decreaſed: and as the light grew more and more, by ſo much more grew our diſcomforts. For none appeared in fight but enemies, ſauing one ſmall ſhip called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Iacob Whiddon*, who houered all night to ſee the ſucceſſe: but in the mornyng bearing with the *Reuenge*, was hunted like a hare amongſt many rauenous houndes, but eſcaped.

All the powder of the *Reuenge* to the laſt barrell was now ſpent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her beſt men ſlaine, and the moſt part of the reſt hurt. In the beginning of the fight ſhe had but one hundreth free from ſicknes, and fourefcore and ten ſicke, laid in hold vpon the Ballaſt. A ſmall troupe to man ſuch a ſhip, and a weake Garriſon to reſiſt ſo mighty an Army. By thoſe hundred all was ſuſtained, the voleis, bourdings, and entrings of fifteene ſhippes of warre, beſides thoſe which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spaniſh were alwaies ſupplied with ſouldiers brought from euerie ſquadron: all maner of Armes and pouder at will. Vnto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no ſupply either of ſhips, men, or weapons; the maſtes all beaten ouer board, all her tackle cut a ſunder, her vpper worke altogither raſed, and in effect euened ſhee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ſhip, nothing being left ouer head either for flight or defence. Syr *Richard* finding himſelfe in this diſtreſſe, and vnable

anie longer to make reſiſtance, hauing endured in this fifteene houres fight, the aſſault of fifteene ſeuerall Armadoes, all by tornnes aboorde him, and by eſtimation eight hundred ſhot of great artillerie, beſides manie aſſaults and entries. And that himſelfe and the ſhippe muſt needes be poſſeſſed by the enemie, who were now all caſt in a ring round about him; The *Reuenge* not able to moue one way or other, but as ſhe was moued with the waues and billow of the ſea: commanded the maiſter Gunner, whom he knew to be a moſt reſolute man, to ſplit and ſinke the ſhippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards: ſeeing in ſo manie houres fight, and with ſo great a Nauie they were not able to take her, hauing had fifteene houres time, fifteene thouſand men, and fiftie and three ſaile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perſwaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themſelues vnto God, and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant reſolute men, repulſed ſo manie enimies, they ſhould not now ſhorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne liues for a few houres, or a few daies. The maiſter Gunner readilie condeſcended and diuers others; but the Captaine and the Maiſter were of an other opinion, and beſought Sir *Richard* to haue care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to entertaine a compoſition, as they were willing to offer the ſame: and that there being diuerſe ſufficient and valiant men yet liuing, and whoſe woundes were not mortall, they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable ſeruice hereafter. And (that where Sir *Richard* had alleaged that the Spaniards ſhould neuer glorie to haue taken one ſhippe of her Maieſties, ſeeing that they had ſo long and ſo notably defended them ſelues) they anſwered, that the ſhippe had ſixe foote water in hold, three ſhot vnder water which were ſo weakly ſtopped, as with the firſt working of the ſea, ſhe muſt needes

ſinke, and was beſides ſo cruſht and bruſed, as ſhe could neuer be remoued out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in diſpute, and Sir *Richard* refuſing to hearken to any of thoſe reaſons: the maiſter of the *Reuenge* (while the Captaine wan vnto him the greater party) was conuoyde aborde the Generall *Don Alfonſo Baſſan.* Who finding none ouer haſtie to enter the *Reuenge* againe, doubting leaſt S. *Richard* would haue blowne them vp and himſelfe, and perceiuiug by the report of the maiſter of the *Reuenge* his daungerous diſpoſition: yeelded that all all their liues ſhould be ſaued, the companie ſent for England, and the better ſorte to pay ſuch reaſonable ranſome as their eſtate would beare, and in the meane ſeaſon to be free from Gally or impriſonment. To this he ſo much the rather condeſcended as well as I haue ſaide, for feare of further loſſe and miſchiefe to them ſelues, as alſo for the deſire hee had to recouer Sir *Richard Grinuile*; whom for his notable valure he ſeemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this anſwere was returned, and that ſafetie of life was promiſed, the common ſort being now at the end of their perill, the moſt drew backe from Sir *Richard* and the maiſter Gunner, being no hard matter to diſwade men from death to life. The maiſter Gunner finding him ſelfe and Sir *Richard* thus preuented and maiſtered by the greater number, would haue ſlaine himſelfe with a ſword, had he not beene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall ſent manie boates abord the *Reuenge*, and diuerſe of our men fearing Sir *Richards* diſpoſition, ſtole away aboord the Generall and other ſhippes. Sir *Richard* thus ouermatched, was ſent vnto by *Alonſo Baſſan* to remoue out of the *Reuenge*, the ſhippe being maruellous vnſauerie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a ſlaughter houſe. Sir *Richard* anſwered that he might do with his bodie what he liſt, for he eſteemed it not, and as

he was carried out of the ſhippe he ſwounded, and reuiuing againe deſired the companie to pray for him. The Generall vſed Sir *Richard* with all humanitïe, and left nothing vnattempted that tended to his recouerie, highly commending his valour and worthines, and greatly bewailed the daunger wherein he was, beeing vnto them a rare ſpectacle, and a reſolution ſildome approued, to ſee one ſhip turne toward ſo many enemies, to endure the charge and boording of ſo many huge Armados, and to reſiſt and repell the aſſaults and entries of ſo many ſouldiers. All which and more, is confirmed by a Spaniſh Captaine of the ſame Armada, and a preſent actor in the fight, who being ſeuered from the reſt in a ſtorm, was by the *Lyon* of London a ſmall ſhip taken, and is now priſoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was *Don Alphonſo Baſſan*, brother to the Marqueſſe of *Santa Cruce*. The Admirall of the *Biſcaine* ſquadron, was *Britan Dona*. Of the ſquadron of *Siuil*, Marques of *Arumburch*. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commaunded by *Luis Cutino*. There were ſlaine and drowned in this fight, well neere two thouſand of the enemies, and two eſpeciall commanders *Don Luis de ſant Iohn*, and *Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga*, as the Spaniſh Captain confeſſeth, beſides diuers others of ſpeciall account, wherof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the Aſcention of *Siuill*, were both ſuncke by the ſide of the *Reuenge*; one other recouered the rode of Saint *Michels*, and ſuncke alſo there; a fourth ranne her ſelfe with the ſhore to ſaue her men. Syr *Richard* died as it is ſaid, the ſecond or third day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the ſea or on the lande wee know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is, that he hath ended his life honourably in reſpect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and

of the ſame to his poſteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outliued his owne honour.

For the reſt of her Maieſties ſhips that entred not ſo far into the fight as the *Reuenge*, the reaſons and cauſes were theſe. There were of them but ſix in all, wherof two but ſmal ſhips; the *Reuenge* ingaged paſt recouerie: The Iland of *Flores* was on the one ſide, 53. ſaile of the Spaniſh, diuided into ſquadrons on the other, all as full filled with ſoldiers as they could containe. Almoſt the one halfe of our men ſicke and not able to ſerue: the ſhips growne foule, vnroomaged, and ſcarcely able to beare anie ſaile for want of ballaſt, hauing beene ſixe moneths at the ſea before. If al the reſt had entred, all had been loſt. For the verie hugenes of the Spaniſh fleet, if no other violence had been offred, would haue cruſht them between them into ſhiuers. Of which the diſhonour and loſſe to the Queene had been far greater then the ſpoile or harme that the enemy could any way haue receiued. Notwithſtanding it is verie true, that the Lord *Thomas* would haue entred betweene the ſquadrons, but the reſt wold not condeſcend; and the maiſter of his owne ſhip offred to leape into the ſea, rather then to conduct that her Maieſties ſhip and the reſt to be a praie to the enemy, where there was no hope nor poſſibilitie either of defence or victorie. Which alſo in my opinion had il ſorted or anſwered the diſcretion and truſt of a Generall, to commit himſelfe and his charge to an aſſured deſtruction, without hope or any likelihood of preuailing: therby to diminiſh the ſtrength of her Maieſties Nauy, and to enrich the pride and glorie of the enemie. The Foreſight of the Queenes commanded by M. *Th. Vauiſor*, performed a verie great fight, and ſtayd two houres as neere the *Reuenge* as the wether wold permit him, not forſaking the fight, till hee was like to be encompaſſed by the ſquadrons, and with great difficultie cleared himſelfe. The reſt gaue diuers voleies of ſhot, and entred as far as the

place permitted and their own neceſſities, to keep the weather gage of the enemy, vntill they were parted by night. A fewe daies after the fight was ended, and the Engliſh priſoners diſperſed into the Spaniſh and Indy ſhips, there aroſe ſo great a ſtorme from the Weſt and Northweſt, that all the fleet was diſperſed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come vnto them as the reſt of the Armada that attended their arriuall, of which 14. faile togither with the *Reuenge*, and in her 200. Spaniards, were caſt away vpon the Iſle of S. *Michaels*. So it pleaſed them to honor the buriall of that renowned ſhip the *Reuenge*, not ſuffring her to periſh alone, for the great honour ſhe achieued in her life time. On the reſt of the Ilandes there were caſt away in this ſtorme, 15. or 16. more of the ſhips of war; and of a hundred and odde faile of the Indie fleet, expected this yeere in *Spaine*, what in this tempeſt, and what before in the bay of *Mexico*, and about the *Bermudas* there were 70. and odde conſumed and loſt, with thoſe taken by our ſhips of London, beſides one verie rych *Indian* ſhippe, which ſet her ſelfe on fire, beeing boorded by the Pilgrim, and fiue other taken by Maiſter *Wats* his ſhips of London, between the *Hauaua* and *Cape* S. *Antonio*. The 4. of this month of Nouember, we receiued letters from the *Tercera*, affirming yat there are 3000. bodies of men remaining in that Iland, ſaued out of the periſhed ſhips: and that by the Spaniards own confeſſion, there are 10000. caſt away in this ſtorm, beſides thoſe that are periſhed betweene the Ilands and the maine. Thus it hath pleaſed God to fight for vs, and to defend the iuſtice of our cauſe, againſt the ambicious and bloudy pretenſes of the Spaniard, who ſeeking to deuour all nations, are themſelues deuoured. A manifeſt teſtimonie how iniuſt and and diſpleaſing, their attempts are in the ſight of God, who hath pleaſed to witnes by the ſucceſſe of their affaires, his miſlike of their bloudy and iniurious deſignes, pur-

poſed and practiſed againſt all Chriſtian Princes, ouer whom they ſeeke vnlawfull and vngodly rule and Empery.

One day or two before this wrack hapned to the ſpaniſh fleet, when as ſome of our priſoners deſired to be ſet on ſhore vpon the Ilands, hoping to be from thenſe tranſported into England, which libertie was formerly by the Generall promiſed: One *Morice Fitz Iohn*, ſonne of old *Iohn* of *Deſmond* a notable traitor, couſen german to the late Earle of *Deſmond*, was ſent to the Engliſh from ſhip to ſhip, to perſuade them to ſerue the King of *Spaine*. The arguments he vſed to induce them, were theſe. The increaſe of pay which he promiſed to bee trebled: aduancement to the better ſort: and the exerciſe of the true Catholicke religion, and ſafetie of their ſoules to all. For the firſt, euen the beggerly and vnnaturall behauiour of thoſe Engliſh and Iriſh rebels, that ſerued the King in that preſent action, was ſufficient to anſwere that firſt argument of rich paie. For ſo poore and beggerly they were, as for want of apparel they ſtripped their poore country men priſoners out of their ragged garments, worne to nothing by ſix months ſeruice, and ſpared not to deſpoile them euen of their bloudie ſhirts, from their wounded bodies, and the very ſhooes from their feete; A notable teſtimonie of their rich entertainment and great wages. The ſecond reaſon was hope of aduancement if they ſerued well, and would continue faithfull to the King. But what man can be ſo blockiſhly ignorant euer to expect place or honour from a forraine king, hauing no argument or perſwaſion then his owne diſloyaltie; to bee vnnaturall to his owne countrie that bredde him; to his parents that begat him, and rebellious to his true prince, to whoſe obedience he is bound by othe, by nature, by religion. No, they are onely aſſured to be imployed in all deſperate enterpriſes, to be held in ſcorne and diſdaine euer among thoſe whom they ſerue. And

that euer traitor was either truſted or aduanced I could neuer yet reade, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could haue leſſe becommed the place of an Orator for ſuch a purpoſe, then this *Morice* of *Deſmond*. For the Earle his coſen being one of the greateſt ſubiects in that kingdom of *Ireland*, hauing almoſt whole contries in his poſſeſſion; ſo many goodly manners, Caſtles, and Lordſhips; the Count Palatine of *Kerry*, fiue hundred gentlemen of of his owne name and familie to follow him, beſides others. All which he poſſeſſed in peace for three or foure hundred yeares: was in leſſe then three yeares after his adhering to the Spaniards and rebellion, beaten from all his holdes, not ſo many as ten gentlemen of his name left liuing, him ſelſe taken and beheaded by a ſouldiour of his owne nation, and his land giuen by a Parlament to her Maieſtie, and poſſeſſed by the Engliſh. His other Coſen Sir *Iohn* of *Deſmond* taken by M. *Iohn Zouch*, and his body hanged ouer the gates of his natiue citie to bee deuoured by Rauens: the third brother of Sir *Iames* hanged, drawne, and quartered in the ſame place. If he had withall vaunted of this ſucceſſe of his owne houſe, no doubt the argument woulde haue moued much, and wrought great effect; which becauſe he for that preſent forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalfe. For matter of religion it would require a particuler volume, if I ſhould ſet downe how irreligiouſly they couer their greedy and ambicious pretences, with that vayle of pietie. But ſure I am, that there is no kingdom or common wealth in all Europe, but if they bee reformed, they then inuade it for religion ſake: if it be, as they terme Catholike, they pretende title; as if the Kinges of *Caſtile* were the naturall heires of all the worlde: and ſo betweene both, no kingdom is vnſought. where they dare not with their owne forces to inuade, they baſely entertaine the traitors and vacabondes of all nations; ſeeking by thoſe and by their runnagate *Ieſuits* to win partes,

and haue by that meane ruined many Noble houſes and others in this land, and haue extinguiſhed both their liues and families. What good, honour, or fortune euer man yet by them achiued, is yet vnheard of, or vnwritten. And if our Engliſh Papiſtes do but looke into *Portugall*, againſt whom they haue no pretence of religion, how the Nobilitie are put to death, impriſoned, their rich men made a pray, and all ſortes of people captiued; they ſhall find that the obedience euen of the Turke is eaſie and a libertie, in reſpect of the ſlauerie and tyrannie of *Spaine*. What they haue done in *Sicill*, in *Naples*, *Millayne*, and in the low countries; who hath there beene ſpared for religion at all? And it commeth to my remembrance of a certaine Burger of *Antwerpe*, whoſe houſe being entred by a companie of Spaniſh ſouldiers, when they firſt ſacked the Citie, hee beſought them to ſpare him and his goodes, being a good Catholike, and one of their own partie and faction. The Spaniardes anſwered, that they knew him to be of a good conſcience for him ſelfe, but his money, plate, iewels, and goodes were all hereticall, and therfore good prize. So they abuſed and tormented the fooliſh Flemming, who hoped that an *Agnus Dei* had beene a ſufficient Target againſt all force of that holie and charitable nation. Neither haue they at any time as they proteſt inuaded the kingdomes of the *Indies* and *Peru*, and els where, but onely led thereunto, rather, to reduce the people to Chriſtianitie, then for either golde or emperie. When as in one onely Iland called *Hiſpaniola*, they haue waſted thirtie hundred thouſand of the naturall people, beſides manie millions els in other places of the *Indies*: a poore and harmeleſſe people created of God, and might haue beene won to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almoſt as manie as euer were perſwaded thereunto. The Storie whereof is at large written by a Biſhop of their owne nation called *Bartholome de las Caſas*, and tranſlated into Engliſh and manie other languages, intituled *The Spaniſh*

cruelties. Who would therefore repoſe truſt in ſuch a nation of rauinous ſtraungers, and eſpecially in thoſe Spaniardes which more greedily thirſt after Engliſh bloud, then after the liues of anie other people of Europe; for the manie ouerthrowes and diſhonours they haue receiued at our handes, whoſe weakneſſe we haue diſcouered to the world, and whoſe forces at home, abroad, in *Europe*, in *India*, by ſea and land; we haue euen with handfulles of men and ſhippes, ouerthrowne and diſhonoured. Let not therefore anie Engliſh man of what religion ſoeuer, haue other other opinion of the Spaniards, but that thoſe whom hee ſeeketh to winne of our nation, hee eſteemeth baſe and traiterous, vnworthie perſons, or vnconſtant fooles: and that he vſeth his pretence of religion, for no other purpoſe, but to bewitch vs from the obedience of our naturall prince; thereby hoping in time to bring vs to ſlauerie and ſubiection, and then none ſhall be vnto them ſo odious, and diſdained as the traitours themſelues, who haue ſolde their countrie to a ſtraunger, and forſaken their faith and obedience contrarie to nature or religion; and contrarie to that humane and generall honour, not onely of Chriſtians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, who haue alwaies ſuſtained what labour ſoeuer, and embraced euen death it ſelfe, for their countrie, prince or common-wealth. To conclude, it hath euer to this day pleaſed God, to proſper and defend her Maieſtie, to breake the purpoſes of malicious enimies, of foreſworne traitours, and of iniuſt practiſes and inuaſions. She hath euer beene honoured of the worthieſt Kinges, ſerued by faithfull ſubiects, and ſhall by the fauour of God, reſiſt, repell, and confound all whatſoeuer attempts againſt her ſacred Perſon or kingdome. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their ſucceſſe; and we her true and obedient vaſſalles guided by the ſhining light of her vertues, ſhall alwaies loue her, ſerue her, and obey her to the end of our liues.

FINIS.

A particuler note of the Indian fleet, expected to haue come into Spaine this preſent yere of 1591. *with the number of ſhips that periſhed at the ſame: according to the examination of certaine Spanyards, lately taken and brought into England by the ſhippes of* London.

He fleet of *Noua Hiſpania*, at their gathering togither and ſetting foorth, were 52. ſailes. The Admiral was of 600. tuns, and the Vice Admirall of the ſame burthen. Foure or fiue of the ſhips were of 900. and 1000. tunnes a peece, ſome 500. and 400. and the leaſt of 200. tunnes. Of this fleet 19. were caſt away, and in them 2600. men by eſtimation, which was done along the coaſt of *Noua Hiſpania*, ſo that of the ſame fleet, there came to the *Hauana*, but three and thirtie ſailes.

The fleete of *Terra Firma*, were at their firſt departure from *Spain*, 50. ſailes, which were bound for *Nombre de Dios*, where they did diſcharge their lading, and thence returned to *Cartagena*, for their healths ſake, vntill the time the treaſure was readie they ſhould take in, at the *Nombre de Dios*. But before this fleet departed, ſome were gone by one or two at a time, ſo that only 23. ſailes of this fleete arriued in the *Hauana*.

At the Hauana there met

33. ſailes of *Noua Hiſpania*.
23. ſailes of *Terra Firma*.
12. ſailes of *San Domingo*.
9. ſailes of *Hunduras*.

In the whole 77. ſhips, which ioyned and ſet ſailes togither, at the *Hauana*, the 17. of Iuly, according to our account, and kept togither vntill they came into the height of 35. degrees, which was about the tenth of Auguſt, where they found the winde at Southweſt, chaunged ſodenly to the North, ſo that the ſea comming out of the Southweſt, and the winde very violent at North, they were put all into great extremity, and then firſt loſt the Generall of their fleet, with 500. men in her; and within three or foure daies after an other ſtorme riſing, there were fiue or ſix other of the biggeſt ſhips caſt away with all their men, togither with their vice Admirall.

And in the height of 48. degrees about the end of Auguſt, grew an other great ſtorme, in which all the fleet hauing 48. ſailes were caſt away: which 48. ſailes kept togither, vntill they came in ſight of the Ilands of *Coruo* and *Flores*, about the 5. or 6. of September, at which time a great ſtorme ſeperated them; of which number 15. or 16. were after ſeene by theſe Spanyards to ride at anchor vnder the *Terçera*; and twelue or foureteene more to beare with the Iland of S. *Michaels*; what became of them after that theſe Spaniards were taken, cannot yet be certified; their opinion is, that verie few of the fleet are eſcaped, but are either drowned or taken. And it is otherwaies of late certified, that of this whole fleet that ſhould haue come into *Spaine* this yeare, being 123. ſaile, there are as yet arriued but 25. This note was taken out of the examination of certaine Spaniards, that were brought into England by ſix of the ſhips of London, which tooke ſeuen of the aboue named Indian fleet, neere the Ilands of *Açores*.

FINIS.

LONDON
Printed for William Ponſonbie.
1591.

The last Fight of the Revenge *at sea.*

Gervase Markham.

The most honourable Tragedy of
Sir Richard Grenville, *Kt.*
1595.

[The enſuing poem was undoubtedly baſed on the preceding tract. Whatever may be its merits, it does certainly help us to realize the long duration of the Fight.

A ſuccinct account of Gervaſe Markham is given by the Rev. D. F. Markham in his privately printed *Hiſtory of the Markham Family*, London, 1854, from which we quote the following from the chapter devoted to the Markhams of Cotham in Nottinghamſhire.

"GERVASE MARKHAM, the third ſon of Robert, born about the year 1566, was, like his brother Francis, both a ſoldier and a ſcholar. In the former capacity, after having been engaged in the wars on the European battle-ground of the Low Countries, he followed Eſſex into Ireland, and ſerved under his command with credit, in company with his brothers Francis and Godfrey.

He is better known however in the literature of his day, and, though he never arrived at a very high pitch of fame, he was not only a voluminous, but a very popular writer." *p.* 34.

"Gervase's education was of the higheſt order, for he was not only eſteemed a good claſſical ſcholar, but was perfect maſter of the French, Italian, and Spaniſh languages. He was never at a loſs for a ſubject for his pen, and none appears to have been ever rejected by him. Huſbandry, houſewifery, farriery, horſemanſhip, military tactics, hunting, hawking, fowling, fiſhing, archery, heraldry, poetry, romances, and the drama, all ſhared his attention, and exerciſed his genius and induſtry." *p.* 38.

". . . The next moſt voluminous ſubject [to horſemanſhip] that engaged our author's attention was huſbandry, on which he publiſhed not leſs than ſeven or eight ſeparate works, which, with his books on horſes, were in the higheſt repute till the beginning of the preſent century, and paſſed through an incredible number of editions. It would be tedious here to enter into their various merits: it will be ſufficient to mention their names: *The Engliſh Huſbandman*, 1613; *The Country Farm*, 1616; *Cheap and Good Huſbandry*, 13 editions; *A Farewell to Huſbandry*, 10 editions; *The Way to get Wealth*, 14 editions; *The whole Art of Huſbandry*; *The Enrichment of the Weald of Kent*, 5 editions; and *The Engliſh Houſewife*." *p.* 37.

The preſent work was thus regiſtered for publication:

9 September 1595.

JAMES ROBARTES entred for his copie under the Wardens handes a booke intituled *The moſte honourable Tragidie of Sir Richard Grinvyle Knighte* . . . . . vj[d.]]

THE

Moſt Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile, Knight.

(·.·)

Bramo aſſai, poco ſpero,
nulla chieggio.

At London,
Printed by I. Roberts,
for Richard Smith.
1595.

To the Right Honorable his ſinguler good Lord, *Charles*, Lord Montioy.

THE zeale (moſt excellent Lord) which in my ſoule hath euer beene deuoted to your ſeruice, intangl'd with your honorable fauors to mine vnable deſeruings, hath giuen fier to my hart, and wings to my youngling Muſe, to raiſe her leaden humor aboue the ordinarie pitch of her dull Anthems, and ſing of a ſubiect, the height of whoſe action, might, if I had might, make my verſe moſt mightie, graunt then (renowned Lord) that thine eyes may lighten on my layes, and thy graces keepe from ſcandall my poore wydowed Orphan: pyttie renowned Grinuile, in his death-renowning hower, and excuſe his rough Poet, whoſe ſences are vnſhapt, for more ſofter melodie, ſo ſhall hee liue happie, and I vnfaultie; both ſatisfied.

Your Lordſhips eternally,

Ieruis Markham.

TO THE RIGHT HO-norable, Robert, Earle of Suſſex.

GReat Lord, to whom infinitiues of fame
Flock like night ſtarres about the ſiluer Moone,
That giueſt new fier to learnings late quencht flame,
Sauing the Muſe by ſtonie times vndoone,
Let me finde fauour in thine honord ſight,
Daring my rimes vnto thy ſacred hand:
And whilſt their accents talke of valures might,
Yeeld them ſome ſplendour from thy valures brand,
Thou in their lines, they in thine eyes ſhall ſee,
Nothing but honors vncontrouled minde,
Thou lending, they exacting ſtill from thee,
Subſtance, that might to mightines doth blinde,
And for his ſake whoſe praiſe my Muſe hath ſought.
Fauour my worke, the image of thy thought.

I. M.

✲ To the right Honorable, Henrie Wriothesly, Earle of South-hampton,

and Baron of Titchfielde.

THou glorious Laurell of the Muſes hill,
Whoſe eyes doth crowne the moſt victorius pen,
Bright Lampe of Vertue, in whoſe ſacred skill,
Liues all the bliſſe of eares-inchaunting men,
From grauer ſubiects of thy graue affayes,
Bend thy coragious thoughts vnto theſe lines,
The graue from whence mine humble Muſe doth raiſe,
True honors ſpirit in her rough deſeignes;
And when the ſtubborne ſtroke of my harſh ſong,
Shall ſeaſonleſſe glide through almightie eares,
Vouchſafe to ſweet it with thy bleſſed tong,
VVhoſe wel tun'd ſound ſtills muſick in the ſphears,
So ſhall my tragick layes be bleſt by thee,
And from thy lips ſuck theyr eternitie.

I. M.

To the honorable Knight, Sir *Edward VVingfield.*

WHen *Alexander* read *Achilles* prayſe,
VVith honours enuie, and a loftie hart,
He ſhed ſtout teares, in ruth of ſtonie dayes
VVhich to his acts no Muſicke could impart,
So all my all, eſſence of what I am,
Though our *Achilles* praiſe play in thine eye,
Feare not records for thine inrouled name,
VVhich ſhall out-liue immortall Poeſie,
A thouſand Sirens in the worlds laſt age,
Shall ſing of thee, thy valure, and thy skill,
And to their lines, lay Angells eares in gage,
With ſoueraign charmes ſent from a ſoueraigne quill;
Meane while, vouchſafe to grace my worke and me,
Gracing the ſoule beloued of heauen and thee.

I. M.

The argument of the whole Tragedie.

SIR Richard *Grinuile*, lying at anchor neere vnto *Flores*, one of the weſterlie Ilands of the *Azores*, the laſt of Auguſt in the after noone, had inteligence by one Captayne *Midelton* of the aproch of the Spaniſh *Armada*, beeing in number fiftie three ſaile of great ſhips, and fifteene thouſand men to man them. Sir *Richard*, ſtaying to recouer his men which were vpon the Iland, and diſdayning to flie from his Countries enemy, not beeing able to recouer the winde, was inſtantlie inuironed with that hudge Nauie, betweene whom began a dreadfull fight, continuing the ſpace of fifteene howers, in which conflict, Sir *Richard* ſunck the great *San Phillip* of *Spaine*, the *Aſcention* of *Siuel*, the Admirall of the *Hulks*, and two other great *Armados*; about midnight Sir *Richard* receiued a wound through the bodie, and as he was in dreſſing, was ſhot againe into the head, and his Surgion ſlaine. Sir *Richard* mayntained the fight, till he had not one corne of powder left, nor one whole pike, nor fortie lyuing men; which ſeeing, hee would haue ſunke his owne ſhip, but that was gaine-ſtood by the Maiſter thereof, who contrarie to his will came to compoſition with the *Spanyards*, and ſo ſaued thoſe which were left aliue. Sir *Richard* dyed aboard the Admyrall of *Spayne*, about the fourth day after the battaile, and was mightlie bewaild of all men.

¶ The moſt Honourable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile, Knight.

✻ To the fayreſt.

Heauenlie fier is crope into my braine,
A heate diuine and all celeſtiall,
A burning furie ſpreads throgh euery vaine,
A turret-climbing thought maieſticall,
All theſe infuſe a ſpirit-giuing raine,
Vnto my humble wits great feſtiuall.
Whoſe reede vnpleaſing hermonie hath found,
Thus to transforme her into warlike ſound.

Of wonders, miracles, and famous chiualrie,
Of Honours Image, and of Vertues iarres,
(Things paſt beliefe, yet pure in certaintie)
Of Death dead-ſlaine by Death, of glorious ſcarres,
Of mortall, made immortall Dietie,
And all containd in Valures ſtaineleſſe warres,
My homelie Muſe ſtretching her oaten ſtring,
Vnlearn't to thunder, mildlie meanes to ſing.

Reſt thee dread boy, the nights eternall Lord,
Faire feathered *Cupid* thy *Licænas* ioy,
Of thy tryumphant Chariot richlie ſtord,
VVith bleeding hearts that breathing ſighes deſtroy,
Nor thee, nor of thy kingdome I record,
Nor louers teares, nor loue, nor loues annoy.
Nor ought that in the vaſt world may be found.
Where tears in ſighes, and ſighes in tears are drownd.

Fit ſubiects thoſe for Poets golden quills,
Such as haue trod the true *Pierian* race,
VVhoſe ſacred braines thoſe numbers tun'd diſtills,
VVhich giues conceit the child of heauen her grace.
But now this flame that all my bodie fills,
Is *Englands* weeping ioy, and *Spaynes* diſgrace.
Fearefull alarums, and the wet worlds ſacke,
Swells in my ſong, the Dirge for glories wracke.

To thee faire Nymph, my loue, my life, my gaze,
My ſoules firſt mouer, eſſence of my bliſſe,
Thought-chaſt *Dictinna*, Natures onlie maze,
Heauen of all what euer heauenlie is,
More white then *Atlas* browe, or *Pelops* blaze,
Compleat perfection which all creatures miſſe.
More louelie then was bright *Astioche*,
Or *Iunos* hand-mayd ſacred *Diope*.

To thee which neuer lifts thine eyes to heauen,
But harts of Kings are ſhowred in the ſame,
Fairer then Sunne, Moone, Starres, or Planets ſeauen,
True brand of Vertue, Honours liuing flame,
O thou whom hate adors, whoſe praiſe is euen
Matcht with the glories of the greateſt name,
Thou like thy ſelfe, or better much by ods,
Nere made without a Parliament of Gods.

To thee this labour of my Sunne-burnt braine,
Ill limn'd memorials of diuineſt rage,
I offer as oblations to detaine,
Thy life-inſpiring fight, (my peaces gage)
From thoſe celeſtiall mirrors which remaine,
Obiects made happie in thy lookes ſuffrage,
Of *Grinuile*, armes and honors ſoueraigne,
My ſower Muſe ſhapes this Nectar ſeeking ſtraine.

Euen of that man and his almightie minde,
Boundleſſe like heauen in magnanimitie,
Conuerting all things of what euer kinde,
VVithin his bodie held ſocietie,
To glad-ſome ſtarres in cleereſt skyes aſſign'd,
VVanting but onely true eternitie.
Of him I ſing (*Faireſt*) but reade I pray.
Thine eyes makes happy, all yat thine eyes ſuruay.

And with her thou great Soueraigne of the earth,
Onelie immatchleſſe Monarcheſſe of harts,
From whoſe faire eyes iſſued the Muſes birth,
Murderd by Iron-age, and barb'rous darts,
Yeeld from thy beams plentie to my wits dearth,
That I may ſing valures almightie parts,
And Chronicle thoſe tropheys to thy throne,
VVhich from this Ile, and his great ſpyrit ſhone.

And thou deare *Soule*, the portraiture of Fame,
For whom *Ioue* made a newe fourth Hirarchie,
Of whoſe loſt drops millions of vertues came,
Extold in heauen beyond the third degree,
Now giue thy ſelfe a light in this ſelfe flame,
That thou maiſt liue beyond poſteritie;
And whilſt I oi' th' vnconquered conqueſt write,
Sit on my hand and teach me to indite.

The Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinuile.

THat time of yeare when the inamored Sunne [fiers,
Clad in the richeſt roabes of liuing
Courted ye Virgin ſigne, great Naturs Nunne,
Which barrains earth of al what earth deſires
Euen in the month that from *Augustus* wonne,
His ſacred name which vnto heauen aſpires,
And on the laſt of his ten trebled days,
VVhen wearie labour new refreſh affayes.

Then when the earth out-brau'd ye beautious Morne,
Boaſting his cornie Mantle ſtird with aire,
Which like a golden Ocean did adorne,
His cold drie carcaſſe, featureleſſe, vnfaire,
Holding the naked ſhearers ſcithe in ſcorne,
Or ought that might his borrowed pride empaire,
The ſoule of vertue ſeeing earth ſo ritch,
VVith his deare preſence gilds the ſea as mitch.

The ſea, which then was heauie, ſad, and ſtill,
Dull, vnapplyed to ſportiue wantonneſſe,
As if her firſt-borne *Venus* had beene ill,
Or *Neptune* ſeene the *Sonne* his loue poſſeſſe,
Or greater cares, that greateſt comforts kill,
Had crowned with griefe, the worlds wet wilderneſſe,
Such was the ſtill-foote *Thetis* ſilent paine,
VVhoſe flowing teares, ebbing fell backe againe.

Thetis, the mother of the pleaſant ſprings,
Grandam of all the Riuers in the world,
To whom earths veins their moiſtning tribut brings,
Now with a mad diſturbed paſſion hurld,
About her caue (the worlds great treaſure) flings:
And with wreath'd armes, and long wet hairs vncurld,
VVithin her ſelfe laments a loſſe, vnloſt,
And mones her wrongs, before her ioyes be croſt.

Thus whilſt diuining forrowe ceaz'd her hart,
Grinuile (ô melt my ſpyrit in that name,)
As ſings the Swan her funerall depart,
And waues her wings, the enſignes of her fame,
So he, with vertue ſweetning bitter ſmart,
VVhich from the ſeas long toyling ſeruice came:
For why, ſixe Moones, and ſo oft times the Sunne.
VVas paſt, and had one halfe the ſignes ore-runne,

Ere he the earth, our common Mother ſaw;
Now earlie greets black *Flores* banefull Ile,
(*Flores*, from whence afflictions ſelfe doth draw
The true memorialls of a weeping ſtile;)
And with *Caisters* Querriſters which ſtraw
Deſcant, that might Death of his darts beguile,
He tunes ſaluting notes, ſweeter then long,
All which are made his laſt liues funerall ſong.

Skilleſſe in deaths great Parliament he cals
His fellowe mat's, and minions to his fame,
Shewes them long lookt for land, and how it brauls,
Repulſing backe the billowes as they came,
Much he triumphes, and paſſed griefe for-ſtals
VVith preſent ioy (ſorrow lights pleaſures flame:)
And whilſt his hopes of *Happy-fortune* ſings,
Misfortune by, controls them with her wings.

Deſird reliefe, and euer welcome reſt,
The elements that forme the wearie man,
Began to hold a counſaile in his breſt,
Painting his wants by ſicknes pale and wan;
VVith other griefes, that others force oppreſt,
Aduiſing ſtay, (as what is but they can,)
VVhilſt he that fate to come, and paſt, nere feard
Concludes to ſtay till ſtrength decayd repaird.

Then caſts he Anchor hulling on the maine,
And all his ſhyps poore Cittizens recounts,
And hundred iuſt were free from ſicknes paine,
Foureſcore and ten death their redreſſe accounts,
So that of all both ſicke and ſound vnſlaine,
Vnto two hundred wanting ten amounts.
A ſlender armie for ſo great a guide,
But vertue is vnknowne till it be tride.

Thoſe whom their harts enabled to attempt,
He puts a ſhoare to make ſupplie for neede;
Thoſe whom long ſicknes taught of death contempt,
He viſits, and from *Ioues* great Booke doth reede
The balme which mortall poyſen doth exempt;
Thoſe whom new breathing health like ſucklings feed,
Hie to the ſands, and ſporting on the ſame,
Finde libertie, the liues beſt liuing flame.

Looke how a troupe of Winter-priſoned Dames,
Pent in th' incloſure of the walled townes,
VVelcoms the Spring, Vſher to Somers flames,
Making their paſtimes in the flowrie downes,
Whoſe beautious Arras wrought in natures frames,
Through eyes admire, the hart with wonder crownes,
So the wood-walled Cittizens at ſea,
VVelcome both Spring and Sommer in a day.

The warring byllowes, ſeas artillerie,
VVith long held ſiege, had bruz'd their beaten keele,
VVhich to repaire the moſt, moſt buſied be,
Lab'ring to cure, what want in labours feele;
All pleaſd with toyle, clothing extremitie
In Hopes beſt robes, that hang on Fortunes wheele.
But men, are men, in ignorance of Fate,
To alter chaunce, exceedeth humaine ſtate.

For when the Sun, towred in heauens head,
Downe from the ſiluer mountaine of the skye,
Bent his bright Chariot on the glaſſie bed,
Faire chriſtall, guilded with his glorious eye,
Fearing ſome vſurpation in his ſtead,
Or leaſt his Loue ſhould too-long daliance ſpy
Tweene him and *Virgo*, whoſe attractiue face,
Had newly made him leaue the *Lyons* chaſe.

In that ſame myd-daies hower came fayling in,
A thought-ſwift-flying Pynnaſe, taught by winde,
T' outſtrip in flight Times euer-flying wing;
And being come where Vertue was inſhrinde,
Firſt vaild his plumes, and wheeling in a ring,
With Goat-like dauncing, ſtays where *Grinuile* ſhynd,
The whyle his great Commaunder calls the name,
VVhich is ador'd of all that ſpeakes the ſame.

The great commaunder of this little Barke,
VVhich like an Eglet armes the Eagles ſide,
VVas *Midleton*, the ayme of Honors marke,
That more had prou'd then danger durſt haue tride,
Now ſeeing all good fortunes ſun-ſhine darke,
Thriſe calls Sir *Richard*, who as oft replyde,
Bidding him ſpeake, and ring his newes aloude,
Ill, not apald, nor good could make him proude

O then (quoth *Midleton*) thou foule of all
VVhat euer boaſts in magnanimitie,
Thou, whom pure Vertue her beſt part doth call,
Better then valure, ſtronger then dietie,
VVhom men adore, and all the gods exhall
Into the bookes of endleſſe memorie,
I bring thee tidings of a deadly fray,
Begun in Heauen, to end vpon the Sea.

The glorious Senate of the Skyes was ſet,
And all the gods were royaliz'd in ſtate,
VVhen *Happy-fortune* and *Ill-fortune* met,
Striuing who firſt ſhould enter Heauens gate,
The one made mad the others fame to let,
Neither but ſtirr'd with rage to wonder at,
Confuſedly, as water-floods doe paſſe
Their common bounds, ſuch their rude entrance was.

The gods diſturb'd, admire their ſtrange aproch,
Cenſuring their angers by their gloing eyes,
Ill-fortune was attended by *Reproch*,
Good-fortune, *Fame*, and *Vertue* ſtellefies;
One ſweares the other doth her right incroch,
VVhich is the elder houſe, none can deuiſe:
The gods deuide, yet in the end agree
The Fates ſhall iudge each others pedigree.

Good-fortune, drawes from heauen her hye deſcent,
Making hie *Ioue* the roote of her large tree;
Shee ſhowes from him, how many god-heads went,
Archangells, *Angells*, heauens poſteritie:
From thence, ſhe ſhowes the glorious thrid ſhe lent,
To *Monarks*, *Emperours*, and *Kyngs* in fee,
Annexing as Colatteralls to her line,
Honour, *Vertue*, *Valure*, and *Endles-time*.

Naithleſſe, *Ill-fortune* will be elder borne,
Shee ſaith, ſhe ſprings from *Saturne*, *Ioues* wronged Sier,
And heauen, and earth, and hell her coate haue borne,
Freſh bleeding harts within a field of fier;
All that the world admires, ſhe makes her ſcorne,
VVho fartheſt ſeemes, is to *Ill-fortune* nier,
And that iuſt proofe may her great praiſe commend,
All that *Beſt-chaunce* begins, *Ill-chaunce* doth ende.

Thus they diſpute, guilding their tongues report
VVith inſtances, and argumentall ſawes,
Ill-fortune, bids let all the worlde reſort,
And ſhow within their Chronicles and lawes,
The man whoſe liues-line neuer did conſort,
VVith ſharpe affliction, deaths firſt grounded cauſe,
Then will ſhe yeeld, elſe, is ſhee victor ſtill.
VVorlds good is rare, perpetuall is their ill.

Euen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
So doth *Good-fortune* catch *Ill-fortunes* proofe,
Saying, ſhe wil her in her ſelfe confound,
Making her darts, Agents for her behoofe;
Bow but thine eies (quoth ſhe) whence ha'ts abound,
And I will ſhow thee vnder heauens roofe [tunes.
Th'vnconquered man whom no miſchaunce impor-
Crown of my kingdom, deaths man to miſſortunes.

At this, the caſments of the skye broke ope,
Diſcouering all what's girdled in her frame,
VVhilſt *Happy-fortune* through her eyes large ſcope
Like a Coſmographer comments on the fame;
Three parts with praiſe ſhe paſt and future hope,
Then to the fourth, the VVeſterne world ſhe came,
And there, with her eyes feſtrawe paints a ſtorie,
Stranger then ſtrange, more glorified then glorie.

See (ſayd *Faire-fortune*, to her foule ſhapt *Foe*)
How on the ſcourge that beates againſt the Ile
Of *Flores*, whence they curſt oblations growe,
A winde-taught capring ſhip which ayre beguiles,
(Making poore *Cephalus* for-lorne with woe,
Curſe arte, which made arte framed faile ſuch ſmiles)
Richlie imbrodred with the Iems of warre,
In thy diſpight commaunds a luckey ſtarre.

In that faire veſſel liues my garlands flower,
Grinuile, my harts immortall arterie;
Of him thy deitie had neuer power,
Nor hath hee had of griefe one ſimpathie;
Succeſſe attends him, all good hap doth ſhower
A golden raine of perpetuitie
Into his boſſome, where mine Empire ſtands,
Murdring the Agents of thy blacke commands.

Say, and ſay true, (for what but thou wilt ſay,)
That euer *Grinuils* fortunes came before thee;
Or euer proſtrate at thine Altars lay,
Or with one wreath of Cipreſſe did adore thee?
Proue one blacke ſtorme in all his Sommers day,
Whoſe threatning clouds compeld him to implore thee.
Then wil I ſtaine my milkwhite vaile with weeping,
And as thine handmaide dye in ſorrowes keeping.

As wounds the lightning, yet perſerues the skinne,
So did theſe words split *Luckleſſe-fortunes* hart,
Her ſmiling *Superficies*, lockt within
A deepe exulcerated feſtring ſmart;
Heere ſhee perceiu'd her firſt diſgrace begin,
And wordleſſe from the heauens takes her depart.
Yet as ſhe flewe, her wings in flying cri'd
On *Grinuile* ſhall my fame and power be tride.

At her departure all the heauens were glad,
Triumphing in *Ill-fortunes* baniſhment,
Apollo ſet new *Anthems* as *Ioue* bad,
VVhich ſpheare tunes made more then moſt excellent;
No light in heauen but with new fier was clad,
Making next *Ioue*, *Good-fortune* preſident,
Enrowling in the Bookes of deſtenie,
This memorable famous victorie.

Onely the *Fat's* fu'd for her backe repeale,
(For they *Ill-fortune* lou'd exceeding well)
Many her deedes and Tropheis they reueale,
And all her liues blacke legend, weeping tell;
Yet all they ſpeake, cannot in heauen preuaile,
Which ſeene, in ſpight they follow her to hell,
And there inhouſed with their mother *Night*,
All foure deuiſe, how heauen and earth to ſpight.

Hence ſprang the loues of *Ioue*, the *Sonnes* exile,
The ſhame of *Mars* and *Venus* in a net;
Iunos forſaken bed; Saturns compile
Of frantike diſcontentment, which beſet
All heauen with armes; *Diana* hence had while
To court her ſleeping boy; whilſt *Thetis* let
Phœbus imbrace her in her *Neptunes* ſtead,
Who made complaints, breach of his bridall bed.

Yet not content with theſe diſparagments,
Much greater miſchiefes iſſues from their minds,
Grinuile, thy mountaine honour it augments
VVithin their breaſts, a Meteor like the winds,
VVhich thrall'd in earth, a reeling iſſue rents
With violent motion; and their wills combinds
To belch their hat's, vow'd murdrers of thy fame,
Which to effect, thus they begin the ſame.

Faſt to *Iberia* flies vntoward chaunce,
Iberia, which we vulgar Chriſten *Spaine*,
Vpon whoſe Sunne-burnt continent doth daunce
VVeſterne *Ducallidon*, the greateſt maine,
Thither ſhee packs, *Error* doth their aduance
Her coale-blacke ſtanderd in the hands of paine;
And as eſcapt from rauiſhment or bale,
With falſe teares, thus ſhee tunes a falſer tale.

Great Empire (ſaid ſhee) bleſſed in thy birth,
Beautious created for-head of this round,
That with thy ſmiles firſt lent to heauen mirth,
And bout thy temples all perfections woond,
Lodgd in th'immagin'd corners of the earth;
Thou whom our centers Monarcheſſe art crownd,
Attend my ſuite, baptiſd in mournefull teares,
VVho but ere while triumphed on the ſpheares.

Nor for my ſelfe more then thine owne decay
Which blindfold pleaſure clouds as they ariſe,
Be gracious, and retort the domefull daye,
VVhich thee and me to ſhame would ſacrifice.
Loe, on the great weſt-walling boiſterous ſea,
VVhich doth imbrace thy gold-encloſing eyes.
Of many ſailes one man, of one poore Ile,
That will my fame, and all thy faire defile.

His numberleſſe great infinits of fame,
Haue ſhut againſt me heauens great chriſtall dore,
The clouds, which once my feets duſt had to name,
Hang ore my forhead, threatning euermore
Death to my praiſe, life to my infant ſhame,
Whilſt I with ſighes mediate a new reſtore.
And in my ſelfe behold my pleaſures paſt,
Swimming amongſt the ioyes I cannot taſt.

Th' ambroſian Nectar-filled banqueting,
No more ſhall I communicate, or ſee,
Triumphes in heauen, *Ioues* masks, and reuelling,
Are cleene exempt, both from my ioyes and me.
The reaſon, for my loue to thee I bring,
Trimming the locks with Iems of dietie,
Making the gods a dread a fatall day,
VVorſe then the Giants warre or Centaurs fray.

Poore goddeſſe, rob'd of all eternall power,
VVhoſe broken Statues, and down razed Fan's,
Neuer warm'd altars, euer forgotten hower
VVhere any memorie of praiſe is tane,
VVitnes my fall from great *Olympus* tower;
Proſtrate, implore blame for receiued bane,
And dyre reuenge gainſt heauens impietie,
VVhich els in ſhame will make thee follow mee.

Behold theſe robes, maps of my fortunes world,
Torne, and diſtaind with eye-ſcornd beggerie;
Theſe rags deuide the Zones, wherein is hurld
My liues diſtemprate, hote cold miſerie;
Theſe teares are points, the ſcale theſe hairs vncurld,
My hands the compaſſe, woe the emperie:
And theſe my plaints, true and auriculer,
Are to my Globe the perpendiculer.

Looke how I am, ſuch art thou like to be
If armes preuent not heauens intendiment,
Grinuile, which now ſurfeits with dignitie,
Burd'ning the Sea with my diſparagement;
Chiding the wanton winds if greedelie
They kiſſe his ſailes; or els too ſlowlie vent,
Like *Ioue*, which bad the day be and it was,
So bids he Conqueſt warre; ſhe brings to paſſe.

The ſole incouragement he giues his power,
Is Prophet-like preſaging of thy death,
Courage he cries, euen in the dying hower,
And with his words, recalls departing breath;
O (ſayes he to his Mat's) you are my glories tower,
Impregnable, wall'd with vnuanquiſht faith,
You are the hands and agents of my truſt,
I but the hart reuoluing what we muſt.

Liue Saints, til we haue ript the wombe of *Spayne*,
And wounded *Error* in the armes of hell,
Cruſhing the triple Myter in diſdaine,
Which on ye ſeauenfold mounted Witch doth dwel,
Angells rewards for ſuch diſſignes remaine,
And on heauens face men ſhall your ſtories tell;
At this they ſhoute; as eager of the pray,
as Ants in winter of a ſunne-ſhine day.

Thus like triumphant *Cæſar* drawne in Rome,
By winged *Valure*, and vnconquered *Chaunce*,
He plowes the Sea (ô were it made his tombe)
VVhilſt *Happy-fortune* pypes vnto his daunce.
Yet may thy power alternat heauens doome,
So pleaſeth thee thy forward will t'aduance,
And cheare ye ſinews of thy mighty arme,
VVhoſe out-ſtrecht force ſhall quell his proud alarme,

Then giue newe fuell to his honours fier,
Leaſt ſlight regard wealth-winning *Error* ſlay,
And ſo old *Saturns* happie world retyer,
Making *Trueths* dungion brighter then the day;
VVas neuer woe could wound thy kingdom nyer,
Or of thy borrowed beautie make diſplay,
Becauſe this vow in heauens booke doth remaine,
That *Errors* death ſhall conſumate thy raigne.

Now, for my god-heads remnant liues in thee,
VVhoſe loſt ſucceſſe breeds mine eternall end,
Take for thine ayde, afflicting *Miſerie*,
Woe, mine attendant, and *Diſpayre* my freend,
All three my greateſt great *Triumuerie*,
Blood-bath'd *Carnifici*, which will protend
A murdring deſolation to that will,
VVhich me in thee, and thee in mee would kill.

Here, with her fixed Comet-blazing eyes,
The damned *Augurs* of vntimely death,
Shee ends her tale, whilſt from her harts caue flyes
A ſtorme of winds, no gentle ſighing breath,
All which, like euill ſpirits in diſguiſe,
Enter *Iberias* eares, and to her ſayth,
That all the ſubſtance of this damned ſtorie,
VVas zealous true, coyned for her *Spaniſh* glorie.

Sworne to beleeue, for ill, in ill affies,
Spayne then enamour'd with the *Romane* trull,
Calls all her forces, more then Atomies,
And tells *Ill-fortunes* ſtorie to the full;
Many Parenthiſes ſhee doth deuiſe,
And froſt-relenting words doth choycely cull,
Bewitching thoſe whom oft ſhee had deceiued,
VVith ſuch like Hemlock as her ſelfe receiued.

The firſt and greateſt one, commaunding all
The foule of miſchiefes old created mother,
VVas *Don Alphonſo Baſſan*, proud in brall,
The Marques *Sancta Cruces* onely brother:
Him ſhee coniures by typ's emperiall,
And all that falſhoods ſeeming trueth could couer,
To vndertake this hie (ſhe termed it) act,
VVhich craues a curſe of all that reads the fact.

Her ſelfe (ſhee ſaid) and all the flowers of *Spayne*,
Should vnder his, as heauens Enſigne warre:
Thus from her harts foule dunghill flyes amaine
Groſſe vapours, metamorphoſd to a ſtarre;
Her words in fumes like prodogies retaine
His hart, by her tongues witchcraft bound ſo farre,
As what ſhee will, that will hee vnder-take,
Be it to warre with heauen for her ſake.

The ſeeming Nectar of her poyſoning ſpeech,
So well ſhee ſaw ſurpriſe his licoras ſence,
That for to reare her ill beyonds ills reach,
VVith ſelfe-like tropes, decks ſelf-like eloquence,
Making in *Britain Dona* ſuch a breach,
That her arm'd wits, conqu'ring his beſt wits ſence;
He vowes with *Baſſan* to defende the broile,
VVhich men of praiſe, and earth of fame ſhal ſpoile.

To him ſhee giues the *Biſcaynnoys* for guard,
Mechanicall Artificers for death,
And thoſe which of affliction neuer hard,
Shee tempers with the hammer of her breath:
To euery act ſhee giues huge lyp-reward,
Lauiſh of oathes, as falſhood of her faith;
And for the ground of her pretended right,
T'is hate, which enuies vertue in a Knight.

Theſe two to her faſt bound in vaſſailage,
Vnto the Marques *Arumburch* ſhee flyes,
Him ſhee prouokes, him ſhee finds apt to rage,
Impriſoning Pitties teares in flintie eyes;
To him the power of *Siuill* for a gage
Shee doth bequeath; bidding his proweſſe ryſe,
And clenſe his Countries face from widowes tears,
To which he poſts, like lightning from the ſphears.

Laſtly, to make vp miſchiefes perfect ſquare,
To *Luis Cutino* ſhee takes her flight,
Him ſhee commaunds, he to her homage ſware
To guide a Nauie to this damned fight,
Of Hulks and Fly-boats, ſuch as durſt to dare.
Shee giues him ſoueraigne rule, and publique right,
And then vniting all foure powers in one,
Sends them to ſea, to calme *Misfortunes* mone.

And now behold (diuine for valiancie)
Like flying Caſtells ſayle they to this ſtrand,
Fiftie three ſaile, ſtrong in artillarie,
Beſt men of warre knowne in the *Spaniſh* land;
Fifteene Armados, Kings of ſoueraigntie,
VVhich led the leſſer with a mightie hand:
And theſe in foure battalions hither flie,
VVith whom three dayes I ſaild in companie.

Then gentle *Grinuile*, *Thetis* parramoure,
Dearer then *Venus*, Daughter of the flood,
Set ſailes to wind, let not neglect deuoure
Thy gracious fortunes and thine Angell goode,
Cut through the maine, compell thy keele to ſcoure,
No man his ill too timelie hath with-ſtoode
And when *Beſt-chaunce* ſhal haue repaird thy fortune,
Time for this flight may iuſt reuenge importune.

Here *Midelton* did end the paſſing peale
VVhich gaue the warning to a diſmall end,
And as his words laſt knell began to faile,
The damned Nauie did a glimmering ſend,
By which *Sir Richard* might their power reueale,
VVhich ſeeming conquerleſſe, did conqueſts lend:
At whoſe appearance *Midelton* did cry,
See where they come, for ſame and pitty flie.

This certaine ſtory, of too certaine ill,
Did not extinguiſh, but gaue honor fier,
Th' amazing prodigie, (bane of my quill,)
Bred not aſtoniſhment, but a ſtrong deſier,
By which this heauen-adopted Knights ſtrong will,
Then hieſt height of Fame, flew much more hier:
And from the boundleſſe greatnes of his minde,
Sends back this anſwer through his lyps refin'd.

Thanks hardie *Midleton* for thy dilate,
Perſwaſiue preſage to auoyde my death,
But if thou wed my fortunes with my ſtate,
This fauing health ſhall ſuffocate my breath,
To flye from them that holds my God in hate,
My Miſtres, Countrey, me, and my ſworne fayth,
VVere to pull of the load from *Typhons* back,
And cruſh my ſelfe, with ſhame and ſeruile wrack.

Nor if my hart degenerate ſhould yeeld,
To entertaine an amorus thought of life,
And ſo tranſport mine honour to the field,
VVhere ſeeming valure dies by cowards knife,
Yet zeale and conſcience ſhall new forces build,
And others ſoules, with my ſoule holdeth ſtrife;
For halfe my men, and all that draw ſound breath,
Are gone on ſhore, for foode to conquer death.

If I forſake them, certaine is their end,
If I obtaine them, doubtfull is our fall,
Vpon my flight, ſhame and their ſacks depend,
Vpon my ſtay, hope of good hap doth call,
Equall to me, the meaneſt I commend;
Nor will I looſe, but by the loſſe of all:
They are the ſinewes of my life and fame,
Diſmembred bodies periſh cripple-lame.

This fayd, he ſends a cock-boate to the ſhore,
To ſummon backe his men vnto their ſhip,
Who com'd a board, began with ſome vprore
To way their Anchors, and with care to dip
Their hie reuolues in doubt, and euermore,
To paint deaths viſage with a trembling lip,
Till he that was all feareleſſe, and feare ſlew,
VVith Nectard words from them all dangers drew.

VVhen *Midelton* ſaw *Grinuills* hie reuolue,
Paſt hope, paſt thought, paſt reach of all aſpire,
Once more to moue him flie he doth reſolue,
And to that purpoſe tips his tongue with fier;
Fier of ſweete words, that eaſelie might diſſolue
And moiſten flint, though ſteeld in ſtiffe attire,
Had not deſier of wonder, praiſe, and fame,
Extinkt the ſparks, and ſtill keepe dead the flame.

Greater, and better then inarked he,
VVhich in the worlds huge deluge did ſuruiue,
O let thy wings of magnanimitie,
Not vainlie flatter, *Honour* to acchiue,
Gainſt all conceit impoſſibilitie,
By which thou murderſt *Vertue*, keepe aliue,
Nor in thy ſeeking of diuinitie,
Kill not heauens fame by baſe mortallitie.

O *Grinuile* thou haſt red Philoſophy,
Nature and Arte hath made thee excellent,
And what thou read'ſt, hath grafted this in thee,
That to attempt hie dangers euident
VVithout conſtraint or neede, is infamie,
And honor turnes to raſhnes in th'euent;
And who ſo darrs, not caring how he darrs,
Sells vertues name, to purchaſe fooliſh ſtarrs.

Deere Knight, thou art not forſt to hazard fame,
Heauens haue lent thee meanes to ſcape thine ill,
If thou abide, as true as is thy name,
So truly ſhall thy fault, thy death fulfill:
And as to loue the life for vertues flame,
Is the iuſt act of a true noble will,
So to contemne it, and her helps exclude,
Is baſenes, raſhnes, and no *Fortitude.*

He that compard mans bodie to an hoaſt,
Sayd that ye hands were ſcouts, diſcouering harmes,
The feete, were horſemen, thundring on the coaſt,
The breſt, and ſtomacke, footmen, huge in ſwarmes.
But for the head, in ſoueraigntie did boaſt,
It Captayne was, director of alarms,
VVhoſe raſhnes, if it hazarded an ill,
Not hee alone but all the hoaſt did ſpill.

Raſh *Ifadas*, the *Lacedemon* Lord,
That naked fought againſt the *Theban* power,
Although they crown'd his valure by accord,
Yet was hee find for raſhnes in that hower:
And thoſe which moſt his careleſſe praiſe affoard,
Did moſt condemne what follie did deuoure;
For in attempting, proweſſe is not ment,
But wiſelie doing what we doe attempt.

Then ſith t'is valure to abandon fight,
And baſe to darre, where no hope is to winne,
(Renowned man, of all renowne the light)
Hoyſt vp thy ſailes, delay attrackts thy ſinne,
Flie from ill-boding ſtarres with all thy might,
Vnto thy hart let praiſe and pitttie in.
This ſayd, and more deſirous much to crie,
Sir *Richard* ſtayd him, with this rich replie.

Captayne, I praiſe thy warlike eloquence,
And ſober Axioms of Philoſophie,
But now's no time for ſchoole points difference,
VVhen Deaths blacke Enſigne threatens miſerie;
Yet for thy words ſound of ſuch conſequence,
Making flight praiſe, and fight pale obloquie,
Once ere I die, Ile clenſe my wits from ruſt,
And proue my flying baſe, my ſtay moſt iuſt.

Whence ſhall I flie? from refuge of my fame,
From whom? euen from my Countries mortall foe,
VVhither? but to the dungeon of my ſhame,
VVhy ſhall I flie? for feare of happie woe,
VVhat end of flight? to ſaue vild life by blame,
VVho iſt that flies? *Grinuile*? Captayne no,
T'is *England* flies, faire Ile of happines,
And true diuine *Elizas* holynes.

Shall then my lifes regard taynt that choyce faire?
Firſt will I perriſh in this liquid round,
Neuer ſhall Sunne-burnt *Spanyards* tongue endeare
Iberian eares with what ſhall me confound,
The life I haue, I for my Miſtris beare,
Curſt were that life, ſhould it her ſcepter wound,
And trebble curſed be that damned thought,
Which in my minde hath any fayntnes wrought.

Now, for Philoſophie defends thy theame,
Euen ſelfe Philoſophie ſhall arme my ſtile,
Rich buskin'd *Seneca*, that did declaime,
And firſt in *Rome* our tragicke pompe compile,
Saith, *Fortitude* is that which in extreme
And certaine hazard all baſe feares exile:
It guides, ſaith he, the noble mind from farre,
Through froſt, and fier, to conquer honors warre.

Honie-tongd *Tullie*, Mermaid of our eares,
Affirmes no force, can force true *Fortitude*,
It with our bodies, no communion beares,
The ſoule and ſpyrit, ſole doth it include;
It is that part of honeſtie which reares
The hart to heauen, and euer doth obtrude
Faint feare, and doubt, ſtill taking his delight
In perrills, which exceed all perrills might.

Patience, *Perſeuerance*, *Greatnes*, and *Strong Trust*,
Theſe pages are to *Fortitude* their King,
Patience that ſuffers, and eſteemeth iuſt
VVhat euer woe, for vertue fortunes bring;
Perſeuerance, holds conſtant what we muſt,
Greatnes, that ſtill effects the greateſt thing,
And armed *Trust*, which neuer can diſpaire,
But hopes good hap; how euer fatall deare.

The Roman *Sergius*, hauing loſt his hand,
Slew with one hand foure in a ſingle fight,
A thing all reaſon euer did with-ſtand,
But that bright *Fortitude* ſpred forth her light.
Pompey, by ſtorme held from *th' Italyan* land,
And all his ſailours quaking in his fight,
Firſt hoiſted ſaile, and cry'd amidſt the ſtrife,
There's neede I goe, no neede to ſaue my life

Agis that guilt the *Lacedemon* ſtreete,
Intending one day battaile with his foes,
By counſaile was repeld, as thing vnmeete,
The enemie beeing ten to one in ſhoes;
But he reply'd, Tis needfull that his feete
VVhich many leads, ſhould leade to many bloes:
And one being good, an Armie is for ten
Foes to religion, and known naughty men.

To him that told *Dienecus*, his foes
Couer'd the Sun with darts and armed ſpeares,
Hee made reply, Thy newes is ioy in woes,
Wee'le in the ſhadow fight, and conquer feares.
And from the *Polands* words my humor floes,
I care for naught but falling of the Spheares.
Thunder afrights the Infants in the ſchooles,
And threatnings are the conquerers of fooles.

As theſe, my caſe is not ſo deſperate,
And yet, then theſe, my darre ſhall be no leſſe:
If this in them, for fame was wondred at,
Then this in mee, ſhall my deſiers expreſſe;
Neuer ſhall *Greece*, nor *Rome*, nor Heathen ſtate,
with ſhining honor, *Albions* ſhine depreſſe, [bounds,
Though their great circuits yeelds their acts large
Yet ſhall they neuer darr for deeper wounds.

And thus reſolu'd, deere *Midelton* depart,
Seeke for thy ſafetie in ſome better ſoyle,
Thy ſtay will be no ſuccour in my ſmart,
Thy loſſe will make them boaſt of better ſpoyle.
And be aſſur'd before my laſt breath part,
Ile make the Sunne, for pittie backe recoyle,
And clothe the ſea within a ſcarlet pale,
Iudge of their death which ſhall my life exhale.

This ſhip which now intombs my iealious ſoule,
Honeſtlie enuious of aſpiring laude,
Is cald *Reuenge*, the ſcourge which doth controule,
The recreants that *Errors* right applaud,
Shall like her ſelfe, by name and fame enroule
My ſpyrits acts, by no *Misfortune* aw'd,
VVithin eternall Bookes of happie deeds,
Vpon whoſe notes, immortall Vertue reeds.

Say if I perriſh, t'was mine honours will,
My Countries loue, religion, and my Queene,
And if that enuie glorie in mine ill,
Say that I dyed, conqu'ring, vnconquered ſeene.
Say fiftie three ſtrong ſhyps could not fulfill,
Gainſt one poore mayden veſſell their foule teene,
But that in ſpight of death, or miſerie,
She fought, and foyld, and ſcapt captiuitie.

Replie not *Midelton*, mine eares are cloſd,
Hie in heauens for-head are my vowes ingrau'd,
I ſee the banefull Nauie now diſcloſd,
Begon betime, Fate hath thy fortune ſau'd;
To me good ſtarres were neuer yet oppoſd,
Glorie hath crownd me when I glorie crau'd,
Farwel, and ſay how euer be my chaunce,
My death at honours wedding learnt to daunce.

This ſayd, away failes *Midelton* with ſpeede,
Sad, heauie, dull, and moſt diſconſolate,
Shedding ſtout manlie teares at valures deed,
Greeuing the ruine of ſo great eſtate;
But *Grinuile*, whoſe hope euer did exceede,
Making all death in daungers fortunate,
Gan to prouide to quell this great vprore,
Then which the like was neuer heard before.

His fights ſet vp; and all things fit prepard,
Low on the ballaſt did he couch his ſick,
Being fourſcoore ten, in Deaths pale mantle ſnar'd,
whoſe want to war did moſt their ſtrong harts prick.
The hundred, whoſe more founder breaths declard,
Their ſoules to enter Deaths gates ſhould not ſtick,
Hee with diuine words of immortall glorie,
Makes them the wondred actors of this ſtorie.

Nothing be left vnſaid that tongue could ſay,
To breede contempt of death, or hate or thrall,
Honors reward, fame for a famous day,
VVonder of ears, that men halfe gods ſhall call;
And contrarie, a hopeleſſe certaine way,
Into a Tyrants damned fiſts to fall,
VVhere all defame, baſe thoughts, and infamie,
Shall crowne with ſhame their heads eternally.

In this great thunder of his valiant ſpeech,
From whence the eares-eyes honors lightning felt,
The *Spaniſh* Nauie came within the reach
Of Cannon ſhot, which equallie was delt
On eyther ſide, each other to impeach;
VVhoſe volleys made the pittying skyes to melt,
Yet with their noyſe, in *Grinuills* heart did frame,
Greater deſier, to conquer greater fame.

And now the ſunne was paſt his middle way,
Leaning more louely to his Lemans bed,
And the noones third hower had attacht the day,
VVhen fiftie three gainſt one were baſely led;
All harts were fierd; and now the deadlie fray,
Began tumultuouſlie to ouer-ſpread
The ſea with fier, the Element with ſmoake
Which gods, and monſters from their ſleepe awoake,

In foure great battailes marcht the *Spaniſh* hoaſt,
The firſt of *Siuill*, led in two great ſquares,
Both which with courage, more then can be moſt,
Sir *Richard* forſt to giue him way with cares;
And as the Sea-men terme it in our coaſt,
They ſprang their luffe, and vnder lee declares,
Their manie forces feebled by this one,
Whoſe thoughts, ſaue him, are rightly due to none.

And now he ſtands amidſt the thickeſt throngs,
VValld round with wooden Caſtels on the waue,
Fiftie three Tygers greedie in their wrongs,
Beſiedge the princlie Lion in his caue:
Nothing ſees *Grinuile* which to hope belongs,
All things are fled that any hap could ſaue;
Bright day is darkned by incurtaind light,
And nothing viſits them but Canons night.

Then vp to heauen he lifts his loftie hart,
And cryes, old *Salon*, I am happy made.
All earthie thoughts cleane from his ſpirits part,
Vertue and *Valure* all his ſences lade,
His foes too fewe, too ſtrong he holds his part,
Now doth he wiſh for millions to inuade,
For beeing conquerer, he would conquer all,
Or conquerd, with immortall honour fall.

Neuer fell hayle thicker then bullets flew,
Neuer ſhow'rd drops faſter then ſhowring blowes,
Liu'd all the *Woorthies*, all yet neuer knew
So great reſolue in ſo great certaine woes;
Had *Fame* told *Cæſar* what of this was true,
His Senate-murdred ſpirite would haue roſe,
And with faire honors enuie wondred then,
Curſing mortalitie in mighty men.

VVhilſt thus affliction turmoyld in this brall,
And *Grinuile* ſtill imployd his Actor death,
The great *San-phillip*, which all *Spayne* did call
Th' vnuanquiſht ſhip, *Iberias* foule and faith,
Whoſe mountaine hugenes more was tearmed then tall,
Being twice a thouſand tuns as rumor faith,
Came ruſhing in, becalming *Grinuiles* failes,
Whoſe courage grew, the more his fortunes failes.

Hotlie on eyther ſide was lightning ſent,
And ſteeled thunder bolts dinge men to hell,
Vnweldie *Phillip*, backt with millions lent,
VVorſe cracks of thunder then on *Phaeton* fell,
That with the dayes fier fiered the Element;
And why? becauſe within her ribs did dwell,
More ſtore of ſhot and great artillarie,
Then might haue ſeru'd the worlds great victorie.

Three tire of Cannon lodg'd on eyther ſide,
And in each tire, eleuen ſtronglie lay,
Eyght in her chaſe, that ſhot forth right did bide,
And in her ſterne, twice eight that howerlie play;
Shee leſſe great ſhot, in infinets did hide,
All which were Agents for a diſmall day.
But poore *Reuenge*, leſſe rich, and not ſo great,
Aunſwered her cuffe for cuffe, and threat for threat.

Anon they graple eyther to the other,
As doth the ban-dogge with the Martins skinne,
And then the wombe of *Phillip* did vncouer,
Eight hundred Souldiers, which the fight beginne:
Theſe board Sir *Richard*, and with thronging ſmother
The day, the ayre, the time, and neuer linne,
But by their entrance did inſtruct eight more,
To doe the like, on each ſide foure, and foure.

Thus in one moment was our Knight aſſaild,
With one huge *Argoſie*, and eight great ſhips,
But all in vaine, their powers naught prevaild,
For the *Reuenge*, her Canon loud-dogs ſlips,
VVhoſe bruzing teeth, ſo much the *Phillip* quaild,
That foundring in the greedie maine, he dips
His damned bodie in his watrie tombe,
Wrapt with diſhonour in the Oceans wombe.

The other eight, fighting, were likewiſe foild,
And driuen perforce vnto a vild retraite,
None durſt abide, but all with ſhame recoild,
VVhilſt *Valures* ſelfe, ſet *Grinuile* in her ſeate;
Onely *Don Luis Saint Iohn*, ſeeing ſpoild,
His Countries honour by this ſtrange defaite,
Single encountred *Grinuile* in the fight,
Who quicklie ſent his ſoule to endleſſe night.

George de Prunaria, a Spaniſh Knight,
Euer held valiant in diſpight of fate,
Seconded *Luis*, and with mortall might,
VVrit on Sir *Richards* target ſouldiers hate,
Till *Grinuile*, wakned with his loud rung fight,
Diſpatcht his ſoules courſe vnto *Plutos* gate;
And after theſe two, ſent in poſt all thoſe
Which came within his mercie or his blowes.

By this, the ſunne had ſpred his golden locks,
Vpon the pale green carpet of the ſea,
And opned wide the ſcarlet dore which locks,
The eaſefull euening from the labouring day;
Now Night began to leape from iron Rocks,
And whip her ruſtie wagon through the way,
VVhilſt all the *Spaniſh* hoſt ſtoode maz'd in fight.
None darring to aſſayle a ſecond fight.

VVhen *Don Alfonſo*, Generall of the warre,
Saw all his Nauie with one ſhip controld,
He toare his hayre, and loudlie cryd from farre,
For honour *Spanyards*, and for ſhame be bold;
Awaken Vertue, ſay her ſlumbers marre
Iberias auncient valure, and infold
Her wondred puiſſance, and her glorious deeds,
In cowards habit, and ignoble weeds.

Fie, that the ſpyrit of a ſingle man,
Should contradict innumerable wills,
Fie, that infinitiues of forces can,
Nor may effect what one conceit fulfills;
VVoe to the wombe, ceaſeleſſe the teats I ban,
That cherriſht life, which all our liues ioyes kills;
VVoe to our ſelues, our fortunes, and our minds,
Againſt and ſcarrd, with whiſtling of the winds.

See how he triumphes in diſpight of death,
Promethean like, laden with liuing fier,
And in his glorie ſpits diſdainfull breath,
Loathing the baſenes of our backe retire;
Euen now me thinke in our diſgrace he ſaith,
Foes to your fames, why make you Fate a lyer,
When heauen and ſhe haue giuen into your hand,
VVhat all the world can neuer back demand?

Say that the God of *Warre;* Father of Chiualrie,
The *Worthies*, *Heroes*, all fam'd Conquerours,
Centaurs, *Gyants*, victorious *Victorie*,
VVere all this *Grinuils* hart-ſworne paramours,
Yet ſhould we fightleſſe let our ſhyps force flie;
Well might we cruſh his keele with rocklike powers,
And him with them ore-whelme into the maine,
Courage then harts, fetch honour backe againe.

Heere ſhame, the fretting canker of the mind,
That fiers the face with ſuell from the hart,
Fearing his weapons weakenes, eſt aſſignd
To deſperate hardines his confounding dart,
And now the *Spanyards* made through words ſtone blind,
Deſperate by ſhame, aſhamd diſpaire ſhould part,
like damned ſcritchowles, chimes to dead mens hours,
Make vowes to fight, till fight all liues deuours.

And now the tragicke ſceane of death begins,
Acts of the night, deeds of the ouglie darke,
VVhen Furies brands gaue light to furious ſins,
And gaſtlie ſilence gaping wounds did marke;
Sing ſadlie then my Muſe (teares pittie wins)
Yet mount thy wings beyond the mornings Larke,
And wanting thunder, with thy lightnings might,
Split eares that heares the dole of this ſad night.

The fier of *Spaynes* pride, quencht by *Grinuils* ſword,
Alfonſo reinkindles with his tong,
And ſets a bateleſſe edge, ground by his word
Vpon their blunt harts feebled by the ſtrong,
Loe animated now, they all accord,
To die, or ende deaths conflict held ſo long;
And thus reſolud, too greedelie aſſay
His death, like hounds that hold the Hart at bay.

Blacker then night, more terrible then hell,
Louder then thunder, ſharper then *Phœbus* ſteele,
Vnder whoſe wounds the ouglie *Python* fell,
Were bullets mantles, clowding the hapleſſe keele,
The ſlaughtered cryes, the words the cannons tell,
And thoſe which make euen rocky Mountains reele,
And thicker then in ſunne are Atomies,
Flew bullets, fier, and ſlaughtered dead mens cries.

At this remorſles Dirgie for the dead,
The ſiluer Moone, dread Soueraigne of the deepe,
That with the floods fills vp her horned head
And by her waine the wayning ebbs doth keepe:
Taught by the Fat's how deſtenie was led,
Bidds all the ſtarres pull in their beames and weepe:
For twas vnfit, chaſt hallowed eyes ſhould ſee
Honour confounded by impietie.

Then to the night ſhe giues all ſoueraigne power,
Th'eternall mourner for the dayes diuorce,
Who drowned in her owne harts killing ſhower,
Viewes others torments with a ſad remorſe.
This flintie Princeſſe, ayme cryes to the hower,
On which to looke, kinde eies no force could force.
And yet the ſight, her dull hart ſo offended,
That from her ſight a foggie dewe deſcended.

Now on our Knight, raines yron, ſword, and fiers,
Iron wrapt in ſmoke, ſword bath'd in ſmoking blood,
Fiers, furies king, in blood and ſmoke aſpiers
The conſumation of all liuing good;
Yet *Grinuile*, with like Agents like expires
His foe-mens dat's, and euermore withſtood.
Th'aſſaults of death, and ruins of the warre,
Hoping the ſplendour of ſome luckie ſtarre.

On eyther ſide him, ſtill two *Gallions* lay,
VVhich with continuall boardings nurſt the fight,
Two great *Armados*, howrelie plow'd their way,
And by aſſaulte, made knowne repelleſſe might.
Thoſe which could not come neere vnto the fray,
Aloofe diſcharg'd their volleys gainſt our Knight.
And when yat one ſhrunk back, beat with diſgrace,
An other inſtantly ſupply'd the place.

So that their reſting, reſtleſſe him containd,
And theyr ſupplies, deny'd him to ſupply:
The *Hydra* of their mightines ordaind
New ſpoile for death, when old did wounded lie:
But hee, *Herculian*-like one ſtate retaind,
One to triumph, or one for all to die.
Heauen had onelie lent him but one hart,
That hart one thought, that thought no feare of ſmart.

And now the night grew neere her middle line,
Youthfully luſtie in her ſtrongeſt age,
VVhen one of *Spaynes* great *Gallions* did repine,
That one ſhould many vnto death ingage,
And therefore with her force, halfe held diuine,
At once euaporates her mortall rage,
Till powerfull *Grinuile*, yeelding power a toombe
Splyt her, and ſunck her in the ſalt waues tombe

VVhen *Cutino*, the Hulks great Admirall,
Saw that huge Veſſell drencht within the ſurge,
Enuie and ſhame tyered vpon his gall,
And for reuenge a thouſand meanes doth vrge:
But *Grinuile*, perfect in deſtructions fall,
His miſchiefes with like miſeries doth ſcourge,
And renting with a ſhot his wooden tower,
Made *Neptunes* liquid armes his all deuouer.

Theſe two ore-whelm'd, *Siuills Aſcention* came,
A famous ſhip, well man'd, and ſtrongly dreſt,
Vindicta from her Cannons mouthes doth flame,
And more then any, our dread Knight opreſt:
Much hurt ſhee did, many ſhee wounded lame,
And *Valurs* ſelfe, her valiant acts confeſt.
Yet in the end, (for warre of none takes keepe)
Grinuile ſunck her within the watry deepe.

An other great *Armado*, bruſd and beat,
Sunck neere *S. Michaels* road, with thought to ſcape,
And one that by her men more choicely ſet,
Beeing craz'd, and widow'd of her comly ſhape,
Ran gainſt the ſhore, to pay *Ill-chaunce* her debt,
VVho deſolate for deſolations gape:
Yet theſe confounded, were not miſt at all.
For new ſupplies made new the aged brall.

This while on *Grinuile* ceazed no amaze,
No wonder, dread, nor baſe aſtoniſhment,
But true reſolue, and valurs ſacred blaze,
The crowne of heauen, and ſtarrie ornament
Deckt his diuine part, and from thence did raze
Affects of earth, or earths intendiment.
And in this broyle, as cheerefull was his ſight,
As *Ioues*, imbracing *Danae* by night.

Looke howe a wanton Bridegroome in the morne,
Buſilie labours to make glad the day,
And at the noone, with wings of courage borne,
Recourts his bride with dauncing and with play,
Vntill the night which holds meane bliſſe in ſcorne,
By action kills imaginations ſway,
And then, euen then, gluts and confounds his thought,
With all the ſweets, conceit or Nature wrought,

Euen ſo our Knight the bridegroome vnto *Fame*,
Toild in his battailes morning with vnreſt,
At noone triumph'd, and daunſt, and made his game,
That vertue by no death could be depreſt;
But when the night of his loues longings came,
Euen then his intelectuall ſoule confeſt
All other ioyes imaginarie were
Honour vnconquerd, heauen and earth held deare.

The bellowing ſhotte which wakened dead mens ſwounds,
As *Dorian* muſick, ſweetned his cares,
Ryuers of blood, iſſuing from fountaine wounds,
Hee pytties, but augments not with his teares,
The flaming fier which mercileſſe abounds,
Hee not ſo much as masking torches feares,
The dolefull Eccho of the ſoules halfe dying,
Quicken his courage in their banefull crying.

VVhen foule *Misfortune* houering on a Rock,
(The ſtonie girdle of the *Florean* Ile,)
Had ſeene this conflict, and the fearefull ſhock,
VVhich all the *Spanyſh* miſcheifes did compile,
And ſaw how conqueſt licklie was to mock
The hope of *Spayne*, and fauſter her exile,
Immortall ſhe, came downe her ſelfe to fight,
And doe what elſe no mortall creature might.

And as ſhe flew the midnights waking ſtarre,
Sad *Caſſiopea*, with a heauie cheare
Puſht forth her forehead, to make known from farre,
VVhat time the dryrie dole of earth drew neare,
But when ſhee ſaw *Misfortune* arm'd in warre,
VVith teares ſhe blinds her eyes, and clouds ye ayre,
And asks the gods, why *Fortune* fights with man?
They ſay, to doe, what elſe no creature can.

O why ſhould ſuch immortall enuie dwell,
In the incloſures of eternall mould?
Let Gods with Gods, and men with men rebell,
Vnequall warres t'vnequall ſhame is ſould;
But for this damned deede came ſhee from hell,
And *Ioue* is ſworne, to doe what deſt'nie would,
VVeepe then my pen, the tell-tale of our woe,
And curſe the fount from whence our ſorrows flow.

Now, now, *Misfortune* fronts our Knight in armes,
And caſts her venome through the *Spanyſh* hoaſt,
Shee ſalues the dead, and all the lyuing warmes
With vitall enuie, brought from *Plutos* coaſt;
Yet all in vaine, all works not *Grimnils* harmes;
VVhich ſeene, ſhee ſmiles, and yet with rage imboſt
Saith to her ſelfe, ſince men are all too weake,
Behold a goddeſſe ſhall thy lifes twine breake.

VVith that ſhee taks a Musket in her hand,
Raft from a dying Souldiour newlie ſlaine,
And ayming where th' vnconquered Knight did ſtand,
Diſchargd it through his bodie, and in twaine
Deuids the euer holie nuptiall band,
Which twixt his ſoule, and worlds part ſhold remaine,
Had not his hart, ſtronger then *Fortunes* will,
Held life perforce to ſcorne *Misfortunes* ill.

The bubling wound from whence his blood diſtild,
Mourn'd to let fall the hallowed drops to ground,
And like a iealious loue by riuall illd,
Sucks in the ſacred moiſture through the wound;
But he, which felt deaths fatall doome fulfilld,
Grew fiercer valiant, and did all confound,
VVas not a *Spanyard* durſt abord him reſt,
After he felt his deaths wound in his breſt.

Hundreds on hundreds, dead on the maymed fall,
Maymed on ſounde, ſound in them ſelues lye ſlaine,
Bleſt was the firſt that to his ſhip could crall,
For wounded, he wounds multituds againe;
No ſacrifice, but ſacrifice of all,
Could ſtay his ſwords oblations vnto paine,
Nor in *Phillippie*, fell for *Cæſars* death,
Soules thicker then for *Grinuils* waſting breath.

The *Nemian* Lyon, *Aramanthian* Bore,
The *Hircamian* Tyger, nor the *Cholcean* Bulls,
Neuer extended rage with ſuch vprore,
Nor in their breſts mad monſtrous furie lulls;
Now might they learne, that euer learnt before,
Wrath at our Knight, which all wrath diſanulls,
For ſlauiſh death, his hands commaunded more,
Then Lyon, Tyger, Bull, or angrie Bore.

Had *Pompey* in *Pharſalia* held his thought,
Cæſar had neuer wept vpon his head,
Had *Anthonie* at *Actiome* like him fought,
Augustus teares had neuer drownd him dead,
Had braue *Renaldo*, *Grinuiles* puiſſance bought,
Angelica from France had neuer fled,
Nor madded *Rowland* with inconſtàncie,
But rather ſlayne him wanting victorie,

Before a ſtorme flewe neuer Doues ſo faſt,
As *Spanyards* from the furie of his fiſt,
The ſtout *Reuenge*, about whoſe forlorne waſt,
Whilome ſo many in their moods perſiſt,
Now all alone, none but the ſcourge imbraſt,
Her foes from handie combats cleane deſiſt;
Yet ſtill incirkling her within their powers,
From farre ſent ſhot, as thick as winters ſhowers.

Anger, and *Enuie*, enemies to *Life*,
Strong ſmouldring *Heate* and noiſom ſtink of *Smoke*,
With ouer-labouring *Toyle*, *Deaths* ouglie wife,
Theſe all accord with *Grinuiles* wounded ſtroke,
To end his liues date by their ciuell ſtrife,
And him vnto a bleſſed ſtate inyoke,
But he repeld them whilſt repell he might,
Till fainting power, was tane from power to fight.

Then downe he ſat, and beat his manlie breſt,
Not mourning death, but want of meanes to die;
Thoſe which furuiu'd coragiouſlie he bleſt,
Making them gods for god-like victorie;
Not full twice twentie ſoules aliue did reſt,
Of which the moſt were mangled cruellie,
Yet ſtill, whilſt words could ſpeake, or ſignes could ſhow,
From death he maks eternall life to grow.

The Maiſter-gunner, which beheld his eyes.
Dart fier gainſt death trumphant in his face,
Came to ſuſtaine him, and with courage cryes,
How fares my Knight? worlds glory, martiall grace?
Thine honour, former honours ouer-flyes,
And vnto *Heauen* and *Vertue* bids the bace;
Cheere then thy ſoule, & if deaths wounding pain it,
Abr'ams faire boſome lyes to entertaine it.

Maiſter, he ſayes, euen heers the opned dore,
Through which my ſpirit bridgroome like muſt ride,
(And then he bar'd his wounded breſt all gore)
To court the bleſſed virgine Lambe his bride,
VVhoſe innocence the worlds afflictions bore,
Streaming diuine blood from his ſliced ſide,
And to that heauen my ſoule with courage flyes,
Becauſe vnconquerd, conquering it dyes.

But yet, replyed the Maiſter once againe,
Great vertue of our vertues. ſtriue with Fate,
Yeeld not a minute vnto death, retaine
Life like thy glorie, made to wonder at,
This wounds recouerie well may entertaine
A double triumph to thy conquering ſtate,
And make thee liue immortall Angell bleſt,
Pleaſeth thee ſuffer it be ſearcht and dreſt.

Deſcend then gentle *Grinuile* downe below,
Into my Cabin for a breathing ſpace,
In thee there let thy Surgion ſtanch our woe,
Giuing recuer to thee, our wounded caſe,
Our breaths, from thy breaths fountaine gently flow,
If it be dried, our currents looſe their grace:
Then both for vs, and thee, and for the beſt,
Deſcend, to haue thy wound bound vp and dreſt.

Maiſter, reply'd the Knight, ſince laſt the ſunne
Lookt from the hieſt period of the sky,
Giuing a ſignall of the dayes mid noone,
Vnto this hower of midnight, valiantly,
From of this vpper deck I haue not runne,
But fought, and freed, and welcomd victorie,
Then now to giue new couert to mine head,
VVere to reuiue our foes halfe conquered.

Thus with contrarie arguments they warre,
Diuers in their opinions and their ſpeech,
One ſeeking means, th' other a will to darre,
Yet both one end, and one deſire reach:
Both to keepe honour liuing, plyant are,
Hee by his fame, and he by skilfull leach,
At length, the Maiſter winnes, and hath procurd
The Knight diſcend, to haue his woundings curd.

Downe when he was, and had diſplay'd the port
Through which his life was martching vp to heauen,
Albe the mortall taint all cuers retort,
Yet was his Surgion not of hope bereuen,
But giues him valiant ſpeech of lifes reſort,
Sayes, longer dayes his longer fame ſhall euen,
And for the meanes of his recouerie,
He finds both arte and poſſibilitie.

Misfortune hearing this preſage of life,
(For what but chimes within immortall eares)
VVithin her ſelfe kindles a home-bred ſtrife,
And for thoſe words ye Surgions doomes day ſwears
VVith that, her charg'd peece (*Atropos* keene knife,)
Againe ſhe takes, and leueld with diſpairs,
Sent a ſhrill bullet through the Surgions head,
which thence, through *Grimuils* temples like was led.

Downe fel the Surgion, hope and helpe was reft,
His death gaue manumition to his foule,
Misfortune fmyld, and euen then fhee left
The mournfull Ocean, mourner for this dole;
Away fhee flyes, for all was now bereft,
Both hope and helpe, for life to win deaths gole;
Yet *Grinuile* vnamaz'd, with conftant faith,
Laughing difpifd the fecond ftroke of death.

What foole (faith he) ads to the Sea a drop,
Lends *Etna* fparks, or angry ftormes his wind?
VVho burnes the roote when lightning fiers the top?
VVho vnto hell, can worfe then hell combind?
Pale hungry Death, thy greedy longings ftop,
Hope of long life is banefull to my mind:
Yet hate not life, but lothe captiuitie,
Where refts no truft to purchafe victorie.

Then vp he came with feeble pace againe, ing,
Strength from his blood, blood from his wounds defcend-
Saies, here I liu'd, and here wil I fuftaine,
The worft of Deaths worft, by my fame defending,
And then he fell to warre with might and maine,
Valure on death moft valiantly depending,
And thus continued aye coragiouſly,
Vntill the day chaft fhadowes from the sky.

But when the mornings dewie locks drunke vp
A miftie moyfture from the Oceans face,
Then might he fee the fource of forrowes cup,
Plainly prefigur'd in that hatefull place:
And all the miferies that mortals fup
From their great Grandfire *Adams* band, difgrace;
For all that did incircle him, was his foe,
And that incircled, modell of true woe.

His maſts were broken, and his tackle torne,
His vpper worke hew'd downe into the Sea,
Naught of his ſhip aboue the fourge was borne,
But euen leueld with the Ocean lay,
Onely the ſhips foundation (yet that worne)
Remaind a trophey in that mighty fray;
Nothing at all aboue the head remained,
Either for couert, or that force maintained.

Powder for ſhot, was ſpent and waſted cleane,
Scarce ſeene a corne to charge a peece withall,
All her pykes broken, halfe of his beſt men ſlaine,
The reſt ſore wounded, on Deaths Agents call,
On th'other ſide, her foe in ranks remaine,
Diſplaying multitudes, and ſtore of all
VVhat euer might auaile for victorie,
Had they not wanted harts true valiancie.

When *Grinuile* ſaw his deſperate drierie caſe,
Meerely diſpoyled of all ſucceſ-full thought,
Hee calls before him all within the place,
The Maiſter, Maiſter-gunner, and them taught
Rules of true hardiment to purchaſe grace;
Showes them the end their trauailes toile had bought,
How ſweet it is, ſwift *Fame* to ouer-goe,
How vile to diue in captiue ouerthrow.

Gallants (he ſaith) ſince three a clock laſt noone,
Vntill this morning, fifteene howers by courſe,
We haue maintaind ſtoute warre, and ſtill vndoone
Our foes aſſaults, and driue them to the worſe,
Fifteene *Armados* boardings haue not wonne
Content or eaſe, but beene repeld by force,
Eight hundred Cannon ſhot againſt our ſide,
Haue not our harts in coward colours died.

Not fifteene thouſand men araungd in fight,
And fifteene howers lent them to atchiue,
VVith fifty three great ſhips of boundleſſe might,
Haue had or meanes or proweſſe to contriue
The fall of one, which mayden vertue dight,
Kept in deſpight of *Spaniſh* force aliue.
Then liſt to mee you imps of memorie,
Borne to aſſume to immortalitie.

Sith looſing, we vnloſt keepe ſtrong our praiſe,
And make our glories, gaynours by our ends,
Let not the hope of howers (for tedious dayes
Vnto our liues no longer circuite lends)
Confound our wondred actions and aſſayes,
VVhereon the ſweete of mortall eares depends,
But as we liue by wills victorious,
So let vs die victours of them and vs.

VVee that haue mercileſſe cut Mercies wings,
And muffeld pittie in deaths miſtie vale,
Let vs implore no mercie; pittyings,
But from our God, deere fauour to exhale
Oure ſoules to heauen, where all the Angells rings
Renowne of vs, and our deepe tragick tale;
Let vs that cannot liue, yet liue to dye,
Vnthrald by men, fit tropheys for the skye.

And thus reſolu'd ſince other meane is reft,
Sweet Maiſter-gunner, ſplit our keele in twaine,
We cannot liue, whom hope of life hath left,
Dying, our deaths more glorious liues retaine,
Let not our ſhip, of ſhame and foile bereft,
Vnto our foe-men for a prize remaine;
Sinke her, and ſinking with the *Greeke* wee'le cry,
Beſt not to be, or beeing ſoone to dye.

Scarſe had his words tane wings from his deare tong,
But the ſtout Maiſter-gunner, euer ritch
In heauenlie valure and repulſing wrong,
Proud that his hands by action might inritch
His name and nation with a worthie ſong,
Tow'rd his hart higher then Eagles pitch,
And inſtantlie indeuours to effect
Grinuils deſier, by ending Deaths defect.

But th' other Maiſter, and the other Mat's,
Diſented from the honour of their minds,
And humbly praid the Knight to rue their ſtat's,
VVhom miſerie to no ſuch miſcheife binds;
To him th' aleadge great reaſons, and dilat's
Their foes amazements, whom their valures blinds,
And maks more eager t'entertaine a truce,
Then they to offer words for warres excuſe.

They ſhow him diuers gallant men of might,
VVhoſe wounds not mortall, hope gaue of recuer,
For their ſaks ſue they to diuorce this night
Of deſperate chaunce, calld vnto Deaths black lure,
Their lengthned liues, their countries care might right,
And to their Prince they might good hopes aſſure.
Then quod the Captaine, (deere Knight) do not ſpill,
The liues whom gods and Fat's ſeeke not to kill.

And where thou ſayſt the *Spanyards* ſhall not braue,
T' haue tane one ſhip due to our virgin Queene,
O know, that they, nor all the world can ſaue,
This wounded Barke, whoſe like no age hath ſeene,
Sixe foote ſhee leaks in hold, three ſhot beneath the waue,
All whoſe repaire ſo inſufficient beene,
That when the Sea ſhall angrie worke begin,
Shee cannot chuſe but ſinke and dye therein.

Beſides, the wounds and bruſings which ſhe beares,
Are ſuch, ſo manie, ſo incurable,
As to remoue her from this place of feares,
No force, no wit, no meane, nor man is able;
Then ſince that peace proſtrate to vs repaires,
Vnleſſe our ſelues, our ſelues make miſerable,
Herculeen Knight, for pittie, pittie lend,
No fame conſiſts in wilfull deſperat end.

Theſe words with emphaſis and action ſpent,
Mou'd not Sir *Richard*, but inrag'd him more,
To bow or yeeld, his heart would neare relent,
Hee ſtill impungs all thought of lifes reſtore;
The Maiſter-gunner euer doth conſent
To act his wiſh, ſwearing in beds of gore
Death is moſt louelie, ſweete and amiable,
But captiu'd life for foulenes admirable.

The Captayne, ſeeing words could take no place,
Turnes backe from them vnto the liuing few,
Expounds what pittie is, what victors grace;
Bids them them ſelues, them ſelues in kindnes rew,
Peace if they pleaſe, will kindlie them imbrace,
And they may liue, from whom warres glory grew;
But if they will to deſperate end conſent,
Their guilty ſoules too late ſhall mourne repent.

The ſillie men, who fought but liuing ioyes,
Cryes to the Captaine for an honord truce,
Life they deſire, yet no life that deſtroyes
Their wonne renownes, but ſuch as might excuſe
Their woes, their wounds, and al what els anoyes
Beautie of laude, for other they refuſe;
All which the Captaine ſwears they ſhal obtaine,
Becauſe their foes, in doubtfull ſtates remaine.

O when Sir *Richard* faw them ſtart aſide,
More chaynd to life then to a glorius graue,
And thoſe whom hee ſo oft in dangers tryde,
Now trembling ſeeke their hatefull liues to ſaue.
Sorrow and rage, ſhame, and his honors pride,
Choking his ſoule, madly compeld him raue,
Vntill his rage with vigor did confound
His heauie hart, and left him in a ſwound.

The Maiſter-gunner, likewiſe ſeeing Fate
Bridle his fortune, and his will to die,
With his ſharpe ſword fought to ſet ope the gate,
By which his ſoule might from his body flie,
Had not his freends perforce preſeru'd his ſtate,
And lockt him in his Cabbin, ſafe to lie,
Whilſt others ſwarm'd where hapleſſe *Grinuile* lay,
By cryes recalling life, late runne away.

In this too reſtleſſe turmoile of vnreſt,
The poore *Reuenges* Maiſter ſtole awaye,
And to the *Spaniſh* Admirall adreſt
The dolefull tidings of this mournfull day,
(The *Spaniſh* Admirall who then opreſt,
Houering with doubt, not daring t'end the fray,)
And pleads for truce, with ſouldiour-like ſubmiſſion,
Anexing to his words a ſtraight condition.

Alfonſo, willing to giue end to armes,
For well he knew *Grinuile* would neuer yeild,
Albe his power ſtoode like vnnumbred ſwarmes,
Yet daring not on ſtricter tearmes to build,
Hee offers all what may alay their harmes
Safetie of liues, nor any thrall to weild,
Free from the Gallie, priſonment, or paine,
And ſafe returne vnto their ſoyle againe.

To this he yeelds, as well for his own ſake,
Whom deſperate hazard might indamage ſore,
As for deſier the famous Knight to take,
Whom in his hart he ſeemed to deplore,
And for his valure halfe a God did make,
Extolling him all other men before,
Admiring with an honourable hart,
His valure, wiſdome, and his Souldiours Art.

VVith peacefull newes the Maiſter backe returns,
And rings it in the liuing remnants eares,
They all reioyce, but *Grinuile* deadly mourns,
He frets, he ſighs, he ſorrowes and deſpaires,
Hee cryes, this truce, their fame and bliſſe adiourns,
Hee rents his locks, and all his garments teares,
He vowes his hands ſhall rent the ſhip in twaine,
Rather then he will *Spaniſh* yoke ſuſtaine.

The few reſeru'd, that life eſteem'd too well,
Knowing his words were warrants for his deede,
Vnkindly left him in that monſtrous hell,
And fled vnto *Alfonſo* with greate ſpeede.
To him their Chieftaines mightines they tell,
And how much valure on his foule doth feede,
That if preuention, not his actions dim,
Twill be too late to ſaue the ſhyp or him.

Baſſan made proude, vnconquering t'ouer-come,
Swore the braue Knight nor ſhip he would not loſe,
Should all the world in a petition come:
And therefore of his gallants, fortie choſe
To board Sir *Richard*, charging them be dombe
From threatning words, from anger, and from bloes,
But with all kindnes, honor, and admire
To bring him thence, to further *Fames* deſire.

Sooner they boarded not the crazed Barke,
But they beheld where ſpeechleſſe *Grinuile* lay,
All ſmeard in blood, and clouded in the darke
Contagious curtaine of Deaths tragick day;
They wept for pittie, and yet ſilent marke
VVhether his lungs ſent liuing breath away,
VVhich when they ſawe in ayrie blaſts to flie,
They ſtriu'd who firſt ſhould ſtanch his miſery.

Anon came life, and lift his eye-lids vp,
Whilſt they with teares denounce their Generals wil,
VVhoſe honord minde fought to retort the cup
Of Deaths ſad poyſon, well inſtruckt to kill:
Tells him what fame and grace his eyes might ſup
From *Baſſans* kindnes, and his Surgions skill,
Both how he lou'd him, and admir'd his fame,
To which he fought to lend a liuing flame.

Aye mee (quoth *Grinuile*) ſimple men, I know
My bodie to your Generall is a pray,
Take it, and as you pleaſe my lyms beſtow,
For I reſpect it not, tis earth and clay:
But for my minde that mightier much doth grow,
To heauen it ſhall, deſpight of *Spaniſh* ſway.
This ſaid, ore-come with anguiſh and with paine,
He ſwounded, and did neuer ſpeake againe.

They tooke him vp, and to theyr Generall brought
His mangled carkaſſe, but vnmaimed minde,
Three dayes hee breath'd, yet neuer ſpake he ought,
Albe his foes were humble, ſad, and kinde;
The fourth, came downe the Lambe that all ſoules bought,
And his pure part, from worſer parts refind,
Bearing his ſpirite vp to the loftie skyes,
Leauing his body, wonder to wonders eyes.

VVhen *Baſſan* ſaw the Angell-ſpirite fled,
VVhich lent a mortall frame immortall thought,
With pittie, griefe, and admiration led,
He mournfully complaind what Fat's had wrought,
VVoe me (he cryes) but now aliue, now dead,
But now inuincible, now captiue brought:
In this, vniuſt are Fat's, and Death declared,
That mighty ones, no more then mean are ſpared.

You powers of heauen, rayne honour on his hearſe,
And tune the Cherubins to ſing his fame,
Let Infants in the laſt age him rehearſe,
And let no more, honour be Honor's name:
Let him that will obtaine immortall vearſe,
Conquer the ſtile of *Grinuile* to the ſame.
For till that fire ſhall all the world conſume,
Shall neuer name, with *Grinuils* name preſume.

Reſt then deere ſoule, in thine all-reſting peace,
And take my teares for tropheys to thy tombe,
Let thy loſt blood, thy vnloſt fame increaſe,
Make kingly eares thy praiſes ſecond wombe:
That when all tongues to all reports ſurceaſe,
Yet ſhall thy deeds, out-liue the day of doome.
For euen Angels, in the heauens ſhall ſing,
Grinuile vnconquerd died, ſtill conquering.

O vtinam.

FINIS.

WHat became of the *Reuenge* after Sir *Richards* death, diuers report diuerſly, but the moſt probable and ſufficient proofe ſayth, that within fewe dayes after the Knights death, there aroſe a great ſtorme from the VVeſt and N orth-weſt. that all the Fleet was diſperced, aſwell the *Ind ian* Fleet, which were then come vnto them, as all the reſt of the *Armada*, which attended their ariuall; of vvhi ch fourteene ſayle, together with the *Reuenge*, and in her two hundred *Spanyards*, were caſt away vppon the Ile of *S. Michaels*; ſo it pleaſed them to honour the buri all of that renowned Ship the *Reuenge*, not ſuffering her to perriſh alone, for the great honour ſhee at chiued in her life time.

The last Fight of the REVENGE *at sea.*

[THE FIGHT AND CYCLONE AT THE AZORES.]

BY

Jan Huygen van Linschoten.

Linschoten, a native of Enckhuysen, a town in the north of Holland standing on the shore of Zuyder Zee, being 'much addicted to see and trauaile into strange Countries:' left the Texel on 6 DECEMBER 1576 in a ship (one of a fleet of 80) for San LUCAR DE BARAMEDA, where he arrived on 25 DECEMBER; and at SEVILLE on 1 JANUARY 1577, where he found one of his brothers: the other had followed the court to Madrid.

Henry II., the King of Portugal, dying, left by will the crown of Portugal to his nephew, Philip II. of Spain. One of Linschoten's brothers journeying towards Portugal dies at Salamanca. Having learnt Spanish, Jan went, in the service of a Dutch gentleman, into Portugal, and meeting his other brother at Badajos, they came to LISBON on 26 SEPTEMBER 1580. There, quitting his then service, he placed himself with a merchant, with whom he stayed for some two years.

At length he obtained a place in the suite of 40 persons of the friar Don Vincente de Fonseca, who had just accepted the Archbishopric of all the Indies from the king, for a term of four or five years. Linschoten's brother was also Pilot of the *San Salvador*, in which ship the Archbishop and his suite sailed. The fleet left Lisbon on Good Friday, 8 APRIL 1583, and separating off Madera on 15 APRIL, Linschoten's ship sighted the Indian coast on 20 SEPTEMBER following: the Archbishop making a triumphal entry into GOA on the 30th of that month. In this city, Linschoten principally resided during his stay in the East.

The Archbishop and the Viceroy having quarrelled, the former left India in JANUARY 1587 to make his complaints to the King, having dismissed all his servants, his Steward excepted, and Linschoten whom he made general Clerk, throughout all India, of the *La santa Crusada*, a fund to collect money to redeem European captives in Barbary.

On 16 SEPTEMBER 1588 Linschoten learnt that the Archbishop had died on 4 AUGUST 1587, between the Azores and Portugal. Determining to return home: he obtained the situation of Factor of the Pepper on board the *Santa Cruz*, which left for Goa on 23 NOVEMBER 1588, and sighted Flores on the 22 JULY 1589; whence they were chased by 3 English ships to Terceira, where they were astounded to hear the following news:—

"That the men of the Island were all in armes, as hauing receiued aduise from *Portingall*, that Sir *Francis Drake* was in a readnes, and would come vnto those Islands. They likewise brought vs newes of the ouerthrow of the Spanish fleet before England, and that the English men had been before the gates of *Lisbone*: whereupon the King gaue vs commandement that we should put into the Island of *Tercera*, and there lie vnder the safetie of the Castle vntill we receiued further aduise what wee should doe or whether we should saile: for that they thought it too dangerous for vs to goe to *Lisbone*. Those newes put our fleet in great feare, and made vs looke vpon each other not knowing what to say." *p.* 179. *Ed.* 1598.

Linschoten, continuing his diary while on shore at Terceira, gives us the account here reprinted of the Fight off Flores, 70 miles distant: –

At length, in DECEMBER 1591, he was able to leave the Western Isles in a Flushinger, and safely arrived at Lisbon on 2 JANUARY 1592. On 22 JULY following, he left Sentuval in a fleet of Dutch ships, and finally reached his home at Enckhuysen on 3 SEPTEMBER 1592: 'where I founde my mother, brother and sister all living, and in good health, it being 12 years, 9½ months after my departure from thence.'

[The Fight and Cyclone at the Azores.]

He 25. of Auguſt [1591], ye kings *Armada* comming out of *Farol* ariued in *Tercera*, being in all 30. ſhips: Biſkaies, Portingals and Spaniards, and 10. Dutch flieboats, yat were areſted in *Lisbone* to ſerue ye king, beſides other ſmal ſhips Pataxos, yat came to ſerue as meſſengers from place to place, and to diſcouer the ſeas. This nauie came to ſtay for, and conuoy the ſhips that ſhold come from the Spaniſh *Indies*, and the flie-boates were apointed in their returne home, to take in the goods yat were ſaued in ye loſt ſhip yat came from *Malacca*, and to conuoy it to *Lisbon*.

The 13. of September the ſaide Armado ariued at the Iſland of *Coruo*, where the Engliſhmen with about ſixteene ſhippes as then lay, ſtaying for the Spaniſh Fleete: whereof ſome or the moſt parte were come, and there the Engliſh were in good hope to haue taken them. But when they perceyued the kings Army to be ſtrong, the Admirall being the Lorde *Thomas Howard*, commaunded his Fleete not to fall vpon them, nor any of them once to ſeperate their ſhippes from him, vnleſſe he gaue commiſſion ſo to doe: notwithſtanding the Vice Admirall Sir *Rychard Greenfield*, being in the ſhip called the Reuenge went into the Spaniſh fleete, and ſhot among them, doing them great hurte, and thinking the reſt of the company would haue followed: which they did not, but left him there, and ſayled away: the cauſe why could not be knowne: which the Spaniardes perceiuing, with ſeuen or eight ſhippes they borded her, but ſhe withſtood them all,

fighting with them at the leaſt 12. houres together, and ſunke two of them, one being a newe double Flie boat of 1200. tunnes, and Admirall of the Flie boates, the other a Biſcaine: But in the ende by reaſon of the number that came vppon her ſhe was taken, but to their great loſſe: for they had loſt in fighting, and by drowning aboue 400. men, and of the Engliſh were ſlaine about a hundred, Sir *Rychard Greenfield* himſelfe being wounded in his braine, whereof afterwardes hee dyed.

He was borne into the ſhip called the Saint *Paule*, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet *Don Alonſo de Barſan*: there his woundes were dreſt by the Spaniſh Surgeons, but *Don Alonſo* himſelfe would neither ſee him, nor ſpeake with him: all the reſt of the Captaines and Gentlemen went to viſite hym, and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondring at his courage, and ſtout hart, for that he ſhewed not any ſigne of faintnes nor changing of colour. But feeling the hower of death to approch, hee ſpake theſe wordes in Spaniſh, and ſaid: Here die I *Richard Greenfield*, with a ioyfull and quiet mind, for that I haue ended my life as a true ſoldier ought to do, yat hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion, and honor, whereby my ſoule moſt ioyfull departeth out of this bodie, and ſhall alwaies leaue behinde it an euerlaſting fame of a valiant and true ſoldier, that hath done his dutie, as he was bound to doe. When he had finiſhed theſe or ſuch other like words, hee gaue vp the Ghoſt, with great and ſtout courage, and no man could perceiue any true ſigne of heauineſſe in him.

This Sir *Richard Greenfield* was a great and a rich Gentleman in *England*, and had great yearely reuenewes of his owne inheritance: but he was a man very vnquiet in his minde, and greatly affected to warre: in ſo much as of his owne priuate motion hee offered his ſeruice to the Queene, he had performed many valiant actes, and was greatlie feared in theſe Iſlands, and knowne of euery man, but of nature very ſeuere,

ſo that his owne people hated him for his fiercenes, and ſpake verie hardly of him: for when they firſt entred into the Fleete or Armado, they had their great ſayle in a readineſſe, and might poſſiblie enough haue ſayled away: for it was one of the beſt ſhips for ſayle in England, and the Maſter perceiuing that the other ſhippes had left them, and followed not after, commanded the great ſayle to be cut, that they might make away: but Sir *Richard Greenefield* threatned both him, and all the reſt that were in the ſhip, that if any man laid hand vppon it, he would cauſe him to be hanged, and ſo by that occaſion they were compelled to fight, and in the end were taken.

He was of ſo hard a complection, that as he continued among the Spaniſh Captaines while they were at dinner or ſupper with him, he would carouſe three or foure glaſſes of wine, and in a brauerie take the glaſſes betweene his teeth and craſh them in peeces and ſwallow them downe, ſo that often times the blood ran out of his mouth without any harme at all vnto him, and this was told me by diuers credible perſons that many times ſtoode and behelde him.

The Engliſh men that were left in the ſhip, as the captaine of the ſouldiers, the Maſter and others, were diſperſed into diuers of the Spaniſh ſhips that had taken them, where there had almoſt a new fight arriſen betweene the Biſcaines and the Portingales: *While* each of them would haue the honour to haul vp firſt boarded her, ſo that there grew a great noiſe and quarrell among them, one taking the chiefe ancient, and the other the flagge, and the Captaine and euerie one held his owne.

The ſhips that had borded her were altogether out of order, and broken, and many of their men hurt whereby they were compelled to come into Iſland of *Tercera*, there to repaire themſelues: where being ariued, I and my chamber fellow, to heare some newes went abord one[e] one of the ſhips being a grea

Biſcaine, and one of the twelue Apoſtles, whoſe Captaine was called *Bertandono*, that had bin Generall of the *Biſcaynes* in the fleete that went for England [*i.e.* in 1588]. Hee ſeeing vs called vs vp into the gallerie, where with great curteſie hee receiued vs, beeing as then ſet at dinner with the Engliſh Captain that ſate by him, and had on a ſute of blacke veluet, but he could not tell vs any thing, for that he could ſpeake no other language, but Engliſh and Latine, which *Bertandano* alſo could a little ſpeake.

The Engliſh Captaine got licence of the gouernour that hee might come on land with his weapon by his ſide, and was in our lodging with the Engliſhman that was kept priſoner in the Iland, being of that ſhip wherof the ſaylers got away, as I ſaid before. The Gouernour of *Tercera* bad him to dinner, and ſhewed him great curteſie. The Maſter likewiſe with licence of *Bartandano* came on land, and was in our lodging, and had at the leaſt ten or twelue woundes, as well in his head, as on his body, whereof after that being at ſea, betweene *Lisbone* and the Ilands he died. The Captaine wrote a letter, wherein he declared all the manner of the fight, and left it with the Engliſh Marchant that lay in our lodging, to ſend it to the Lord Admiral of England. This Engliſh Captaine comming vnto *Lisbone*, was there well receiued, and not any hurt done vnto him, but with good conuoy ſent to *Sentuual*, and from thence ſayled vnto England, with all the reſt of the Engliſhmen that were taken priſoners.

The Spaniſh armie [*i.e.* Armado] ſtaied at the Iland of *Coruo* till the laſt of September, to aſſemble the reſt of the fleet together; which in the end were to the number of 140. ſaile of ſhips, partly comming from *India*, and partly of the Army [*i.e.* Armado], and being altogether ready vnto ſaile in *Tercera* in good company, there ſodainely roſe ſo hard and cruell a ſtorme, that thoſe of the Iſland did affirme, that in mans memorie there was neuer any ſuch ſeen or heard

of before: for it ſeemed the ſea would haue ſwallowed vp the Iſlands, the water mounting higher than the Cliffes, which are ſo high that it amaſeth a man to beholde them: but the ſea reached aboue them, and liuing fiſhes were throwne vppon the land. This ſtorme continued not only a day or two with one wind but ſeauen or eight dayes continually, the wind turning round about, in all places of the compaſſe, at the leaſt twice or thrice during that time, and all alike, with a continuall ſtorme and tempeſt moſt terrible to behold, euen to vs that were on ſhore, much more then to ſuch as were at ſea: ſo that only on the coaſtes and Cliffes of the Iland of *Tercera*, there were aboue twelue ſhips caſt away, and not only vppon the one ſide, but round about it in euery corner, wherby nothing els was heard but complayning, crying, lamenting, and telling here is a ſhippe broken in peeces againſt the Cliffes, and there another, and all the men drowned: ſo that for the ſpace of 20. dayes after the ſtorme, they did nothing els but fiſh for dead men, that continually came driuing on the ſhore.

Among the reſt was the Engliſh ſhip called the *Reuenge*, that was caſt away vpon a Cliffe nere to the Iland of *Tercera*, where it brake in a hundred peeces and ſunke to the ground, hauing in her 70. men gallegos, Biſcaines, and others, with ſome of the captiue Engliſhmen, whereof but one was ſaued that got vp vpon the Cliffes aliue, and had his body and head all wounded, and hee being on ſhore brought vs the newes, deſiring to be ſhriuen, and thervpon preſently died. The *Reuenge* had in her diuers faire braſſe peeces, that were all ſunke in the ſea, which they of the Iſland were in good hope to waigh vp againe.

. . . . . .

On the other Iſlandes the loſſe was no leſſe then in *Tercera*: for on the Iſland of *Saint George* there were two ſhips caſt away: on the Iſland of *Pico* two ſhippes: on the Iſland *Gratioſa* three ſhips, and beſides thoſe

there came euerie where round about diuers peeces of broken ſhips, and other things fleeting towards the Iſlands, wherewith the ſea was all couered moſt pittifull to behold. On the Iſland of *S. Michaell*, there were foure ſhips caſt away, and betweene *Tercera* and *S. Michaels*, three more were ſunke, which were ſeene and heard to crie out, wherof not one man was ſaued. The reſt put into ſea without Maſts, all torne and rent: ſo that of the whole Fleete and Armado, being 140. ſhips in al, there were but 32. or 33. ariued in *Spaine* and *Portingall*, yea and thoſe few with ſo great miſerie, paine and labor, that not two of them ariued there together, but this day one, and tomorrow another, next day the third, and ſo one after the other to ye number aforeſaid. All the reſt were caſt away vpon the Iſlands, and ouerwhelmed in the ſea: whereby may bee conſidered what great loſſe and hinderance they receaued at that time: for by many mens iudgementes it was eſteemed to be much more then was left by their armie [*i.e.* Armado] that came for England, and it may well bee thought, and preſumed, that it was no other than a iuſt plague purpoſely ſent by God vpon the *Spaniards*, and that it might truely bee ſaid, the taking of the *Reuenge* was iuſtlie reuenged vppon them, and not by the might or force of man, but by the power of God, as ſome of them openly ſaid in the Iſle of *Tercera*, that they beleeued verily God would conſume them, and that hee tooke part with Lutheranes and Heretickes: ſaying further yat ſo ſoone as they had throwne the dead bodie of the Viceadmirall Sir *Richard Greenfield* ouer borde, they verily thought that as he had a deuiliſh faith and religion, and therefore ye deuils loued him, ſo hee preſently ſunke into the bottome of the ſea, and downe into Hell, where he rayſed vp all the deuilles to the reuenge of his death: and that they brought ſo great ſtormes and tormentes vpon the Spaniardes, becauſe they onely maintained the Catholike and Romiſh religion: ſuch

and the like blaſphemies againſt God, they ceaſed not openly to vtter, without that any man reproued them therein, nor for their falſe opinions, but the moſt part of them rather ſaid and affirmed, that of truth it muſt needes be ſo.

As one of thoſe Indian Fleetes put out of *Noua Spaigna*, there were 35. of them by ſtorme and tempeſt caſt away and drowned in the ſea, being 50. in all, ſo that but 15. eſcaped. Of the fleete that came from *Santo Domingo*, there were 14. caſt away, comming out of the channell of *Hauana*, whereof the Admirall and Viceadmirall were two of thẽm: and from *Terra Firma* in *India*, there came two ſhippes laden with gold and ſiluer, that were taken by the Engliſhmen. and before the Spaniſh Armie [Armado] came to *Coruo*, the Engliſhmen at times had taken at the leaſt 20. ſhippes, that came from S. *Domingo*, *India*, *Braſilia*, &c. and al ſent into *England*. Whereby it plainly appeareth, that in ye end God wil aſſuredly plague the Spaniards, hauing already blinded them, ſo that they haue not the ſence to perceiue it, but ſtill to remain in their obſtinate opinions: but it is loſt labour to ſtriue againſt God, and to truſt in man, as being foundations erected vppon the ſands, which with the wind are blowen down, and ouerthrowen, as weedayly ſee before our eyes, and now not long ſince in many places haue euidently obſerued: and therefore let euery man but looke into his owne actions, and take our Low countries for an example, wherein we can but blame our owne ſinnes and wickedneſſe, which doth ſo blind vs, that wee wholly forget and reiect the benefites of God, continuing the ſeruauntes and yoke-aſſlues of Sathan. God of his mercie open our eyes and hearts, that wee may know our onely health and ſauiour Ieſus Chriſt, who onelye can helpe, gouerne, and preſerue vs, and give us a happie ende in all our affaires. *fol.* 192-4.

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BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogs, Epytaphes, & Sonettes.

1563.

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CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER.

Associate, King's College, London, A.K.C., F.R.G.S., &c.

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NOTES of the LIFE and WRITINGS

of

BARNABE GOOGE.

His furname is alſo variouſly ſpelt *Goche*, *Goghe*, *Gouche*, &c.

There was printed at Venice an undated Latin satirical poem in twelve books named after the signs of the Zodiac. *Zodiacus*
[? **1535—1539**] *Vitæ pulcherrimmo opus atque utilissimum, Marcelli Palingenii stellati Poetæ ad illustrissimum Ferrariæ Ducem Hercules secundem feliciter incipit.* The dedication to Hercules II. d'Este, who was Duke of Ferrara between 1 Nov. 1534 3 Oct. 1559, fixes the date of the impression, to which Thomas Scauranus prefaced a few verses. Marcellus Palingenius is believed to be an anagram for Pietro Angelo Manzolli, an Italian, respecting whose life very little is known. We have printed Googe's own account of him at p. 13. Despite its being put on the Index by the Council of Trent; more than twenty editions of this celebrated Invective have been published in Latin and other languages: including two Latin editions at Basle in 1552 and 1557, which Googe may have used in his translation and another at London in 1579.

1553. FEB. 20. Thomas Kirchmeyer or Naogeorgus [*b.* 1511—*d.* 29 Dec. 1563] was the author of another anti-Papist invective in verse, entitled *Regni Papistici*, the preface of which is dated 20 Feb., JUNE. and the imprint June 1553.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth ſucceeds to the throne.

1559. SEPT. A second edition of *Regni Papistici* is published at Basle.

NOV. 24. The date of Gasper Heywood's poetical preface to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, the printing of which was finished on 25 March 1560. In this preface, he supposes himself to meet Seneca, while in a dream, whom he thus addresses. [The allusions are important as showing the rage for translating then prevailing: and also as virtually announcing Googe's translation, no portion of which had as yet appeared.]

A labour long (quoth I) it is that riper age doothe craue
And who shall trauaile in thy bookes, more iudgement ought to haue
Then I: whose greener yeares therby no thanks may hope to wynne.
Thou seest dame Nature yet hath sette no heares vppon my chynne
Craue this therefore of grauer age, and men of greater skill
Full many be that better can, and some perhapps that will.
But yf thy will be rather bent a yong mans witt to proue,
And thinkst that elder lerned men perhaps it shall behoue,
In woorks of waight to spende theyr tyme, goe where Mineruaes men,
And finest witts doe swarme: whome she hath taught to passe with pen.
In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne, Grayes Inne and other mo,
I hou shalt them fynde whose paynfull pen thy verse shall flourishe so,
That Melpomen thou wouldst well weene had taught them for to wright,
And all their woorks with stately style, and goodly grace t'endite,
There shalt thou see the selfe same Northe, whose woorke his witte displayes.
And Dyall dothe of Princes paynte, and preache abroad his prayse.
There Sackuyldes Sonetts sweetely sauste, and feutly fyned bee,
There Norton's ditties do delight, there Yeluertons doo flee
Well pewrde with pen: suche yong men three, as weene thou mightest agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was, of mightie Ioue his brayne.
Then heare thou shalt a great reporte of Baldwyns worthie name
Whose Myrrour doth of Magistrates, proclayme eternall fame.
And there the gentle Blunduille is by name and eke by kynde,

Of whome we learne by Plutarches lore, what frute by Foes to fynde,
There Bauande bydes, that turnde his toyle a Common welthe to frame,
And greater grace in Englyshe geues, to woorthy authors name,
There Googe a gratefull gaynes hath gotte, reporte that runneth ryfe
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe, and Zodiake of lyfe.
And yet great nombre more, whose names yf I shoulde now resight,
A ten tymes greater woorke then thine, I should be forste to wright.

BARNABY GOOGE, son of Robert Googe, esq. recorder of Lincoln, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir John Mantell, was born in or about 1540, at Alvingham, Lincolnshire. He was some time a member of Christ's College in this university, but does not appear to have graduated here. He was also of New College, Oxford. Upon leaving college, he travelled through France to Spain. . . . By his wife he had issue Matthew; Thomas; Robert, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Barnaby, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge; Francis; William; Anne; Mary. *Cooper. Athen. Cantab.* ii. 39. *Ed.* 1858.

1559. The first of the translations of Seneca; *Troas*, by T. Heywood, published.

1560. APR. or MAY. There is the following entry in the Stationer's Registers "Recevyd of Raufe newbery, for his lycense for printing of a boke called pallengenius, and he geveth to the howse . . iiij^{d}" J. P. Collier. *Extracts. &c.* i. 26. *Ed.* 1848.

This was *The First thre Bokes of the most Christian poet Marcellus Paingenius called* THE ZODIAKE OF LIFE *Newly translated out of Latin into Englysh.* This edition, which we have been unable to see, Mr. Collier states, in *Bibliographical Catalogue*, "This is one of the rarest poetical works in our language: we never had an opportunity of seeing more than the exemplar before us, and our belief is that only one other copy is in existence." *ii.* 88. *Ed.* 1865. Mr. Collier also states that it is dedicated to his grandmother lady Hales, and also to William Cromer, Thomas Honywood and Ralph Heimund Esquires. Herbert states that he styles this piece, 'the first frutes of his study.' *p.* 767. It likewise contains the following initial poems [which we here print from the next edition of 1561]:

The Prefate.

When as syr Phebe with backward course, the horned gote had caught,
And had the place from whence he turnes his lofty face out sought:
Amid the entraunce of the grades of Capricorne he stode,
And distant far from him away was Marce with fiery mode,
He lacked th\e/aspect of mighty Ioue and Venus pleasaunt loke
with beames he could not broile from hie for heat his Globe forsoke.
Old Saturne then aloft did lie, with lusty riueled face:
And with a backward course he ranne from out the twinnes apace,
And towardes the Bull he gan to driue intending there to rest,
His croked crabbed cankerd limmes in louely Venus nest.
With frosen face about he loked and vile deformed hewe,
And downe the boysterous Boreas sent in euery coste that blewe,
Who spoylde the pleasant trees of leafe, byreft the ground of grene,
That lyfe in springing springs or plants might no where now be sene:
The liuely sappe forsoke the bowgh and depe the rote it held
And spoyling frutes the flakey snowes on tender bowes they dweld.
When down amongest my bokes I sate and close I crouched for cold,
Fayre Ladyes nyne with stately steps alofe I might behold,
In mantels gyrt of comely grace, and bokes in hand they bare,
With Laurell leafe theyr heades were crowned, a sight to me but rare.
I saw them come and vp I rose, as dewty moued to meete
These learned Nimphes, and down I fall before theyr comely feete.
With rosey lippes and shining face and Melpomen her name,
This lady fyrst began to speake, and thus her wordes to frame.
Stand vp yong man, quoth she, dispatch, and take thy pen in hand,
Wryte thou the ciuil warres and broyle in auncient Latines land.

Reduce to English sence she said, the lofty Lucanes verse
The cruel chaunce and dolfull end of Cesars state rehearse.
Maddam (quoth Vrany) with that, in this you do me wrong
To mone my man to serue your turne that hath profesd of long,
And vowed his yeares with me to serue in secreat motions hie,
To beat his brain in searching forth the rowlinges of the sky.
Nay rather take in hand quod she, (and on me ful she lokes)
With English rime to bring to light Aratus worthy bokes.
Describe the whirling spheares aboue and mouinges euery one,
How forced about from East to West from West to East they gone:
Aratus verse wil shew the plain how Circles al they run
How glides ye course thorow croked line of Phebe the shining sun.
Wheras the fixed Poles do stay, and where the snake doth crepe,
In heauens hie among the North where beares theyr course do kepe
By this (quoth she) thou shalt receiue immortal fame at last,
Much more then if thou shouldst declare those bloudy bankets past.
These wordes declard wyth pleasaunt voyce, this Lady held her peace,
And forth before them all I saw the louliest Lady prease:
Of stature tal, and Venus face, she semde me thought to haue
And Calliope she called was with verse that wrytes so graue,
Sisters quod she and Ladies all of loue his mighty line,
To whom no art doth lie vnknowne that heare we may define:
Chefe patrons of the Poets pore, and aiders of their verse,
Without whose help their simple heds would nothyng well rehearse,
I am become a suter here to you my Ladies all,
For him that heare before you standes as vnto learning thrall,
A Poet late I had whose pen, did tread the crabbed wayes,
Of vertuous life, declaring how that men shoulde spend theyr daies.
In Romish lande he liued longe, and Palingen his name
It was. Whereby he got himselfe an euerlasting fame
Of them that learned be. But of the meane and ruder sorte
He liues vnknowne and lackes therby his iuste and right reporte.
Wherfore my sute is to you all graunte me this wyght a while,
That standeth heare that he may turne my Poetes stately style,
To Vulgar speche in native tounge: that all may vnderstande.
To this they all agreed and sayed, take thou that worcke in hande.
Amased then I answered thus good ladies al (quoth I)
Whose Clientes same, for euer flies and name can neuer dye
Returne your sentence late pronounced call back your wordes agayne,
And let not me take that in hande that I can not attayne.
In Englande here a hundred heddes more able nowe therebe,
Thys same to doe: then chose the beste and let the worste go free.
Best you doe so then that my verse receaue immortall shame,
When I shall paye the price of paynes with hasarde of my name.
With this they all began to frowne and wholy with on[e] voice.
Take thou this same in hande thei crie, thou hast none other choyse.
And fast away from me thei fling, as halfe in angry moode
Thei lefte me thus in wofull case: whereas a while I stoode,
And mused what I best might do, at last my pen I tooke
Commaunded thus to English heare, this famous Poets booke.
Now since that I haue thus begunne, you (learned) I requyre:
With your dispraise or great dysdaine quenche not this kyndled fyre:
But geue me rather cause to ende, this worke so late begonne,
So shall I thinke and well bestowde my paynes when all is done.

¶ The booke to the reader.

WHo sekes to shun ye shattring sails of mighty Momus mast,
Must not attempt ye sugred seas, where muses ancour cast.
For Momus there doth ryde at flote, with scornefull tonges yfraght:
With cancred cracks of wrathfull words he keeps the passage strayght.
That none without disdaine may passe where muses nauie lies,
But straight on them with ireful mode the scornful God he flies.

Since none may scape, I am not he, that can my self assure:
Through surging seas of dope disdaine my passage to procure.
But am content for to receiue reproche at Momus hand:
Syth none there is, that may the nose of Rhynocere withstand.
The learned wyttes I heare requyre with rigour not to iudge
The common sort I noughte esteme vnskilful though they grudge.
Nor few of them can hold theyr peace but finde them selues a doe,
In vewing workes as he that sought, to mende Appelles shoe.
Both sortes I wish if that they would contented to remaine,
And beare the weaknes of my wit and not therat disdaine.

1561. In this year there appeared the second edition of Googe's translation of the *Zodiacus Vitæ*, containing the first six books, see *p.* 90, and also the following poem, which Mr. Collier states is not in the first edition.

IF *Chaucer nowe shoulde line, whose eloquence deuine,*
Hath paste ye poets al that came of auncient Brutus lyne,
If Homere here might dwell, whose praise the Grekes resounde
If Vergile might his yeares renewe, if Ouide myght be founde:
All these myght well be sure theyr matches here to fynde.
So much dothe England florishe now with men of Muses kynde.
Synce these might find their mates, what shame shall this my ryme
Receaue, that thus I publishe here in such a perlous tyme?
A Poet ones there lyued, and Cherill *was hys name:*
Who thought of Alexanders actes to make immortal fame.
Bredde vp in Pegase *house, of Poetes aunciente bloude:*
A thousande verses yll he made, and none but seuen good.
Sythe Homer, Virgile, and the rest maye here theyr matches see:
Lett Cherill *not thereat disdayne, he shall be matched with me.*
For eche good verse he dyd receyue a peece of golde (I trowe)
For eche yll verse the kynge did bydde his eare shoulde fele a blowe.
Though I presume with him as mate coequall to remaine:
Yet seake I not herein to be copartener of his gayne.

FINIS.

The above three poems are omitted in all subsequent editions.

The Epitaph on Phaer was probably written before Googe went abroad.

* WINTER. It is apparent from the allusions on *p.* 29, that Googe went towards Spain about this time, leaving these *Eglogs, &c.* in the hands of his friend Blundeston.

1562. PENTECOST [MAY 17 &c.] Blundeston writes his poetical preface.—See *pp.* 28-30.

MAY 27. He writes his prose preface at *pp.* 26, 27, and leaves all with the printer.

1562-3? WINTER. Googe reaches home from Spain, while Blundeston is away from London. *p.* 25; on whose return, he is astonished to learn that his poems are in the printers' hands, and the paper provided for the impression. Yielding at length to his friend's persuasion he suffers them to appear: finishing *Cupido's conquered* as he states at *p.*

1563. MAR. 15. 25. The printing is therefore finished on 15 March 1563, as stated on the Title at *p.* 19, and Colophon at *p.* 128.

APR. 28. A. Neville's translation of Seneca's *Œdipus*, is finished by T. Colwell, who also printed these *Eglogs, &c.*

We now come to the story of Googe's love, troublous courtship and marriage. There are traces at *pp.* 87, 99 of an earlier and unrequited attachment to Mistress A., previous to his voyage to Spain, but it is his winning of Mary Darrell with which we have now to do. Some preliminary facts must be first touched upon.

What had occurred prior we are unable to say. Only one short poem to Maystresse D[arrell] occurs in this collection (*i.e.* before March 1563): and that is marked by the most delicate respectfulness: but the strange struggle of the two Kentish families with Cecil and Archbishop Parker came about

in this way. John Lennard, Esq. [*b.* 1509—*d.* 12. Mar. 1590. æt. 81] of Chevening, (N.E. of Tunbridge Wells), was a rich prosperous man of 54 years of age, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, and possessed of many lands and manors in four other counties besides Kent. [Hasted's *Kent.* 359-360. *Ed.* 1778.] His eldest of two sons, Sampson Lennard [*b.* 1545 *d.* 20 Sept. 1615] aged 18, was head over ears in love with Mary Darrell. Now the Darrell family, originally from Yorkshire, lived at Scotney, a manor house in Lamberhurst parish, which is the southernmost parish of that county and adjoins Sussex. They were of lesser note and wealth than the Lennards. Thomas Darrell had married twice. By his first wife, he had a daughter: by his second, Mary Roydon, daughter of —— Roydon Esq^re^ of East Peckham, he had one son, Henry: and four daughters, Mary, Googe's sweetheart; Eleanor; Frances; and Margaret. [Hasted's *Kent.* ii. 380. *Ed.* 1782]

Googe had been a long time a visitor at Scotney, certainly before the publication of this work, as the poem above referred to witnesses: but he does not seem to have betrothed himself till the summer of this year. The curious correspondence on this subject opens first with the two following letters from Sir William Cecil, the drafts of which corrected by him, are in the State Paper Office.

1563. Oct. 1. *Mem. of my Master's letters to Mr Lennard for Bar. Googe.*

Mr Lennard I haue ben certifyed by Googe who being my servant is also my kinsman that whereas there hath of late passed an agreement between him and the daughter of Mr Thomas Darrell in Kent as concerning marriage having her friends consent herein as I understand by her fathers letters written vnto him which I have read and being thoroughly at a poynt for all things between them He hath of late by your means been hindered to his great grief as also against all due order of well using whereby he hath declared vnto me that minding to do vnto him so great an iniury your opinion is that he is vtterly destitute of friends and that I make no other account of him but as of one of my men. Whereas I esteeme him as my near kinsman and so he shalbe sure to find me in any reasonable case Wherefore I pray you herrin to vse him no otherwise than one whom I well esteem. I haue seen the letters that haue passed between her father and him as also her own letters whereby the matter is made clear vnto me that she hath fully assured herself vnto him."

Knowing what we do of Sir William Cecil's soundness of judgment: the circumstances must have been very strong in favour of Googe before he could have thus written: and as also in the following letter to Mr Darrell.

"After my very hearty commendations. Where as I understand that Googe my servant hath been a sutor to your daughter moved chiefly as I take it by the virtuous report of her and the friendly entertainment that he found at your hands, as both by his information and certain your letters written to him I understand since he hath so far provided that there hath assurance passed between them evidently to be proved by his allegation and her own letters. These shall be to require you not to go about to break the bond so perfectly knit between them, whereof you have been so long a favorer. Considering that you knew as well his estate for living at the first as at any time since and allthough his living be not great ye shall not need to fear that he lacketh friends and wellwishers. Being both my kinsman and my servant. Thus I require you to show him such friendship as you have done before as you would require any frendship at my hands. I haue thought to haue written to my Lord of Canterbury to have made an end of the matter but I trust my letters to you in this case shall be sufficient."

Mr Lennard's own reply to the Secretary of State's request, is now *Lansdowne MS.* 7. *ϕ.* 79-83.

1563. Nov. 10. My duety done vnto your honor. Your lettre directed to me touching master Googe was delyvered a moneth after the date thereof to a boye of my howse by a ploughe boy. The cause not yours but master Googes. I hasted the lesse to sende the answer for lacke of his messenger: The matter not worth my sending saving to

satisfie you The effect of your lettre is that master Googe hath enformed you that he is hindred by my meanes concerning his marriage with master Darrell his daughter and that my opinion is that he is destitute of frendes and that you accompte not of him: but as of one of your men. Ye write further that the matter is made plaine to you by the maides lettres and her fathers which you haue sene and redde that she hath assured her selfe to master Googe: and in asmuche as it hath pleased you so to put the one side, it occasioneth me to offer to you th[e]other to that ende which els I woulde not for the tedyousnes thereof, which may not be shortened.

I praie you doubte not that I haue good will to pleasure any man of yours muche more your honest kyndesman. There is cause why I shoulde, you being my good Master. But for this marrage I myght and must haue done with honesty as I did, with reuerence I speake it, though it had touched your sonne or the best subiecte in this Realme.

I knowe not master Googe who as he hath sclaundered me to you for your accompting of him being hidden to me, so vntruely and scornefully he as one that seemeth to haue a whotte hedde and a sicke braine wrote to me this somer past that by the extreme highte of my promysed mountaines master Darrell had altered his mynde from him and for riches sake ment to matche his daughter with my sonne and that frendes of the best which shoulde be able to beare strooke with the best of his aduersaries shoulde do and write in the cause. He hath also mysused me in an other lettre the copy is here inclosed. They that knowe him and my sonne thyncke aswell or better of my sonne as of him to all respectes. And there were not cause why I would wyshe my son buryed. Mountaynes be lyke I promysed none, for master Darrell will confesse that he and his wyfe before master Googes sute, were earnest suters to me and that their daughter was as forwarde in desire as woman hedde would geue leue to matche my sonne: and that I never commended but still disabled my sonne to them all thre and they all thre as fast habiled and commended my sonne.

Master Darrell telleth me that vppon your lettre sent to him for master Googe he wrote to you that his promyse his wifes and daughters were past them to me for my sonne before master Googes sute and that the talke which he had with master Googe thereof happened by his mystaking of a lettre of myne. He wrote truely to you therein which clereth me.

I had divers talkes with the maide for my sonne in his absence and yet no mo then she was glad of and then delyvered me by her parents. And hereto I call god to witnesse that not withstandyng my obieccions (as of purpose to trye her I moued many to longe to be recyted here) that myght haue stayed her from matching with my sonne; so farre was she from a nay that she neuer offred any delay to be my sonnes wif but was most desirous of it in worde and gesture: so that at our last talke, hearynge her mylde and loving answers will full consent to haue my sonne who I know loved her entierly and therefore I hauing good lyking in me that he shoulde be her husband, nature wrought in me for her to lay my ryght hande on her brest and to speake thus in effecte *then I see that with gods helpe the frute that shall come of this body shall possesse all that I haue, and therevpon I will kyss you.* And so in dede I kyssed her. I gaue her after this, silke for a gowne (she neuer wore none so good), and she in token of her good will gave my sonne a handkercher and in affirmance of this her father wrote a letter to me by her consent he saith and that he redde the lettre to her, the copy is here inclosed that declareth her full consent to be my sonnes wife.

Master Darrell dwelleth from me nere xx myles a way that I never vsed but for this purpose and then in somer and at my comyng thither at Bartholomewetide last I tolde the parents and maide that I hearde say she shoulde haue a husband whereat I merveiled considering the talke that had past betweene vs. They all thre answered me and others for me very often that it was not so and that master Googe was but a suter To prove that to be true the parents sent me afterward a copy herinclosed of the maides lettre sent to master Googe of late wherein she termeth him to be but a suter and prayeth him to leue his sute and the parents still say that he hath

no holde of her except that by secrete intysement ageinst their wills he hath caught some worde of her, a thynge odyous to god and not to be favoured by man.

Now if the talke that she had with me had beene to my sonne it had ben a full contracte but my sonne being absent it is not soo. Yet is it suche matter as therevpon he myght the rather be a suter as master Googe is for it is no rare thynge for one woman to haue dyuers suters at ones.

Thus haue I made you a true discourse of all my doings, which I trust you in whose iudgement I durst put all my lande, lyving, and lyfe can not iudge to be ageine any due order of well vsing thoughe by master Googes false informaccion ye write in your lettre to me to be ageinst all due order of well vsing.

I shoulde be no geyner by this my sonnes matching but should haue forgone a M marks with matching in as good a stocke in the countrey where I dwell, and sithens suche encumbrance is wrought as I perceyue there ys on the maides part who as I here wavereth in this case I and my sonne may with honestie geue vp our sute therein for I were to madde to matche my eldest sonne where any entangling is and no stedfastnes at all I pray you thyncke not that I woulde so do as surely I wold not for any treasure in this worlde And so I knytte vpp that thoughe she woulde my sonne surely he will not haue her and I say that he shall not haue her.

Master Googe by fyrst talke with me vppon good cause showed might haue staied my sonnes sute soner then by sawsy lettres some sent by ruffians Yf I sought to marry a beggers daughter I wolde therein offer her father no despite. Master Darrell sayeth that master Googe vseth him so evell seking aide at his ennemyes hande in the countrey about him and hath faced him that he wolde tell the Quene of him and that a seriaunt at armes shoulde fetche his daughter from him and that you shoulde fetche her within a month with a number of other straunge dealings which haue troubled the gentleman muche.

And so I leave to trouble you Wishinge you increase of honor At Chevening the xth of November 1563.

Your seruaunt assuredly to command I. lennard.

ENDORSED.—*To the right honourable and his very good Master Sir William Cecil knyght chefe Secretary to the Quenes maiestie.*

Lansdowne MSS. 7. *p.* 79-83.

The three enclosures of Mr. Lennard's letter are as follows:—

ENCLOSURE A. *The effect of one of moster darells letters sent to master Lennard, which as master Darrell yet sayethe he wrate by his daughters consent. And dyd read yt to her and so sent yt to master lennard.*

After my ryght harty commendations etc. presumynge of youre good wyll and goodnes towardes my daughter mary: althoughe that before yat I moued ye mariage, betwene youre sonne and her I knewe ryght well yat it was my daughters goodwyll and desire to haue it to come to passe: and so moued it by her consent and desire. Yet accordinge to youre godly admonition in youre letter, I haue agayne fully trauayled with her therein: and fynde her moste wyllyng and desirouse to matche with youre sonne, so yat she is truly master Sampsonnes: who shalbe sure to haue of her a louynge and obedient wife, and you and mastres Lennarde an obedient daughter. And although nature myghte moue my tonge and penne, to say and write muche in fauour of my daughter, yet as god shall iudge me in this case, if I knewe any spotte in her I would expresse it to you: she is truly gods seruaunt, and I trust yat he wyll so preserue her. &c. &c.

Your louynge friend T. Darrell.

ENDORSED. *-A copy of ye effect of one of master Darrelles letters, sent to master Lennard.*

ENCLOSURE B.—*A copy of Marye Darelles letter sent to master Goge.*

After my harty commendations gentle master Googe where you haue binne and yet do continue a Sutor to me in ye waye of maryage whereunto nether presentlye I haue nor I am well assured shall haue, ye good wyll or consent of father nor mother to whome I am both by ye lawe of god and nature bound

to geue honoure and obedyence, and in no wyse wyllyngly to greue or offend them. And do well consider yat my chefe obedience and dutye towardes them, is to be bestowed in maryage by there consentes, and to there good contentation Assurynge my selfe in meditation and thinkynge hereof. hereof yat beynge there obedient chylde and to them most bounden in disobayenge them therein, I shall not only be depriued from yat blessinge, which god hath promised to suche as truly honor there parentes, but allso shalbe assured to fynde and haue ye like disobedience of my chyldren: yf euer god shall geue me any: which by godes grace I wyll eschue. Wherefore I hartely beseche you ientle master Googe, if euer any true loue or goodwyll you haue borne towarde me, cease and leave of from all further sute or meanes to me in this matter, lettynge you to wete yat knowynge my parentes myndes to ye contrarye hereof, I wyll in no wyse match with you in any case. And thus wisshinge to you, in other place to matche accordynge to your own hartes desire, and to youre farre greter aduauncemente, I bid you farewell. From my fathers house at Scotney this thursday the. xxth of octobre. Marye Darell.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of marye Darrells but sent to master Goge, verye latelye.*

ENCLOSURE C.

Ryght worshipfull and my louynge frindes I haue receaued youre letters wherein you write yat you perfectly understand ye hole state of ye case yat hath passed betwene master lennard and youre cosinne mary before my acquayntaunce with her, even so have I binne certyfied of a pretye laffynge toye as touchynge a precontracte declarynge at full ye sharp inuencyon of master lennardes graue hedd, whereat if old Democritus were now alyue, I would thynke yat he should haue iuster cause ta laffe then at his contrymens folly. Ye seame to wyll a meatynge to be had betwene vs, whereunto I with all my hart consent, althoughe a number consyderyng my case would not doe, consyderynge the martiall furniture yat hath benne prepared ageynst me, and ye Italyon inuentyons yat haue binne menaced towardes me, which when ye counsell shal vnderstande, I trust they will not altogether commend. For all this, takyng you to be my verye fryndes, I reioyse to meate you, neither if my aduersaryes should be in commission, would I feare to see them. Of one thyng I must craue pardonne, for not beynge able to meate you on sundaye because I haue sent my manne to ye courte, who wyll retorne on munday as I trust, but whether he do or not, I wyll with godes leaue wayte vppon you at yat daye in hast from Dongeon [or Done gone, a manor house close to Canterbury, at this time the residence of his grandmother Margaret, now a widow of her *third* husband, Sir James Hales, who died in 1558], the xvith of octobre. Youre louynge frynd Barnabe Goge.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of a scornefull letter written by master Goge, to master George Darrell and master Edward Darrell.*

From all this it is clear that the Darrell parents were basely striving their very utmost to make their daughter Mary give up her true love and to match for money. Here was the girl in grief and dismay withstanding the alternate solicitations and threats of her own parents and the attempted hold on her of John Lennard. The matter did not, however, stop with his correspondence. It went before Archbishop Parker, who refers to it in the following letter to Cecil, dated 'thys Saturdaye at night beyng the xxth of Nouembre.'

1563. Nov. 19. "Yt may please your honor to vnderstand that I haue grete cause most humblye to gyue the Queens Maiesty thankes, for the fauor showed toward my request for the preferment of my chaplen and so like wise I hartely thanke your instancye therein as by your letters I vnderstand. Wherein ye wryght for your cosyn and seruaunt Barnaby Goge to haue his matter heard according to Lawe and equytie) which matter as yesterdaye I haue examined a[d]visedly, having not only the yong Gentlewoman before me to vnderstond of her self the state of the cause, who remayneth fyrme and stable to

stond to that contract which she hath made, as also her father and mother: whom I find, the most ernest parents against the bargain as I could see.

In fyne I haue sequestered her out of both their handes into the custodye of one Mr. *Tufton* a right honest gentleman. vntyl, the precontract, which is by hir parents alleged for one Leonards son, a protonotary be induced But this maye giue occasion to bryng it in to the Arches to spend moneye how be yt I meane to dull that expectation and to go *plane et summarie* to worke, to spare expences, which Mr Leonard and the wilful parents wuld fayne incur to wery the yong Gentleman, paraventure not superfluously monyed so to sayle the seas with them." *Lands. MS.* 6. *p.* 130.

It is thoroughly satisfactory to find that the parental combination broke down, and that at last, though in 1564 or 1565, two such constant lovers became man and wife.

1565. JAN. Googe's final and complete translation of Manzolli's poem appeared. From the *Epistle Dedicatorie* to Sir W. Cecil, we extract the following:—

"The fauorable accepting of my simple trauayles lately dedicated vnto your honor, hath so much boldened and thorowelye encouraged me, that mawgre the despite of most reprochfull tongs, I haue not feared to finish the course of my long pretended race: with no lesse profite as I trust, vnto a number, than paynefull'trauayle vnto my selfe. Wherein if I had knowen at the firste, as much as since I haue perfectly vnderstode, neyther had I as then taken vpon me so great an enterprise, nor since so rudely finished, the translation of so eloquent a Poet. For when I fyrste began to employ some part of my leysure aboute it, making dilligente inquirie, I could learne of no man that euer had attempted to english the same. So that perceyuing my labour to be no hindraunce to any other mans prayse, and lamenting to see so Christian a writer to lie hyd and vnknowen to the ignoraunt sorte, I thought I should not do amisse, if al that in me lay I bestowed, in the albeit simple and slender, yet faythfull and true translation, of so vertuous a worke. But since I haue certaynely vnderstoode, that when I firste began to fall in hand wythall, three bookes thereof were both eloquentely and excellently englished, by Master Smith, clark vnto the most honorable of the Queenes Maiesties counsell. Whose doings, as in other matters I haue wyth admiration behelde, so in thys I am well assured I should with an amased minde haue seene: I would that eyther I had latelier begonne it, or else that he had fallen in hand sooner with it, whereby my grosse and homely style might haue bene no hindrance to the fruites of so pure a penne. But since it was my fortune, so blindely to venture vpon it, I truste my trauayle shall neuer the more be enuied. I could not (when I had long debated ye matter with myselfe) finde out a Poet more meete for the teaching of a Christian life (an estate in these oure dayes most miserably decayed) than this no lesse learned than famous Italion: *Marcellus Pallingenius*, a man of such excellent learning and Godly life, that neither ye vnquietnesse of his time (Italie in those dayes raging wyth most cruell and bloudy warres), ne yet the furious tyranny of the Antichristian Prelate (vnder whose ambicious and Tirannicall gouernaunce he continually liued) coulde once amase the *Muse*, or hinder the zealous and vertuous spirit of so Christian a Souldiour. I haue many times much mused wyth my self, howe (liuing in so daungerous a place) he durst take vpon him so boldely to controll the corrupte and vnchristian lives of the whole Colledge of contemptuous Cardinals, the vngracious ouerseeings of bloudthyrsty Bishops, the Panchplying practises of pelting Priours, the manifold madnesse of mischeuous Monkes, wyth the filthy faternitie of flattering Friers. Which surely he durst neuer haue done, but onely that he was heartened wyth a happy and heauenly spirite. Which notable audacitie of his was wonderfully reuenged by the malicious hands of such as felt themselues fretted with his spiritual corsey. For when they had no power to execute their tyrannie vpon his innocent body in time of his life, their mischieuous malice was no whit ashamed to consume with fyre the blamelesse bones of so vertuous a man: yea and that a great while after his death. Besides the reproaing of the leud liues of the Clergie, he boldly inueyed agaynst

the gracelesse gouernance of proud pompous Princes, ye licencious liuing of the riottous nobilitie, the couetous catchings of greedy Lawyers, the vngodly gaynes of foolish Physitians, and the corrupted consciences of deceytful Artificers: affirming playnly, that if they did not better beautify their christian names with a more christian life, of so many thousands as haue in vaine receiued that most holy sacrament of sacred Baptisme, there should scarce three aspire vnto the enheritance of Heauenly ioyes. What doth your honor suppose this man would haue written? Vnto how great a volume doe you thinke his works would haue amounted, if so that GOD had appoynted him to florish at this present time in England, wheras pitifully raigneth such monstrous and horrible pride, such cancred and spiteful malice, such false and fayned friendships, such lack of loue and charity, such professing of God in words, and denying him in works, as doubtlesse is not to to be found among the faythlesse Turks, miscreant Sarazens, or superstitious Iewes? . . .

I would therfore wish that we should not to much presume of the securitie obtayned by a Christian name, but that we should wyth our endeuour apply our selues to shew such fruits as duetie requireth in the followers of Christe. Whereby we shoulde not onely preuayle agaynst our enemies, and stoppe the mouths of our slaunderous aduersaries, but also enjoy a blessed and happy tranquility in this worlde, and be assured to obtayne the promised pleasures in the worlde to come. For the teachinge whereof, I know no man that hath so much trauayled and perfectly profyted, as hath this Poet, which here present vnto your honor.

1570. Googe's translation of Kirchmeyer's poem appears dedi-
1574-1575. cated to Queen Elizabeth, under the title of *The Popish Kingdome or reigne of Antichrist.*

1572. OCT. 18. Dame Hales, Googe's maternal grandmother dies.

There are no less than twenty autograph letters of Googe between these years in the State Paper Office calendered under S. P. Domestic. *Ireland.* Googe—who held the patent of Provost Marshal to the Court of Connaught —was sent over by Lord Burleigh to watch Irish affairs. Most of these letters will be found in the life of Googe contributed by Mr. Pinkerton to *Notes and Queries.* 3rd S. iii.

1576. He published a revised text of his translation of the *Zodiacus vitæ.*

1577. He published a translation from the Latin of the *Four Bokes of Husbandrie* of Conrad Heresbachius. The preface is dated Kingston [upon Hull?] January 1577.

1578. A second edition of this book appeared.

1579. He supplied a prose address to B. Rich's *Allarme to England.*

1579. He published a translation from the Spanish of *The Proverbs* of Inez Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana.

1586. A third edition of his revision of Heresbachius appears.

1588. A second edition of his revised text of his translation of Palingenius appeared.

T. Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* states on authority of the Coxeter MSS. that Googe also translated Aristotle's *Categories.*

I am indebted to Mr. C. Bridger, Hon. Member of the Soc. of Ant. of Newcastle, for the following information respecting Googe's death.

1594. FEB. Barnabee Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Esq. Inq. post. mort. taken at Lowth 6 Oct. 36. Eliz: died circa 7 Feb. 36. Eliz: Matthew Goche his son and heir then 28 years old.,

FEB. 16. Barnabas Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Administration granted to Mary Goche his relict. *Perog. Ct. of Cant.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE continuity of the Art of Poeſy in this country has been unbroken from the time of Chaucer to our own day. Not that great or even conſiderable Poets have overlapped one another in a continuous ſucceſſion: but there have never wanted thoſe who, according to the gift that was in them, have perpetually repreſented by their Song, beauty of expreſſion, refinement of ideas, ethereality of fancy, vigour of ſatire, or the paſſion and merriment of human life. During no portion of this time has England been wholly deſtitute of true Poetry, or barren of real 'makers.'

2. In compariſon with the literary ſplendour and glory that crowned the laſt days of Elizabeth, the early years of her reign might ſeem poor and ſtunted in mind. But it is only with *ſuch* a compariſon; one which alſo dwarfs not only earlier but later ages. Actually, the firſt two decades of this reign are a general advance in this branch of literature on the two previous reigns, and more eſpecially exhibit a ſharp rebound from the oppreſſiveneſs of the government of Philip and Mary.

Therefore, juſt as we delight to ſearch out the fountain head, and to trace the early ſtreamlets of a mighty river which, in its full ſtrength, may carry on its boſom world of wealth for the uſe and pleaſure of man; ſo it behoves us cloſely to ſcan theſe firſt buddings of a free literature in the genial ſpring-tide of the new Queen's reign; now that the furious ſtorms of religious and intellectual oppreſſion had paſſed away: and ſo to trace out the works of that race of writers who were the heralds, the forerunners, the teachers of Spenſer,

Shakeſpeare, and Johnſon, and their glorious phalanx of contemporary poets.

We have ſaid 'general' advance, becauſe Tottel's *Miſcellany* of 1557 is, in its varied excellence, the ſubſtantive beginning of modern Engliſh verſe. Yet that collection repreſents the poetical gleanings of three entire reigns, and is exceptional from the general literature of the time in which it was printed. But with the new Queen poeſy came into faſhion, and almoſt all the young gentlemen of the Inns of Court tried their prentice hands at it.

3. As in ſpring-tide we gather flowers rather than fruits, ſo in this earlier literature we muſt look for imperfect Aſſays rather than finiſhed Maſterpieces. Moſt modern literatures have commenced with tranſlations, imitations, and the like. At this time there was quite a rage for tranſlating. The riches of old claſſical thought and ſtyle; the charms of Italian and Spaniſh fiction; hiſtory, morals, tragedies, romances both in proſe and verſe; with tranſlated poems, conſtituted the ſtaple of Engliſh polite literature at this time. With this there was the conſtant accretion of *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, and alſo, though not to any large extent, original lighter verſe, as in the preſent work and alſo George Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets*, of which there are believed to have been three editions by 1570; of the earlieſt of which no copy is at preſent known.

4. Aſſociating with many of theſe tranſlators, himſelf diſtinguiſhed for his Engliſh verſion of Manzolli's *Zodiacus Vitæ*, Barnabe Googe, a young gentleman of 20 to 23 years of age, freſh from college, wrote for his private delectation moſt of the contents of this Reprint. How his friend Blundeſton ſent what he had written to the 'poor printer,' with two prefaces of his own, about

Whitſuntide 1562, and how Googe in 1563 came at length to acquieſce in their completion and publication, is ſufficiently told by themſelves in the prefaces, and need not be here repeated.

5. It is noteworthy that there was a general habit about this time of cutting the long twelve or fourteen ſyllable line into two, ſo that the rhyme only occurs on the ſecond and fourth lines. This is noticeable in the early tranſlations of Seneca between 1500-1560, by Jaſper Heywood, Alexander Neville (a contributor alſo to this volume), John Studley, Thomas Nuce, and Thomas Newton, as alſo in the poetical works of George Turberville and others. The ſole reaſon for this would ſeem to have been to print on a ſmall page of paper; for in some of theſe works poems do occaſionally occur in ſmaller type with ſuch lines at full length.

6. In the ſtory of Engliſh literature this most rare volume occupies an important place from its epitaphs of Phaer and Grimaold, both of them tranſlators; and its Sonnets to Dean Nowell, Biſhop Bale, and Richard Edwards 'of the Chappel.' Some of theſe have been printed by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliographical Catalogue;* but the work, as a whole, has never been printed ſince 15th March 1563. Cordial thanks are due and tendered to Mr. Huth for the loan of his copy for this edition.

7. This ſmall Collection is alſo intereſting as being to a large extent native verſe, though on the Italian model. It was undoubtedly in much ſuperinduced by Tottel's *Miſcellany*, to which it is in nature and quality the next in time; being itſelf ſucceeded by Turberville's *Epitaphs, Epigrams, &c.*, and that by a ſucceſſion of ſimilar works, until the appearance of Francis Daviſon's *Poetical Rhapſody* of 1602.

8. One very noticeable feature of Googe's compoſitions in this volume is his earneſt Proteſtantiſm. He had known ſome good Shepheards Daphnes or Alexis, that had flamed in the fire of the Maryan perſecution. Almoſt all his publications are ſtrongly anti-Romaniſt. Taught by the Reformers of Edward VI.'s time, horrified at the cruelties of Mary's reign; Googe repreſents both the intellectual and moral hatred of the young educated Engliſhmen of that time of the entire Papal ſyſtem.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I.—*As a ſeparate publication.*

1. 1563. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 88 leaves.
There appear to have been printed two title-pages to this work.
Of the three copies known, two are thoſe in the collection of Mr. Huth, and in the Capel collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, have the title as on the oppoſite page; while Mr. W. C. Hazlitt deſcribes, in his *Handbook of Pop. Lit., Ed.* 1867, the title of Mr. Heber's copy, now in the collection of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller, at Britwell, thus:
Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes by Barnabe Googe. Col. Imprynted at London in S. Brydes-Churchyarde, by Thomas Colwell, for Raufe Newbery; and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Fleteſtreet, a little above the conduit 1563. 15 die Menſis March.
It is alſo to be noted that the firſt two alſo vary between themſelves at the beginning of *Egloga ſeptima*: ſee p. 56.

Issues since the Author's death.

I. *As a ſeparate publication.*

2. 1871. Dec. 1. *Engliſh Reprints*: ſee title on *p.* 1.

Eglogs

Epytaphes, and *Sonettes.*
Newly written by
Barnabe Googe:

1563.

15. Marche.

¶ Emprynted at London, by
Thomas Colwell, for Raffe
Newbery, dwelyng in
Fleetstrete a litle a-
boue the Conduit
in the late shop
of Thomas
Bartelet.

¶ *Alexander Neuyll.*

He Mountaines hie the bluſtryng winds
The fluds: ye Rocks withſtand
The Cities ſtrong, the Cannons ſhot,
and threatning Cheiftains hand.
The Caſtels houge by longe beſeyge,
and dredfull battrye brooke, [thumps
Bothe fyre, and flames, and thundrynge
and euery deadly ſtroke,
With feruent broylyng furious rage,
doth beate, and dryue to groun
The long defenced wals by force,
and throughly them confound.
Ryght ſo thy Muſe (O worthy *Googe.*)
thy pleaſaunt framed ſtyle
Diſcouerd lyes to momiſh Mouthes
Reprochfull tongs and vyle
Diffaming minds. Regard them not.
preas thou for hygher prayſe.
Submit thy ſelfe to perſons graue,
whoſe Iudgement ryght alwayes
By Reaſon rulde doth ryghtly iudge,
whom Fancies none can charme,
Which in the moſt Inconſtant brains,
are chyefly wont to ſwarme.
Whom no deſyre of fylthy gayne,
whom lucre none can moue
From truth to ſtray. Such men eſteam,
Such ſuch embrace and loue.
On ſuch men ſtay thy tender years,
ſuch Patrons ſeeke to chuſe.
Which taught by Tyme, and practiſde Proofe
vprighteſt iudgement vſe.
But as for thoſe Crabſnowted beſtes
thoſe ragyng feends of Hell.
Whoſe vile, malicious, hatefull mindes,
with boylyng Rancour ſwell.

Which puſe with Pryde, enflamd with ſpight,
and drownd in deape diſdain:
Lyke *Momus* monſtrous broode outright
euen of a ielows Brayn
With curious, canckard, carping mouthes,
moſt famous dedes diffame,
Defacing thoſe whoſe labours great,
Deſerue immortall name.
Such crabfaced, cankerd, carliſh chuffs
within whoſe hatefull breſtes,
Suche Malice bydes, ſuche Rancour broyles,
ſuch endles Enuy reſts
Eſteame thou not. No preiudice
to thee: nor yet opreſt,
Thy famous wrytynges are by them.
Thou lyueſt and euer ſhalt.
Not all the ſlaundryng tonges aliue,
may purchaſe blame or fault
Vnto to thy name (O worthy *Googe.*)
No tyme, no fyrye flame
Not all the furies frettyng Force,
Thy doynges may dyffame.
Let them in broyle of burning ſpight,
continuall Toyle ſuſtayne
Let them fele ſcourging Plags of mind
Let euer duryng payne,
Spred through their poiſoned vaines.
with payſe of dedly waight: Let Care
Oppreſſe theyr vyle infected Harts,
with ſtynging Malyce fraight.
Let them deſtroy them ſelvs in Time.
In Rancour let them boyle.
Let mortall hate, let pynching gryefe,
let flamyng torments broyle,
Within theyr greuous vexed breſts,
for euermore to dwell
Let them fele Enuies curſed force,
(conſumyng Feend of Hell.)

Defye them all. μισάνθρωποι
and ſquynteyd Monſters ryght
They are. In ſyne leue Sow to ſwill
and Chuff to canckerd Spyght.
But thou procede in vertuous dedes,
and as thou haſte begon,
Go forward ſtyll to aduaunce thy fame
Lyfes Race halfe ryghtly ron
Farre eaſyer tis for to obtain,
the Type of true Renowne.
Like Labours haue been recompenſt
with an immortall Crowne.
By this doth famous *Chaucer* lyue,
by this a thouſande moore
Of later yeares. By this alone
the olde renowmed Stoore
Of Auncient Poets lyue. By this
theyr Praiſe, aloft doth mownt.
Vnto the Skyes: and equall is
with Stars aboue. Accownt
Thy ſelfe then worthy of the lyke,
yf that thou doſte proceade
By famous deds thy Fame to enhaunce
and name abroade to ſpreade.
With Courage ſtout than through the thikſt
thou needſt not for to feare.
Nor he that ſayth, but he that doth,
ought *Gloryes* Garlande weare.
Thus ſhalt you ſtyll augment thy name,
and wyn the hyghe Renowne,
And preſent Prayſe, in preſent Lyfe,
and after Death a Crowne
Of Honour, that for euer laſts.
immortall *Fame* in fyne.
To whoſe reward, thy faithfull Frend
doth wholly the reſygne.

¶ *Finis.*

[On the next page in the original Edition, are the arms of Barnabe Googe.]

To the ryght worſhip= full M. William Louelace *Eſquier, Reader of Grayes Inne:* (Barnabe Googe) *wyſſheth health.*

HOwe lothe I haue ben, beyng of long tyme earneſtlye requyred, to ſuffer theſe tryfles of mine to come to light: It is not vnknowen to a greate nombre of my famyliar acquaintaunce. Who both dayly and hourely moued me therunto, and lytell of long tyme preuayled therin. For I both conſydered and wayed with my ſelfe, the groſenes of my Style: whiche thus commytted to the gaſynge ſhewe of euery eye ſhuld forth with diſcloſe ye manifeſt foly of the Writer, and alſo I feared and miſtruſted the diſdaynfull myndes of a nombre both ſcornefull and carpynge Correctours, whoſe Heades are euer buſyed in tauntyng Iudgementes. Leaſt they ſhuld otherwyſe interprete my doyngs than in deade I meant them. Theſe two ſo great miſchieſes vtterly diſwaded me from the folowynge of my frendes perſwaſions, and wylled me rather to condem them to continuall darkenes, wherby no Inconuenience could happen: than to endaunger my ſelfe in gyuynge them to lyght, to the diſdaynfull doome of any offended mynde. Notwithſtandynge all the dylygence that I could vſe in the Suppreſſion therof coulde not ſuffiſe for I my ſelfe beyng at that tyme oute of the Realme, lytell fearynge any ſuche thynge to happen. A very Frende of myne, bearynge as it ſemed better wyll to my doynges than reſpectyng the hazarde of my name, commytted them all togyther vnpolyſhed to the

handes of the Prynter. In whoſe handes durynge his abſence from the Cytie, tyll his returne of late they remayned. At whiche tyme, he declared the matter wholly vnto me: ſhewynge me, that beynge ſo farre paſt, and Paper prouyded for the Impreſſion therof: It coulde not withoute great hynderaunce of the poore Printer be nowe reuoked. His ſodayne tale made me at ye fyrſt, vtterly amazed, and doubting a great while, what was beſt to be done: at the lengthe agreyng both with Neceſſytie and his Counſell, I ſayde with *Martiall. iam ſcd poteras tutior eſſe domi.* And calling to mynde to whom I myght chieflye commyt the fruytes of my ſmiling muſe: ſodaynly was caſt before my eyes the perfect vewe of your frendly mynd (gentle Maiſter Louelace) Vnto whom for the nombred heapes of ſundrye Frendſhyps, accountynge my ſelfe as bounde, I haue thought beſt to gyue them, (not doubtyng) but that they ſhalbe as well taken, as I do preſently meane them.

Deſyrynge you herein, as all ſuche as ſhall reade them eſpeciallye to beare with the vnpleaſaunt forme of my to haſtely fynyſhed Dreame, the greater part wherof with lytle aduyſe I lately ended, becauſe the beginnyng of it, as a ſenſeles head ſeparated from the body was gyuen with the reſt to be prynted. And thus deſyrynge but for recompence the frendly receyuyng of my ſlender Gyfte, I ende: wyſhynge vnto you good Mayſter Louelace in this life the happye enioyeng of proſperous yeares: and hereafter the bleſſed eſtate of neuer ceaſynge Ioye.

¶ yours aſſuredly
Barnabe Googe.

[Hereafter follows on the next page the original Edition, a rough woodcut of *Daphnes* and *Amintas*.]

¶ L. Blundeſton *to the Reader.*

TO creepe into thy fauoure (good Reader) with a longe paynted Preamble in prayſe of this Auctor, I account it as vain. The Sonne Beames gyues light ſufficient. To moue thy Affection with forepromyſed pleaſure in reading the volume, I think it as Booteles. Gold is of ſelf force and vertue to draw the deſire. But with flowers of Rethorique fyrſt to delyght the, or with Pythy Reaſons to wynne thy good wyll and frendlye Reporte for this my attempte: yf ſuche tropes and ſignes were flowing in me to perſwade wel thy fauour or ſo muche Diſcreſcion wantynge in the to necglecte my good meanyng, I would eyther enforce my ſelf to vſe a better kynde of perſwaſion or els withdrawe my good wyll from the Sentence of ſo carpynge and ſlender a Iudgement: but as I haue felte no ſluddes of the one, ſo likewyſe I ſee no Ebbes of the other, that if I weare no more barraygne of the fyrſte, then fearefull of the laſte: I woulde be then no more ſparynge to horde vp my Treaſure from the: then I truſt to fynd the vnthankfull now in takyng this Preſent from me, which not onely to ſhewe my good wyll, (as my Preface diſcourſeth more largely) by preſeruynge the worthy Fame, and Memorye of my deare frende M. Googe in his abſence I haue preſumed more bouldely to hazard ye pryntyng heareof, though this maye ſuffyce to excuſe well my enterpryſe, but alſo to ſtyrre vp thy Pleaſure

and further thy proffit by readyng theſe his workes, whiche here I haue Puplyſhed [? Publyſhed]: openly vnto thee. And ſo (beyng vnſtored my ſelffe) I ſeake to ſateffie thy learned or willyng deſyre with other mens trauaeiles. But wheare the power fayleth the will may ſuffice, the gyuer, not the gyft is to be regarded: preferre Colonus Radyſhe roote before the Courtiers barbed horſe.

Accept my goodwyll and way not the valew, ſo ſhalt thou bynd me if power (as it is vnlikely, maye aunſwere hearafter my meanynge, to gratefie thee with the whole fruits of myne owne indeuour and ſo ſhalt thou encourage others to make the partaker of the like or farre greater Iewels who yet doubtyng thy vnthankefull receyte nigardly keape them to their own vſe and priuat commoditie, whear as beynge aſſured of the contrarye by thy frendly report of other mens trauayles, they coulde parhappes be eaſely entreated more frely to lend them abroad to thy greater auayle and furtheraunce. Thus therfore to thy good or euill taking I put foorth this paterne for others to follow in weightyer matters or els to beware by other mens harms, in keaping their names vnreproued by ſylence.

¶ From my Chambre,
the. xxvii. of Maye.
1562.

¶ *The Preface of* L. Blundeſton.

THE Sences dull of my appalled muſe
Foreweryed with the trauayle of my brayne
In ſcannyng of the argued Bookes diffuſe,
And darke for me the glimeryng ſyght to gayne,
Debated long what exerſyce to vſe,
To fyle the edgeles partes of Wit agayne
To clenſe the Heade from ſleapy humours flyme.
To rouſe the Hart from drowſye Dreames in time.

The mind deſyres to brek from thoughtful denne
And time requyres the painted felds to vewe.
The Eye procures to pleaſe the Fancie then
With fieldiſh ſights of diuers colours newe.
The ſmelling likes the ſauour ſwete of them.
The Eare agrees the pleaſaunt laye anewe
Of Byrds to here. Thus theſe do all contryue,
With this diſporte the Spirits to reuyue.

But Fancie then, by ſerche of ſelfe deuyſe,
Renouncyng thus to ſpende the pleaſaunt Maye
So vainly out with ſport of fruteles Pryce
Found out at length, this practyſe for my playe,
To penne in Verſe, the toyes of her deuiſe,
To pas this tyme of Pentecoſte awaye
Whoſe ydle dayes, ſhe wyld me thus to ſpende.
And publiſh forth her doings in the ende.

Quod Reaſon no, (and brake her tale begon,
Wilt thou preſume, lyke Bayarde blynd to preſſe,
Into the throng of all the lookers on
Whoſe vewyng eyes, will wey thy wiſdom leſſe.

To ſe the threde of all thy workes yll ſpon
Drawen out at length, vnto the comon geſſe,
Then if thou ſhuldſt keepe to thy ſelfe thy clewe
Where none thy works beſydes thy ſelf may vew

With this roſe vp, from oute her Seate behynde,
Dame Memorye, and Reaſon thus beſought.
Since Lady chiefe of vs thou art aſſygnde
To rule and temper all my ſecrete thought
And to reſtrane affections Fancie blynde,
Let me entreate if I may perce the ought,
For to preſent a Solace very fytte
Our Sences dull with chaunged Muſe to whet,

Lo here the Eye a Paper buntche doth ſe
Of fyled worke of Googes flowing Heade,
Lefte here behynde, when hence he paſt from me,
In all the ſtormes that Winter blaſtes beſpreade
Through ſwellyng Seas and loftye mountains hye
Of Pyrenei the pathes vnknowen to treade.
Whoſe great good wyll I kepe, and in his place
His Verſes craue to repreſent his face.

Vnfolde the truſſe therfore and yf the Muſe
Be ſotted ſo with this graue Study paſt
In ſo ſhort ſpace, or if we ſeke to chuſe
To prynt our actes in ſafetie at the laſt
Ceaſe of a whyle this Labor and peruſe
Theſe Papers left of ſuche delyghting taſte
And put in prynt theſe workes of worthy Skyll
So ſhall we ſhowe the fruytes of our good wyll.

This Fancie lykte, imagynyng aryght
Of her owne Ioye in hearyng of his Verſe
And pleaſaunt Style, moſt pythyly endyght
whoſe Fame forth blowen, his deds could wel reherſe
But for to paynt my name in open ſight
with others Stuffe, this wold ſhe ſayne reuerſe,
And thinkes I ſhould in others Plumes ſo ſhow
My ſelfe, to be a ſeconde Eſops Crowe.

But after when the Eye had vewed eche Lyne.
That Googe had pend and left behynde with me,
when Memorye could all the effect reſygne,
To Reaſons Skyll, to weye them as they lye.
with long reherſe of tryed Fayth by tyme
Then Fancie ſoone her Pryde, began to plye
And all receyued muche pleaſure to the Mynde
More profytte farre then Fancye had affygnde.

And Fancie thus her ſelfe with bluſhyng face,
Condemned by Dame Reaſons dome deuyne
To ſe th[e]alluryng Style the cumly grace,
The ſappye Sence of this his paſſyng Ryme,
So farre ſurmountynge her Inuention baſe,
And hearyng of his frendlynes in fyne
whiche Memorye her Storehouſe held full faſte
Allowed well theyr Iudgements at the laſte.

Since euerye Sence did wonted ſtrength renue,
The Blud congeld, recourſed to his place
The wyts benomd brought to their proper quue
The Hart oppreſt with old delighting grace,
Vnburdend nowe and puſt with pleaſure newe
By takyng of this Booke the vewyng gaſe.
They all at ons Good wyll nowe calde vpon,
To wreſt her ſelfe to quyght theſe works anon.

Thus puſhte I forth ſtrayghte to the Printers hande
Theſe Eglogs, Sonets, Epytaphes of men
Vnto the Readers Eyes for to be ſkande,
with Prayſes ſuche as is due vnto them
who abſent nowe theyr Maſter may commende,
And feade his Fame what ſoeuer fayleth him,
Gyue Googe therfore his owne deſerued Fame,
Giue Blundeſton leaue to wyſh wel to his name :

¶ *Finis.*

Egloga prima.

Daphnes. **Amintas.**

SYth *Phebus* now begins to flame,
O frende *Amintas* deare:
And placed hath his gorgeous *globe*
in midſte of all the Spheare
And from ye place doth caſt his Beames,
where (they that ſtarres defyne)
Lyes poynt (doo ſaye) that termed is,
ryght Equinoctial lyne.
wheras the Ram doth cauſe to ſpring,
eche herbe and floure in fyelde
And forceth ground (yat ſpoyld of grene
Did lye,) newe grene to yelde.
Let ſhepherds vs yelde alſo tales,
as beſt becommes the tyme:
Such tales as Winter ſtormes haue ſtayde
in countrey Poets Ryme.
Begyn to ſynge *Amintas* thou,
for why? thy wyt is beſt:
And many a ſaged ſawe lies hyd
within thine aged breſt.
Ofte haue I heard, of Shephards old,
thy fame reported true,
No Herdman liues: but knowes the praiſe,
to olde *Amintas* due:
Begyn therfore, and I gyue eare,
for talke doth me delyght,
Go Boye: go dryue the Beaſtes to fede
whyle he his mynde reſyght.

Amin. Thy prayſes *Daphnes* are to great,
and more for me than meete:
Nor euer I, ſuche ſaged ſawes,
could ſynge in Verſes ſweete.
And now, to talke of ſpring time tales
my heares to hoare, do growe,
Suche tales as theſe, I tolde in tyme,
when youthfull yeares dyd flowe.
But ſynce, I can not the denye,
thy Fathers loue doth bynde:
In ſymple Songe I wyll adreſſe
my ſelfe, to ſhowe my minde.
Longe haſt thou *Daphnes* me requyred
the ſtate of Loue to tell,
For in my youth, I knewe the force,
and paſſions all, full well.
Nowe Loue therfore I wyll define,
and what it is declare,
which way poore ſouls it doth entrap
and howe it them doth ſnare.
My Boie, remoue my beaſts from hens
and dryue them farther downe,
Vpon the Hylles, let them go feade,
that ioyne to yender towne,
O Cupyde kynge of fyerye Loue,
ayde thou my ſyngynge Verſe,
And teache me heare the cauſe and caſe,
Of Louers to reherſe,
Direct my tong, in trothe to treade,
with Furye fyll my brayne,
That I may able be to tell,
the cauſe of Louers payne.
Opinions diuers coulde I ſhowe,
but chiefeſt of them all,
I wyll declare: and for the reſt,
with ſilence leaue I ſhall.
A feruent Humour, (ſome do iudge)
within the Head doth lye,

Which yſſuyng forth with poyſoned beames
doth ron from eye to eye:
And taking place abrode in heads,
a whyle doth fyrmely reſt:
Till Phrenſie framde in Fancie fond,
diſcends from hed, to breſt.
Plato. And poiſon ſtrong, from eies outdrawn
doth perce the wretched harte,
And all infectes the bloud aboute,
and boyles in euery parte:
Thus: when the beames, infected hath,
the wofull Louers blud:
Then Sences al, do ſtrayght decaye,
oppreſt with Furyes flud.
Then Lybertie withdrawes her ſelf,
and Bondage beares the ſwaye,
Affection blynd then leades the hart,
and Wyt, is wownde awaye.
O *Daphnes* then, the paines appeare,
and tormentes all of hell.
Then ſekes, the ſelye wounded ſoule,
the flames for to expell.
But all to late, alas he ſtryues,
for Fancie beares the ſtroke
And he, muſt toyle (no helpe there is)
in ſlauyſſhe ſeruyle yoke.
His blud corrupted all within,
doth boyle in euery vayne,
Than ſekes he howe to ſewe for ſalue
that maye redreſſe his payne.
And when the face, he doth beholde
by whiche he ſhulde haue ayde,
And ſees no helpe, then lookes he long,
and trembleth all afrayde.
And muſeth at the framed ſhape,
that hath his lyfe in handes:
Nowe faſt he flies, aboute the flames,
nowe ſtyll amaſed ſtandes:

Yet Hope relieues, his hurtful Heate
and Wyll doth Payne make lyght,
And al the griefes, that then he feeles
doth Prefence ſtyll requyght.
But when the Lyght abſented is,
and Beames in hart remayne,
Then flames the Fyre freſh agayne,
and newe begyns his Payne.
Then longe he lookes, his loſſe to ſe,
then ſobbes, and ſyghes abounde,
Then mourneth he, to mys the marke
that erſt to ſoone he founde.
Then ſhadefull places oute he lookes,
and all alone he lyues,
Exylynge Ioye, and myrth from him,
hymſelfe to waylynge gyues,
And ſtyll his minde theron doth muſe
and ſtyll, therof he prates,
O *Daphnes* here I ſwere to the,
no griefe to Louers ſtate.
Yf he but ones beholde the place,
where he was wont to mete,
The pleaſaunt forme yat hym enflamd,
and ioyfull Countnaunce ſwete.
The place (a wonderous thing I tell)
his gryefe augmenteth newe,
Yet ſtyll he ſekes the place to ſe,
that moſte he ſhulde eſchewe.
Yf but the name rehearſed be
(a thynge more ſtraunge to heare)
Then Colour commes and goes in haſt
then quaketh he for feare,
The verye name, hath ſuch a force,
that it can daſe the mynde,
And make the man amaſde to ſtande,
what force hath Loue to bynde?
Affection none to this is lyke,
it doth ſurmownt them all,

Of greiffes, the greateſt greif no doubt
is to be *Venus* thrall,
And therfore, *Daphnes* nowe beware,
for thou art yonge, and fre,
Take heade of vewynge faces longe,
for loſſe of Lybertye,
I ſhall not nede (I thynke) to byd
the, to deteſt the Cryme,
Iupiter. Of wycked loue, that *Ioue* did vſe,
In *Ganimedes* tyme,
For rather wolde I (thoo it be muche)
that thou ſhuldeſt ſeake the fyre,
Of lawfull Loue, that I haue tolde,
than burne wyth ſuche deſyre,
And thus an end, I weryed am,
my wynde is olde, and faynt,
Suche matters I, do leaue to ſuche,
as finer farre can paint,
Fetche in the Gote. that goes aſtraye,
and dryue hym to the folde,
My yeares be great I wyl be gone,
for ſpryngtyme nyghts be colde.
Daphnes. Great thankes to the, for this thy tale,
Amintas here I gyue:
But neuer can I make amendes
to the whilſte I do lyue.
Yet for thy paynes (no recompence)
a ſmall rewarde haue here.
A whiſtle framed longe ago,
wherwith my father deare
His ioyfull beaſts, was wont to kepe.
No Pype for tune ſo ſwete
Might ſhepharde euer yet poſſes.
(a thynge for the full mete.)

Finis Eglogæ primæ.

Egloga ſecunda.

Dametas.

MY beaſts, go fede vpon ye plaine,
and let your herdman lye,
Thou ſeeſt her mind, and fearſt you nowe,
Dametas for to dye?
Why ſtayeſt you thus? why doſt you ſtay
thy lyfe to longe doth laſte:
Accounte this flud, thy fatall graue,
ſyth time of hope is paſte.
What meanſt thou thus to linger on?
thy life wolde fayne departe,
Alas: the wounde doth feſter ſtyll,
of curſed Cupids darte.
No ſalue but this, can helpe thy ſore,
no thynge can moue her minde
She hath decreed, that thou ſhalt dye,
no helpe there is to finde.
Nowe ſyth there is, no other helpe,
nor ought but this to trye,
Thou ſeeſt her mind: why fearſte thou than?
Dametas for to dye.
Long haſt thou ſerued, and ſerued true,
but all alas, in vayne,
For ſhe thy ſeruyce, nought eſtemes,
but deales the griefe for gayne.
For thy good wyll, (a gaye rewarde)
Diſdayne, for Loue ſhe gyues,
Thou loueſt her while thy life doth laſt,
ſhe hates the, w[h]ile ſhe liues.
Thou flamſte, when as you ſeeſt her face
with Heate of hye deſyre,
She flames agayne, but how? (alas)
with depe diſdaynfull Ire.
The greateſt pleaſure is to the,
to ſe her voyde of Payne,

The greateſt gryefe to her agayne,
to ſe thy Health remayne.
Thou couetſte euer her to fynde,
ſhe ſekes from the to flye,
Thou ſeeſt her mynd, why fearſt thou than?
Dametas for to dye?
Doſte thou accounte it beſt to kepe,
thy lyfe in ſorrowes ſtyll?
Or thynkſte thou beſt it now to lyue,
Contrarye to her wyll?
Thynkſte thou thy lyfe for to retaine?
when ſhe is not content,
Canſte thou addicte: thy ſelfe to lyue?
and ſhe to murder bent.
Doſte thou entende agayne, to ſewe
for mercye at her handes?
As ſoone thou mayſt go plow ye rocks,
and reape vpon the Sandes.
Draw nere O mighty Herd of beaſts
ſyth no man els is bye,
Your Herdman longe that hathe you kept,
Dametas now muſt dye.
Reſolue your Brutiſſhe eies to teares
and all togyther crye,
Bewayle the wofull ende of Loue,
Dametas nowe muſt dye.
My pleaſaunt Songs, nowe ſhall you here
no more on Mountaines hye,
I leaue you all, I muſt be gone.
Dametas nowe muſt dye:
To *Titirus* I you reſyne,
in Paſture good to lye,
For *Titirus* ſhall kepe you thoughe,
Dametas nowe muſt dye.
O curſed Cauſe, that hath me ſlayne,
My trothe alas to trye,
O Shephardes all, be Wytneſſes,
Dametas here doth dye.

Finis Eglogæ ſecundæ.

Egloga tertia.

Menalcas. **Coridon.**

Pleaſaunt wether *Coridon*,
and fytte to kepe the fyelde,
This moone hath brought, hearſt you the birds
what ioyfull tunes they yeld?
Loe: how the luſtie lambes do courſe,
whom ſpring time heate doth pricke
Beholde againe, the aged Yewes,
with bouncinge leapes do kicke,
Amon[g]ſt them all, what ayles thy ramme.
to halte ſo muche behynde,
Some ſore miſchaunce, hath him befaln
or els ſome griefe of minde,
For wonte he was, of ſtomacke ſtoute
and courage hye to be,
And looked proude, amongſt ye flocke,
and none ſo ſtout as he.

Cor. A great miſhap, and griefe of mynde,
is him befalne of late,
Which cauſeth him, againſt his wyll,
to loſe his olde eſtate.
A luſtie flocke hath *Titirus*,
that him *Dametas* gaue,
Dametas he, that Martir died,
whoſe ſoule the heaue[n]s haue,
And in this flocke, full many Yewes
of pleaſaunte forme do goe,
with them a mighty Ramme doth ronne,
that workes all Woers woe.
My Ramme, when he the pleaſaunt dames.
had vewed rounde aboute,

Choſe grounde of battayle, with his foe
and thought to fyght it oute.
But all to weake, (alas) he was,
althoughe his harte was good,
For when his enemye him eſpied,
he ranne with cruell moode.
And with his croked weapon ſmote,
hym ſore vpon the ſyde,
A blowe of force, that ſtayde not there
but to the legges dyd glyde.
And almoſte laamd the woer quyte.
(ſuche happes in loue there be:)
This is the cauſe, of all his griefe
and waylynge that you ſe.

Men. Well *Coridon* let hym go halte,
and let vs both go lye,
In yonder buſſhe of Iuniper,
the Beaſts ſhall fede hereby.
A pleaſaunt place here is to talke:
good *Coridon* begyn,
And let vs knowe the Townes eſtate,
that thou remayneſt in.

Cor. The Townes eſtate? *Menalcas* oh
thou makſte my harte to grone,
For Vice hath euery place poſſeſte,
and Vertue thence is flowne.
Pryde beares her ſelfe, as Goddeſſe chiefe
and boaſtes aboue ye Skye,
And Lowlynes an abiecte lyes,
with Gentlenes her bye,
Wyt is not ioynde with Symplenes,
as ſhe was wont to be,
But ſekes the ayde of Arrogance,
and craftye Polycie.
Nobylitie begyns to fade,
and Carters vp do ſprynge,
Then whiche, no greater plague can hap,
nor more pernicious thynge.

Menalcas I haue knowen my ſelfe,
within this thyrtye yeare,
Of Lordes and Auncient Gentelmen
a hundreth dwellynge theare,
Of whom we Shephardes had reliefe
ſuche Gentlenes of mynde,
Was placed in theyr noble Hartes,
as none is nowe to fynde.
But Hawtynes and proude Diſdayne
hath nowe the chiefe Eſtate,
For ſyr Iohn Straw, and ſyr Iohn Cur,
wyll not degenerate.
And yet, they dare account them ſelues
to be of Noble bludde.
But Fiſſhe bred vp, in durtye Pooles,
wyll euer ſtynke of mudde.
I promyſe the *Menalcas* here,
I wolde not them enuye.
Yf any ſpot of Gentlenes
in them I myght eſpye.
For yf theyr Natures gentell be,
thoughe byrth be neuer ſo baſe,
Of Gentelmen (for mete it is)
they ought haue name and place:
But when by byrth, they baſe are bred,
and churliſſhe harte retaine,
Though place of gentlemen thei haue
yet churles they do remayne.
A prouerbe olde, hath ofte ben harde
and now full true is tryed:
An Ape, wyll euer be an Ape,
thoughe purple garments hyde.
For ſeldom, wyll the maſtye courſe,
the Hare or els the Deare:
But ſtyll, accordynge to his kynde.
wyll holde, the hogge by th[e]eare.
Vnfitte are dunghill knights to ſerue
the towne, with Speare in fielde:

Nor ſtrange it ſemes, (a sudain Chop)
to leape from whyp, to ſhielde.
The chiefeſt man, in all our towne,
that beares the greateſt ſwaye,
Is *Coridon* no kynne to me,
a Neteherd th[e]other daye.
This *Coridon* come from the Carte,
In honour chiefe doth ſytte,
And gouernes vs: becauſe he hath
a Crabbed, Clowniſh wytte.
Nowe ſe the Churlyſh Crueltye,
that in hys harte remayns.
The ſelye Sheape yat Shephards good,
haue foſterd vp wyth Paynes,
And browght awaye, from Stynkyng dales
on pleaſant Hylles to feade:
O Cruell Clowniſh Coridon
O curſed Carliſh Seade:
The ſimple Shepe, conſtrayned he,
theyr Paſture ſwete to leaue,
And to theyr old corrupted Graſſe,
enforceth them to cleaue.
Such Shepe, as would not them obaye
but in theyr Paſture byde,
with (cruell flames,) they did conſume
and vex on euery ſyde.
And with the ſhepe, ye Shephardes good,
(O hate full Hounds of Hell,)
They did torment, and dryue them out,
in Places farre to dwell.
There dyed *Daphnes* for his Shepe,
the chiefeſt of them all.
And fayre *Alexis* flamde in Fyre,
who neuer peryſſhe ſhall.
O Shephards wayle, for *Daphnes* deth,
Alexis hap lament,
And curs the force of cruell hartes,
that them to death haue ſent.

I, ſynce I ſawe ſuche ſynfull ſyghts,
dyd neuer lyke the Towne,
But thought it beſt to take my ſheepe,
and dwell vpon the downe.
Wheras I lyue, a pleaſaunt lyfe,
and free from cruell handes,
I wolde not leaue, the pleaſaunt fyelde
for all the Townyſh Landes.
For ſyth that Pryde, is placed thus,
and Vice ſet vp ſo hye:
And Crueltie doth rage ſo ſore,
and men lyue all awrye:
Thynkſte you? yat God, will long forbere,
his ſcourge, and plague to ſende?
To ſuche as hym do ſtyll deſpyſe,
and neuer ſeke to mende?
Let them be ſure he wyll reuenge,
when they thynke leaſte vpon.
But looke a ſtormy ſhowre doth ryſe,
whiche wyll fall heare anone,
Menalcas beſt we nowe departe,
my Cottage vs ſhall keepe,
For there is rowme for the, and me,
and eke for all our ſheepe:
Som Cheſtnuts haue I there in ſtore
with Cheeſe and pleaſaunt whaye,
God ſends me Vittayles for my nede,
and I ſynge Care awaye.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ tertiæ.*

Egloga quarta.

Melibeus. **Palemon.**

O God, that guyds ye golden *Globe*,
wher ſhinyng ſhapes do dwel
O thou yat throweſt the thunder thumps
from Heauens hye, to Hell,
what wonders workes thy worthynes
what meruayles doſte thou frame?
What ſecrete ſyghts be Subiect ſene
vnto thy holy name?
A ſymple Shepharde ſlayne of late,
by foolyſhe force of Loue,
That had not Grace ſuch fancies fond
and Flames for to remoue,
Appeared late, before myne eies,
(Alas I feare to ſpeake,)
Not as he here was wont to lyue,
whyle Gryefe hym none did breake.
But all in Blacke, he clothed came
an vgly ſyght to ſe:
As they that for theyr due Deſartes,
with Paynes tormented be,
My ſhepe for feare amaſed ran,
and fled from Hyll to Dale,
And I alone remayned there,
with countenaunce wan and pale.
O Lorde (quoth I) what meanes this thyng
is this *Alexis* ſpryght?
Or is it *Daphnes* ſoule that ſhowes?
to me this dredfull ſyght,
Or comes ſome Feend of Hell abrode?
with feare men to torment?
Megera this? or *Tiſiphon*?
Or is *Alecto* ſent?

what ſoeuer thou art, yat thou doſt com?
Ghooſt, Hagge, or Fende of Hell:
I the commaunde by hym that lyues,
thy name and caſe to tell.
With this, a ſtynkyng ſmoke I ſawe,
from out his mouth to flye,
And with that ſame, his voyce did ſound,
None of them all am I.
But ons thy frende (*O Melibei*)
Dametas was my name,
Dametas I, that ſlewe my ſelfe,
by force of foolyſſhe flame.
Dametas I, that dotynge dyed,
In fyre of vnkynde Loue:
Dametas I, whom *Deiopey*
dyd cauſe ſuche ende to proue,
The ſame *Dametas* here I com,
by lycens vnto the:
For to declare the wofull ſtate,
that happens now to me.
(*O Melibei*) take hede of Loue,
of me Example take,
That ſlewe my ſelfe, and liue in Hell,
for *Deiopeias* ſake.
I thought that Deth ſhuld me releaſe
from paynes and dolefull woe,
But nowe (alas) the trothe is tryed,
I fynde it nothynge ſoe,
For looke what Payne and gryefe I felt
when I lyued heare afore:
With thoſe I nowe tormented am,
and with ten thouſand more.
I meane not that I burne in loue,
ſuche foolyſh toyes begon,
But Gryefes in nombre haue I lyke
and manye more vpon.
O curſed Loue, (what ſhulde I ſaye,)
that brought me fyrſte to Payne,

Well, myght I ones deſpyſe thy lore,
but nowe (alas) in vayne.
With fond Affection, I dyd flame,
whiche nowe I moſte repent,
But all to late (alas) I wayle,
ſyth hope of Grace is ſpent.
The fickle fadynge forme, and face,
that ones ſo muche I ſowght,
Hath made me loſe the Skyes aboue,
and me to Hell hath browght.
Why had I Reaſon delt to me?
and coulde not Reaſon vſe.
Why gaue I Brydle to my wyll?
when I myght well refuſe.
A wycked Wyll, in dede it was,
that blynded ſo my ſyght,
That made me on ſuch fadyng Duſte,
to ſet my whole Delyght,
A fonde Affection lead me then,
When I for God dyd place,
A Creature, cauſe of all my Care,
a fleſſhye fletynge face,
A woman Waue of Wretchednes,
a Paterne pylde of Pryde,
A Mate of Myſchiefe and Diſtreſſe,
for whom (a Foole) I dyed.
Thus whyle he ſpake, I ſawe me thought
of Hell an vglye Fende,
With lothſome Clawes, hym for to cloſe
and forced him there to ende.
And with this ſame, (O *Melibey*,)
farewell, farewell, (quoth he)
Eſchewe the Blaſe of feruent flames,
Example take of me.
My Harte with this began to rent,
and all amaſde I ſtoode.
O lord (quoth I) what flames be theſe
what Rage, what Furyes woode?

Doth Loue procure, to wretched men
what Bondage doth it brynge?
Paine here: and Payne in life to come.
(O dolefull, dredefull thynge.)
[Palemon] I quake to heare, this Storye tolde,
and *Melibei* I fainte,
For ſure I thought *Dametas* had,
been placed lyke a Saynte.
I thought that cruel *Charons* Boate,
had myſte of hym her frayght.
And through his deth, he mounted had
to ſtarres and Heauens ſtrayght.
Howe valiantly dyd he deſpyſe,
his lyfe in Bondage ledde?
And ſekyng Deth with courage hye,
from Loue and Ladye fledde.
And is he thus rewarded nowe?
The ground be curſed than,
That foſterde vp, ſo fayre a face
that loſte ſo good a Man.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quartæ.*

Egloga quinta.

Mopsus. **Egon.**

SOm doleful thing there is at hand
thy countenaunce doth declare,
Thy face good *Egon* voide of blud
thine eies amafed ftare:
I fe thy teares, howe they do ftill,
diſcloſe thy ſecrete mynde,
Hath Fortune frowned late on the?
Hath Cupide ben vnkinde.

Egon. A pyteous thinge to be bewalyde
a deſperate Acte of Loue,
(O Deſtenies) ſuche cruell broyles
How haue you power to moue?
Here lyued a Ladye fayre of late,
that *Claudia* men dyd call:
Of goodly forme, yea ſuche a one,
as farre ſurmounted all.
The ſtately Dames, yat in this Courte,
to ſhowe them ſelues do lye,
There was not one in all the Crewe:
that could come Claudia nye.
A worthy Knyght dyd loue her longe,
and for her ſake did feale,
The panges of Loue, that happen ſtyl
by frownyng Fortunes wheale,
He had a Page, *Valerius* named,
whom ſo muche he dyd truſte,
That all the ſecrets of his Hart,
to hym declare he muſte.
And made hym all the onely meanes,
to ſue for his redreſſe,
And to entreate for grace to her,
that cauſed his diſtreſſe.

She whan as fyrſt ſhe ſaw his page
was ſtrayght with hym in Loue,
That nothynge could *Valerius* face,
from *Claudias* mynde remoue.
By hym was *Fauſtus* often harde,
by hym his ſutes toke place,
By hym he often dyd aſpyre,
to ſe his Ladyes face.
This paſſed well, tyll at the length,
Valerius fore dyd ſewe,
With many teares beſechynge her,
his Mayſters gryefe to rewe.
And tolde her that yf ſhe wolde not
releaſe, his Mayſters payne,
He neuer wolde attempte her more,
nor ſe her ones agayne.
She then with maſed countnaunce there
and teares yat guſhing fell,
Aſtonyed anſwerde thus, loe nowe,
alas I ſe to well.
Howe longe I haue deceyued ben,
by the *Valerius* heare,
I neuer yet beleued before,
nor tyll this tyme dyd feare,
That thou dydſte for thy Mayſter ſue
but onely for my ſake.
And for my fyght, I euer thought,
thou dydſte thy trauayle take.
But nowe I ſe the contrarye,
thou nothynge carſte for me,
Synce fyrſt thou knewſte, the fyerye flames
that I haue felte by the.
O Lorde howe yll, thou doſte requyte
that I for the haue done,
I curſe the time, that frendſhyp fyrſt,
to ſhowe, I haue begon.
O lorde I the beſeche let me,
in tyme reuenged be:

And let hym knowe that he hate ſynd,
in this miſuſynge me,
I can not thynke, but Fortune once,
ſhall the rewarde for all,
And vengeaunce due for thy deſerts,
in tyme ſhall on the fall.
And tell thy maiſter *Fauſtus* nowe,
yf he wolde haue me lyue:
That neuer more he ſewe to me,
this aunſwere laſte I gyue:
And thou o Traytour vyle,
and enmye to my lyfe,
Abſent thy ſelfe from out my ſyght,
procure not greater ſtryfe,
Synce yat theſe teares, had neuer force
to moue thy ſtoneye harte,
Let neuer theſe my weryed eyes,
ſe the no more. Departe.
This ſayde, in haſte ſhe hieth in,
and there doth vengeaunce call,
And ſtrake her ſelf, with cruel knyfe,
and bluddye downe doth fall.
This dolfull chaunce, whan *Fauſtus* heard
lamentynge lowde he cryes,
And teares his heare and doth accuſe,
the vniuſt and cruell Skies.
And in this ragynge moode awaye,
he ſtealeth oute alone,
And gone he is: no man knowes where
eche man doth for hym mone.
Valerius whan he doth perceyue,
his Mayſter to be gone:
He weepes and wailes, in piteous plight
and forth he ronnes anone.
No Man knowes where, he is becom,
ſome ſaye the wooddes he tooke,

Intendynge there to ende his lyfe,
on no Man more to looke :
The Courte lamentes, the Princeſſe eke
her ſelfe doth weepe for woe,
Loe, *Fauſtus* fled, and *Claudia* deade.
Valerius vanyſſhed too.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quintæ.*

Egloga ſexta.

Felix. **Faustus.**

Felix. *Fauſtus*, whom aboue the reſt,
of Shephardes here that kepe,
Vpon theſe holts, ye nombre great
of waightye fleeſed ſhepe:
I euer haue eſtemde: and counted eke,
the chiefeſt Frende of all,
What great miſhap, what ſcourge of minde
or griefe hath the befall?
That hath the brought in ſuch a plight
farre from thy wonted guyſe?
What meanes this countenaunce all beſprent
with teres? theſe wretched eies
This mournynge looke, this Veſture ſad
this wrethe of Wyllow tree,
(Vnhappy man) why doſte thou wepe
what chaunce hath altered the?
Tell tell, me ſoone, I am thy frende,
Diſcloſe to me thy gryefe,
Be not afrayde, for frendes do ſerue,
to gyue theyr Frendes relyefe.

Faustus. The wofull cauſe of all my hurte,
good *Felix* longe agoe,
Thou knewſt full well: I nede not now
by wordes to double woe,
Synce that (alas) all hope is paſt
ſynce gryefe, and I am one,
And ſynce the Ladye of my lyfe,
(my faute) I haue forgone,
What woldſt you haue me do (oh frend?)
to Ioye? in ſuch dyſtres?

Naye pleaſures quyte I baniſh here,
and yelde to Heuynes,
Let gryefes torment me euermore,
let neuer Cares awaye.
Let neuer Fortune turne her wheale
to gyue me blyſſull daye.
Loue hath me ſcourged: I am content
lament not thou my ſtate,
Let ſpyght on me take vengeaunce nowe
let me be torne with hate.
Let her enioye, her happye lyfe,
a Flowre of golden hewe,
A Mary-golde. That cloſeth when the Son doth ſet,
and ſpreads with Phebus newe.
Syth from my Garlande now is falne,
this famouſe Flowre ſwete:
Let Wyllows wynde aboute my hed,
(a Wrethe for Wretches mete)
Felix. Fye *Fauſtus*, let not Fancie fonde,
in the beare ſuche a ſwaye,
Expell Affections from thy mynde,
and dryue them quyght awaye.
Embrace thine Auncient Lybertie,
let Bondage vyle be fled:
Let Reaſon rule, thy craſed Brayne,
place Wyt, in Folies ſteade.
Synce ſhe is gone, what remedye?
why ſhuldeſt thou ſo lament?
Wilt thou deſtroy thy ſelf with tears
and ſhe to pleaſures bent?
Gyue eare to me, and I wyll ſhowe
the remedies for Loue
That I haue learned longe agoe:
and in my youth dyd proue.
Such remedies as ſoone ſhall quenche
the flames of Cupids Fyre,
Suche remedies as ſhall delaye,
the Rage of fonde Deſyre.

For *Fauſtus* yf thou folow ſtyll,
the blynded God to pleaſe,
And wylt not ſeke, by Reaſons Rule,
to purchaſe thyne owne eaſe,
Long canſt thou not thy frends enioy
but byd them all farewell.
And leaue thy lyfe, and giue thy ſoule
to depeſt fluds of Hell.
Leaue of therfore, betymes and let
Affection beare no ſwaye,
And now at fyrſt the Fyre quench
before it further ſtraye,
Eche thyng is eaſely made to obaye,
whyle it is yong and grene,
The tender twyg, that now doth bend
at length refuſeth cleane.
The feruent Fyre, that flamyng fyrſt,
may lytell water drenche,
When as it hath obtayned tyme,
whole Ryuers can not quenche:
Forſake the Town, (my *Fauſtus* deare)
and dwell, vpon this playne,
And tyme ſhall heale, thy feſtryng wound
and Abſence banyſh Payne.
Aboue all thynges fly Idlenes,
For this doth dowble ſtrength,
To Louers flams, and makes them rage,
tyl all be loſt at length,
Here in thes felds, are pleaſaunt things
to occupye thy brayn,
Be hold: how ſpryng reuyues agayn,
that winter late had ſlayne,
Behold: the plefaunt Hylles adournd,
with dyuers colours fayre,
Geue eare to *Scillas* luſty ſonges,
reioyſynge in the ayr,
What pleaſure canſt thou more deſyre,
then here is for to ſe:

Thy luſty yewes, with many a lam,
Lo: whear they wayt on the,
Thynke not vpon that curſed face,
that makes the thus her ſlaue
But well regard the pleaſaunt lyfe,
that here thou feeſt me haue,
Whan I long tyme a go, did feale,
the flames of *Cupids* fyre,
Theſe meanes Lo thou I practiſed,
to cure my fond deſyre.
I fyrſt wayed with my ſelfe,
How fond a thyng it ſeamd,
To let my heart lye there in chaynes,
where I was nought eſteamd.
And how with flames I burnt for her,
that paſſed nought for me,
And how, theſe eyes encreaſt my harmes
that fyrſt her face did ſe,
With penſyfe heart full fraight with thoughts,
I fled from thence away,
And though that Loue bad tourne my ſteppes.
yet wold I neuer ſtay,
But from that foule infectyue ayer,
wher firſt I tooke my ſore,
I hyed in haſt, and ſhund the place,
to ſe for euer more.
Eache letter that I had receyued
from her, I caſt away,
And tokens all, I threw them down,
to my no ſmall dyſmay.
Then buſyed I my ſelfe in thyngs
that myght me moſte delyght,
And fought the chieſſt means I could,
to helpe my weryed ſpryght.
Somtyme I wold behold the fyelds,
and Hylles that thou doſte ſe,
Somtime I wold betraye the Byrds,
that lyght on lymed tree,
Eſpecially in Shepſtare tyme,

One wold I take, and to her Leg,
a lymed Lyne wold tye,
And where ye flock flew thickeſt, there
I wold her caſt awaye,
She ſtrayght vnto the reſt wold hye,
amongſt her Mates to playe.
And preaſyng in the mydſte of them,
with Lyne and Lyme, and all,
With cleuyng wyngs, entangled faſt.
they downe togyther fall.
Somtyme I wold the lytel Fyſh:
with bayted Hooke beguyle:
Somtyme the craftye Foxe I wold,
deceyue for all his wyle:
Somtyme the Wolfe, I wold purſue,
ſomtyme the fomyng Boore:
And whan with labour all the daye,
my weryed Lyms were ſoore.
Than reſt and ſlepe I ſtraightway ſought
no Dreames dyd me afraye:
Tormented nought with care, I paſt
the lyngryng nyght awaye.
And thus I cleane forgot; in tyme,
the dotyng Dayes I ſawe,
And freed my ſelf, to my great Ioye,
from Yoke of Louers Lawe.
More of this ſame, I wyll the tell,
the next tyme here we mete,
And ſtronger Medycines wyll I gyue,
to purge that Venym ſwete.
Beholde the Daye is ſlypt awaye,
and Starres do faſt appeare.
Loe where *Caliſto* Virgin ones,
doth ſhyne in Skies ſo cleare.
Loe where olde *Cepheus* walks about,
with twynyng Serpent bye,
We wyll no lenger heare abyde,
But hence wyll homwarde hye.

Finis Eglogæ ſextæ.

Egloga septima.

Siluanus. Sirenus. Selvagia.

Irenus ſhephard good and thou,
that haſt yll lucke in loue,
The cauſe of al my hurt by whom
my ſutes could neuer proue.
God neuer let that I ſhuld ſeeke,
to be reuenged of the,
For whan I might haue ben with eaſe,
yet wold not ſuffer me
The Loue that I, *Diana* bare,
on the to ſhowe my Spyte:
On the in whom my Ladye fayre,
had once her whole delyght,
If thy myſhaps do not me greue,
My miſchieefs neuer ende.
Thynke not *ſirenus* that bycauſe,
Diana was thy frend,
I beare the worſer wyl affure thy ſelf
ſo baſe my loue neuer ſemde
That onely I ſhuld fauour her.
but all that ſhe eſtemde.

Siren. Thou eyther art *siluanus* borne,
Example for to gyue,
To vs that know not how,
whan Fortune frownes to lyue,
Or els hath Nature placed in the
ſo ſtrong and ſtoute a mynde.
Suffyſynge not, thyne yls alone
to beare, but meanes to fynde,

In Mr. Huth's copy though the signatures are regular—the first *two* pages of the final original impression down to, *she kyld a faythfull frende*, on the next page are omitted: being represented by a blank *page*. They have been supplied by the kindness of W. A. Wright, Esq., M.A., from the copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge

That may the Griefes of others help,
I ſe thou art ſo bent,
That Fortune can the not amaſe,
For all her myſcheſes ment,
I promys the *ſiluanus* heare,
tyme playne in the doth ſhow,
How dayly ſhe diſcouers things,
that erſt dyd men not know.
I can not beare the Gryefes I feale,
my force is all to faynt,
I neuer could as thou canſt ſtynt,
the teares of my complaynt.
Diana hath procured the paynes,
that I ſhall neuer ende,
When fyrſt ſhe falſt her troth to me,
ſhe kyld a faythfull frende.

Siluan. I meruayle how ſhe could ſo ſoone,
put the out of her mind,
I well remembre ſynce thou wentſte
alone I dyd her fynd.
In place that forow femde to ſhape,
where no man ſtood her nye,
But onely (I vnhappy wretche,)
that herd her wofull crye,
And this with teares alowde ſhe ſayd,
O wretche in yll tyme borne.
What chaunce haſt thou? that thus thou haſt
Sirenus ſwete forlorne.
Gyue ouer pleaſures now,
Let neuer Ioye the pleaſe,
Seke all the cruell meanes thou canſt
that may thy hart dyſeaſe.
Whan thou doſte hym forget I wyſh,
all miſchifes on the lyght,
And after death, the Fendes of Hell,
torment thy lyuyng ſpryght.

Siren. What man wold here beleue?
that ſhe that thus could ſpeake,

In ſo ſhorte tyme as I haue bene
awaye, wolde promys breake.
O ſtedfaſtnes and Conſtancy,
how ſeldome are you founde:
In womens harts to haue your ſeats,
Or long abydyng ground?
Who looke how much more earneſt they,
at fyrſt theyr hearts do ſet,
So much more ſooner euer more,
where late they loued, forget:
Full well could euer I beleue,
all women gylty of this:
Saue her alone, in whom I iudge,
neuer nature wrought amis:
But ſins her maryage how ſhe ſpeeds
Siluan I pray the tell?

Siluan. Some ſay ſhe lykes it very ill,
and I beleue it well:
For *Delius* he that hath her now,
although he welthy be,
Is but a lout and hath in hym,
no hanſome qualytie:
For as for all, ſuche thynges wherin,
we Shepeheardes haue delyght,
As in Quaiting, Leaping, Singing or
to ſound a Bagpype ryght:
In all theſe thinges he is but an Aſſe,
and nothyng do he can,
They ſaye tys quallities but tuſh,
Its ryches makes a man:

Siren. What woman is that yat commeth here,
Siluan canſt thou tell?

Siluan. Its one hath ſped as well in Loue,
as we, I knowe her well:
She is one of fayre *Dianas* frendes,
who keeps her beaſts below,
Not far from hence bi her thou maiſt
Dianas State wel know.

She loued hear a Shephearde cald,
Alanius longe a go:
Who fauers one *yſmenia* now,
the cauſe of al her wo:

Siluag. No place ſo fyt for the as this,
Lo heare *Siluanus* ſtands,
Who hath receaued lyke luck to thine
at cruel Fortunes hands,
This company beſemes the well,
Fayr Shepheards both good deane,

Siluan. To the *Selvagia* eke of Hope,
Whom Loue hath ſpoyled cleane:
A thouſande better dayes I wyſh,
than thou haſt had before,

Selvag. At length may better Fortune fall,
For worſe can not be more.
To truſte the fayned words of men,
Loe, thus poore women ſpeeds.

Siluan. And men do ſmarte not through your words
but your vnconſtant deeds.
For you when earneſtlyeſt you loue,
no thyng can chaunce ſo lyght.
But yf a toye com in your Brayne,
your mynde is altered quyght.
If we but ones, abſent our ſelues,
the ſhorteſt tyme we maye,
So muche vnconſtant is your minde
Loue foreth ſtrayght awaye,
Example take *Sirenus* here
whom once *Diana* lovd,
As all we know, and looke how ſoone
her mynd is now removd:
No, no, there is not one of you,
that conſtant can remayne:

Siluag. You iudge but of malicious hart,
and of a Ialouſe brayne.
All thyngs you do your ſelues eſteme,
and men muſt beare no blame.

Of your diſſemblyng noughty deeds,
we women beare the ſhame.

Siren. Fayre Damefell yf you can perceyue
Siluanus true doth ſaye
There is not one amongſt you all,
but doth from reaſon ſtraye.
What is the cauſe that women thus?
in theyr vnconſtancye,
Do caſt a man from hyeſt hap,
to deepeſt myſerye?
Its nothyng els, I you aſſure,
but that you know not well,
What thing is loue, and what you haue,
in hand you can not tell.
Your ſymple wyts are all to weake,
Vnfayned loue to know,
And therof doth forgetfulnes,
in you ſo ſhortly grow.

Selnag. *Sirenus* iudge not ſo of vs,
our wyts be not ſo baſe,
But that we know as well as you,
whats what in euery caſe.
And women eke, there are ynow
that could yf they were brought
Teache men to lyue, and more to loue,
yf loue myght well be tought,
And for all this, yet do I thynke,
No thyng can worſer be.
Than womens ſtate, it is the worſt,
I thynke of eche degree.
For yf they ſhow but gentle words
you thynke for loue they dye.
And yf they ſpeake not when you liſt,
than ſtrayght you ſay, they are hye.
And that they ar, diſdainfull Dames.
and if they chaunce to talke.
Than cownt you them for chatring Pies
whoſe tongs muſt alwayes walke.

And yf perhaps they do forbeare,
and Sylence chaunce to keepe,
Than tuſh, ſhe is not for company,
ſhe is but a ſymple ſheepe.
And yf they beare good wyll to one,
then ſtrayght they are iudged nought.
And yf yll name to ſhun they leaue,
Vnconſtant they are thought.
Who nowe can pleaſe theſe Ialouſe heads,
the faute is all in you,
For women neuer wold chaunge their minds
yf men wold ſtyll be true.

Siren. To this, I well could anſwere you,
but tyme doth byd me ſtaye,
And women muſt the laſt worde haue
no man may ſay them naye.
Paſſe ouer this, and let vs here,
what lucke you haue had in loue,
And ſhowe yf euer loue of man,
your conſtaunt hart could moue.
No ſytter place can be than this,
here maye you ſafely reſt,
Thus ſytting here, declare at large,
the ſecretes of your breſt.

Siluag. Naye: lenger here we maye not byde,
but home we mvſt awaye,
Loe how the Son denies his Beames
depriuyng vs of daye.

Finis Eglogæ ſeptimæ.

Egloga octaua.

Coridon. **Cornix.**

NOw ragethe *Titan* fyerce aboue
his Beames on earth do beate.
Whoſe hote reflection maks vs feale
an ouer feruent heate:
Wyth fyery Dog, he forward flames
hote Agues vp he dryues:
And ſends them downe, with boylyng blud
to ſhorten Myſers lyues.
Loe, how the beaſts, lyes vnder trees
how all thyng ſeekes the ſhade,
O bleſſed God, that ſome defence,
for euery hurte haſt made,
Beholde this pleaſaunte Brodeleaued Beech
and ſpringing fountain cleare,
Heare ſhade ynough, here water cold
com *Cornix* reſt we here,
And let vs ſongs begyn to ſyng,
our purs and harts be lyght.
We fere not we, the tomblyng world
we breake no ſleaps by nyght.

Cornix. Both place and tyme my *Coridon*
exhorteth me to ſynge,
Not of the wretched Louers lyues,
but of the immortall kynge.
Who gyues vs paſture for our beaſts
and bleſſeth our encreaſe:
By whom, while other cark and toyle
we lyue at home with eaſe.
Who keepes vs down, from climyng hye
wher honour breeds debate,

And here hath graunted vs to lyue
in fymple Shephards ſtate,
A lyfe that ſure doth fare exceade,
eche other kynd of lyfe:
O happy ſtate, that doth content,
How farre be we from ſtryfe?
Of hym therfore, me lyſt to ſynge,
and of no wanton toyes,
For hym to loue, and hym to prayſe,
ſurmounts all other Ioyes.
O Shephards leaue *Cupidoes* Camp,
the ende wherof is vyle,
Remoue Dame *Venus* from your eies
and harken here a whyle.
A God there is, that guyds the Globe,
and framde the fyckle Spheare,
And placed hath, the Starres aboue,
that we do gaſe on here,
By whom we lyue, (vnthankful beaſts)
by whom we haue our health,
By whom we gayne our happy ſtates
by whom we get our wealth.
A God: that ſends vs that we nede,
a God: that vs defends.
A God: from whom the Angels hye,
on mortall men attends.
A God: of ſuche a Clemencie,
that who ſo hym doth loue
Shall here be ſure to reſt a whyle,
and alwayes reſt aboue.
But we, for hym do lytell care,
His Heaſts we nought eſteme,
But hunt for thyngs that he doth hate
moſt pleaſaunt thoſe do ſeme,
(Vnthankfull myſers) what do we?
what meane we thus to ſtraye?
From ſuche a God, ſo mercyfull,
to walke a worſer waye?

Maye nought his benefyts procure?
maye nought his mercyes moue?
Maye nothynge bynde, but nedes we muſt?
gyue hate to hym for loue?
O happy (ten tymes) is the man,
(a Byrde full rare to fynde)
That loueth God with all his hart,
and kepes his lawes in mynde.
He ſhalbe bleſt in all his works,
and ſafe in euery tyme,
He ſhall ſwete quietnes enioye,
whyle other ſmarte for Cryme.
The threatnyng chaunces of the world
ſhall neuer hym annoye.
When Fortune frowns on fooliſh men
he ſhalbe ſure to ioye.
For why? the Aungels of the Lorde,
ſhall hym defende alwayes,
And ſet hym free, at euery harmes,
and hurts at all aſſayes.

Dauid. [? *Daniel.*] Euen he that kept the Prophet ſafe,
from mouthes of Lyons wylde,

Moses. And he that once preſerued in Flags,
the ſely ſuckyng Chylde,

Elias. The God that fed, by Rauens Byll,
the Teacher of his worde,
Shall hym (no doubt) in ſafetie keepe,
from Famyn, Fyre, aud Sworde.
Not he, whom Poets old haue faynd,
to lyue in Heauen hye,

Iupiter. Embracyng Boyes: (O fylthy thyng)
in beaſtly Lecherye.

Iuno. Nor *Iuno* ſhe: (that wrinkled Iade,)
that Quene of Skyes is calde,

Saturn. Nor ſoleyn *Saturn* Churlyſh Chuffe,
with Scalpe of Cancre bald.

Mars. Nor fumyng Foole, with fyery face,
that moues the fyghters mynd.

Venus Nor Venus ſhe : (that wanton wench)
Cupid. that guyds the Shoter blynd.
Can the defende : as God wyll do,
for they were ſynfull fooles,
Homerus. Whom fyrſt ye blynd hye witted Greke
brought in to wyſe mens Scooles.
No none of theſe, but God alone,
ought worſhyp for to haue,
For they for all theyr Honour ones,
reſt yet in ſtynkyng Graue.
Heare haſt thou heard, the happy ſtate
of them that lyue in feare,
Of God : and loue hym beſt : now lyſt,
his foes reward to heare,
And fyrſt know thou that euery man,
that from this God doe goe,
And folows luſt, hym he acountes,
to be his deadly foe,
This myghty Kyng of whom we talk,
as he is mercyfull,
And ſuffers long, reuengyng ſlow,
So when we be thus dull,
That we wyl not perceaue in tyme,
the goodnes of his grace,
His fauour ſtraight, he doth withdraw
and tournes a way his face.
And to him ſelfe then doth he ſay,
How long ſhall I permit
Theſe ſtubburne beaſtes, for to rebell?
and ſhall I loue them yet,
That hate me thus? or haue I nede
theyr louynge mynds to craue?
I aſke no more but onely loue,
and that I can not haue.
Well, wel I wil not care for them,
that thus do me dyſpyſe,
Let them go lyue, euen as they lyſt,
I turne awaye myne eyes.

When God hath thus ſayd to him ſelf
Then doth the braynleſſe foole,
Caſt Brydle of, and out he runnes,
neglectynge vertues Scoole,
Then doth the Deuyl geue him lyne,
and let him rune at large,
And Pleaſure makes his Mariner,
to row in vyces Barge,
Then vp the Sayles of wilfulnes.
he hoyſes hie in haſt,
And fond Affection blowes hym forth,
a wynd that *Pluto* plaſt,
Then cuttes he ſwyft, the ſeas of ſin,
and through the Chanell deape,
With Ioyful mynd, he fleets a pace,
whom Pleaſure bryngs a ſleape,
Then who ſo happy thinks hym ſelfe?
who dreames of ioy but he?
Tuſh, tuſh, ſayeth he: to thynk of God,
In age ſuffiſeth me.
Now wil I paſſe my pleaſaunt youth,
Such toyes becomes this age,
And God ſhall followe me ſayth he,
I wyll not be his page,
I wyll be prowd, and looke a loft,
I wyll my bodye decke,
With coſtly clothes, a boue my ſtate
who then dare gyue me checke?

Coridon. Garments ſom time, ſo gard a knaue,
that he dare mate a Knyght,
Yet haue I ſene a *Nec* in hemp,
For Checking often lyght.

Cornix. The Peacocks plume ſhal not me pas
that nature finely framde
For coulord ſylkes ſhal ſet me fourth,
that nature ſhalbe ſhamde,
My Sworde ſhal get me valiant fame,
I wyll be *Mars* out ryght,

And *Mars* you know, muſt *Venus* haue,
to recreate his ſpryght.
I wyll oppreſſe the ſymple knaue,
ſhall Slaues be ſawſy now?
Nay: I wyll teache the nedy Dogges,
with Cappe to crowche, and bow.
Thus fareth he, and thus he lyues,
No whyt eſtymyng God,
In health, in ioy, and luſtynes,
free from the ſmartyng Rod,
But in the midſt of all his myrth,
whyle he ſuſpecteth leaſt,
His happy chaunce, begyns to chaunge
and eke his fleetynge feaſt,
For death (that old deuouryng Wolf)
whom goodmen nothyng feare,
Coms ſaylyng faſt, in Galley blacke,
and whan he ſpyes hym neare,
Doth boorde hym ſtrayght, and grapels faſt
And than begyns the fyght,
In ryot leapes, as Captayne chiefe,
and from the Maynmaſt ryght,
He downward coms, and ſurſet than
aſſayleth by and by,
Then vyle deſeaſes forward ſhoues,
with paynes and gryefe therby,
Lyfe ſtands aloſt, and fyghteth hard,
but pleaſure all agaſte.
Doth leaue his ore, and out he flyes,
then death approcheth faſt.
And giues the charge ſo ſore, yat needs
muſt lyfe begyn to flye,
Then farewell all. The wretched man
with Caryen Corſe doth lye,
Whom Deth hymſelf flyngs ouer bord,
amyd the Seas of ſyn,
The place wher late, he ſwetly ſwam,
now lyes he drowned in.

Contynuall torment hym awaytes,
(a Monſter vyle to tell)
That was begot of Due Deſert,
and raygneth now in Hell,
With gredy mouth he alwayes feeds
vpon the Syndrownd ſoule,
Whoſe gredy Pawes, do neuer ceas,
in ſynfull fluds to prowle.
Loe. This the ende, of euery ſuche
as here lyues luſtylye
Neglectyng God thou ſeeſt, in vyce.
do lyue. in ſyn do dye.
What ſhuld I ſpeke of al theyr harms
that happens them in lyfe?
Theyr Conſcience prickt, theyr barren blud
theyr toyle, their grief, theyr ſtryfe,
With miſchiefes heaped many a one,
which they do neuer trye.
That Loue and Feare the myghty God,
that rules and raynes on hye,
To long it weare, to make diſcourſe,
and *Phebus* downe deſcends,
And in the Clowdes his beams doth hyde
which tempeſt ſure portends,
Looke how the beaſtes begin to fling,
and caſt theys heades on hye,
The Hearonſhew mountes aboue the clouds
ye Crowes ech wher do cry
All this ſhowes rayn, tyme byds vs go
com *Coridon* awaye,
Take vp thy Staffe, fetch in thy beaſts
let vs go whyle we maye.

Coridon. *Cornix* agreed, go thou before,
yon curſed Bull of myne
I muſt go dryue: he neuer bydes,
among my Fathers Kyne.

Finis Eglogæ octauæ.

EPYTAPHES.

¶ *An Epytaphe of the Lorde* Sheffeldes *death.*

Hen Brutyſh broyle, and rage of war
in Clownyſh harts began
When Tigres ſtoute, in Tanners bonde
vnmuſled all they ran,
The Noble Sheffeyld Lord by byrth
and of a courage good,
By clubbiſh hands, of crabbed Clowns
there ſpent his Noble blud.
His noble byrth auayled not,
his honor all was vayne,
Amyd the preaſe, of Maſtye Curres,
the valyant Lorde was ſlayne.
And after ſuche a ſorte (O ruth,)
that who can teares ſuppreſſe.
To thynke yat Dunghyll Dogs ſhuld dawnt
the Floure of worthynes.
Whyle as the rauenyng Wolues he prayed
his gylteles lyfe to ſaue.
A bluddy Butcher byg and blunt,
a vyle vnweldy knaue
With beaſtly blow of boyſterous byll
at hym (O Lorde) let dryue,
And cleſte his head, and ſayd therwith
ſhalt thou be lefte alyue?
O Lorde that I had preſent ben,
and Hectors force withall,
Before that from his Carlyſh hands,
the cruell Byll dyd fall.
Then ſhulde that peaſaunt vyle haue felt
the clap vpon his Crowne,
Then ſhuld haue dazed his dogged hart
from dryuyng Lordes adowne.

Then ſhuld my hands haue ſaued th y lyfe
good Lord whom deare I loued
Then ſhuld my hart in doutfull caſe,
full well to the ben proued,
But all in vayne thy death I wayle,
thy Corps in earth doth lye.
Thy kyng and Countrey for to ſerue
thou dydſte not feare to dye.
Farewel good Lord, thy deth bewayle
all ſuche as well the knewe,
And euerye man laments thy caſe:
and *Googe* thy death doth rewe.

¶ *An Epytaphe of M.* Shelley *ſlayne at Muſſelbroughe.*

VVan Mars had moued mortall hate
and forced fumyſh heate
And hye *Bellona* had decreed,
to fyt with Sworde in Seate,
The Scottes vntrue with fyghtynge hande,
theyr promys to denye,
Aſſembled faſt, and England thought,
the trothe with them to trye.
Choſe *Muſcłebroughe* theyr fyghtynge place
amyd thoſe barrayne fyelds
Theyr breche of fayth, there not to try
with trothe, but trotheles Shyeldes
In battayle braue, and Armye ſtrong
Encamped ſure they laye,
Ten Scottes to one (a dredeful thyng
a dolfull fyghtyng daye.)
That Englyſh men were all agaſte,
with quakyng ſtaues in hande.
To ſe theyr enemyes lye ſo neare,
and death with them to ſtande.

No other remedye there was,
but fyght it out or flye.
And who ſhuld fyrſt the Onſet gyue,
was ſure therin to dye.
Thus al diſmayde, and wrapt in feare
with doutfull mynde they ſtande,
If beſt it be, with flyght of foote,
to ſtryue or fyght of hande.
Tyll at the length, a Captayn ſtoute.
with hawtye mynde gan ſpeake.
O Cowards all, and maydly men
of Courage faynt and weake,
Vnworthye com of Brutus race,
to this your manhode gon,
And is there none you Daſtardes all,
that dare them fet vpon.
Then Shelly all inflamed with heate
with heate of valyaunt mynde,
No Cowardes we, nor maydly men,
ne yet of Daſtards kynde,
I wold you wyſte dyd euer com,
but dare be bolde to trye,
Our manhode heare, thoughe nought appeare
but deth to all mens eye
And with theſe wordes (O noble hart)
no longer there he ſtayde,
But forth before them all he ſprang
as one no whyt diſmayed
With charged ſtaffe on fomyng horſe
his Spurres with heeles he ſtrykes,
And forewarde ronnes with ſwiftye race,
among the mortall Pykes
And in this race with famous ende,
to do his Countrey good,
Gaue Onſet fyrſt vpon his Foes,
and loſt his vitall blud.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *An Epytaphe of Maiſter* Thomas Phayre.

THe hawtye verſe, yat *Maro* wrote
made Rome to wonder muche
And meruayle none for why the Style
and waightynes was ſuche,
That all men iudged *Parnaſſus* Mownt
had cleſte her ſelfe in twayne.
And brought forth one, that ſeemd to drop
from out *Mineruaes* brayne.
But wonder more, maye Bryttayne great
wher *Phayre* dyd floryſh late,
And barreyne tong with ſwete accord
reduced to ſuche eſtate:
That *Virgils* verſe hath greater grace
in forrayne foote obtaynde,
Than in his own, who whilſt he lyued
eche other Poets ſtaynde.
The Noble H. *Hawarde* once,
that raught eternall fame,
With mighty Style, did bryng a pece
Of *Virgils* worke in frame,
And *Grimaold* gaue the lyke attempt,
and *Douglas* wan the Ball,
whoſe famouſe wyt in Scottyſh ryme
had made an ende of all.
But all theſe ſame did *Phayre* excell,
I dare preſume to wryte,
As muche as doth *Appolloes* Beames.
the dymmeſt Starre in lyght.
The enuyous fates (O pytie great,
had great diſdayne to ſe,
That vs amongſt there ſhuld remayn
ſo fyne a wyt as he,

And in the mydſt of all his toyle,
dyd force hym hence to wende,
And leaue a Worke vnperfyt ſo,
that neuer man ſhall ende.

¶ *An Epytaphe of the Death of* Nicolas Grimaold.

BEholde this fle=
tyng world how al things fade
Howe euery thyng
doth paſſe and weare awaye,
Eche ſtate of lyfe,
by comon courſe and trade,
Abydes no tyme,
but hath a paſſyng daye.
For looke as lyfe,
that pleaſaunt Dame hath brought,
The pleaſaunt yeares,
and dayes of luſtynes,
So Death our Foe,
conſumeth all to nought,
Enuyeng theſe,
with Darte doth vs oppreſſe,
And that whiche is,
the greateſt gryfe of all,
The gredye Grype,
doth no eſtate reſpect,
But wher he comes,
he makes them down to fall,
Ne ſtayes he at,
the hie ſharpe wytted ſect.
For if that wytt,
or worthy Eloquens,
Or learnyng deape,
coulde moue hym to forbeare,

O *Grimaold* then,
thou hadſte not yet gon hence
But heare hadeſt ſene,
full many an aged yeare.
Ne had the Mu=
ſes loſte ſo fyne a Floure,
Nor had *Miner=*
ua wept to leaue the ſo,
If wyſdome myght
haue fled the fatall howre,
Thou hadſte not yet
ben ſuffred for to go,
A thouſande doltyſh
Geeſe we myght haue ſparde,
A thouſande wytles
heads, death might haue found
And taken them,
for whom no man had carde,
And layde them lowe,
in deepe obliuious grounde,
But Fortune fa=
ours Fooles as old men ſaye
And lets them lyue,
and take the wyſe awaye.

¶ *Finis.*

Sonettes.

¶ *To Mayſter* Alexander Nowell.

THe Muſes ioye,
and well they may to ſe,
So well theyr la-
boure com to good ſucceſſe,
That they ſuſtay-
ned long agoe in the,
Minerua ſmyles,
Phebus can do no leſſe,
But ouer all,
they chyefly do reioyſe,
That leauyng thyngs,
which are but fond and vayne,
Thou dyddeſt chuſe,
(O good and happy choyſe)
In ſacred Scoles,
thy luckye yeares to trayne,
By whiche thou haſt
obtaynde (O happy thyng)
To learne to lyue,
whyle other wander wyde,
And by thy lyfe,
to pleaſe the immortall kyng,
Then whiche ſo good,
nothyng can be applyed,
Lawe gyues the gayne,
and Phyſycke fyls the Purſe,
Promotions hye,
gyues Artes to many one,
But this is it,
by whiche we ſcape the Curſe,

And haue the blys
of God, when we be gone.
Is this but one=
ly Scriptures for to reade?
No, no. Not talke,
but lyfe gyues this in deade.

¶ *To Doctor* Bale.

GOod aged *Bale:*
that with thy hoary heares
Doſte yet perſyſte,
to turne the paynefull Booke,
O happye man,
that haſt obtaynde ſuche yeares,
And leavſt not yet,
on Papers pale to looke,
Gyue ouer now
to beate thy weryed brayne,
And reſt thy Pen
that long hath laboured ſoore
For aged men
vnfyt ſure is ſuche paine,
And the beſeems
to laboure now no more,
But thou I thynke
Don Platoes part will playe
With Booke in hand,
to haue thy dyeng daye.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *To M.* Edwarde Cobham.

OLde *Socrates*,
whoſe wyſdome dyd excell,
And paſt the reache,
of wyſeſt in his tyme,
Surmounted all,
that on the earth dyd dwell,
That Craggye Hyls,
of vertue hye dyd clyme,
That *Socrates*,
my *Cobham* dyde allowe,
Eche man in youth,
hym ſelfe in Glaſſe to vew,
And wyld them oft,
to vſe the ſame, but how?
Not to delyght,
in forme of fadyng hew.
Nor to be proude
therof, as many be,
But for to ſtryue,
by beautie of the mynde,
For to adourne,
the beautie he doth ſe.
If warlyke forme,
Dame Nature hym aſſygnde,
By vertuous lyfe,
than countenaunce for to get,
That ſhall deface,
the fayreſt of them all,
Suche Beautie as
no age nor yeares wyll fret:
That flyes with fame,
whan fyckle forme doth fayle,
Thus muche I ſaye,
that here to the preſent,

My wordes a Glaſſe
for the to looke vpon.
To the whom God,
in tender yeares hath lent,
A towardenes,
that maye be muſed vpon,
Suche towardenes,
as in more grauer yeares,
Doth ſure a hope,
of greater thyngs pretende,
Thy noble mynde,
that to thy frendes appeare,
Doth ſhowe the blud,
wherof thou doſte deſcende,
The gentlenes,
thou vſeſt vnto all ſuche,
As ſmallye haue
deſerued good wyll of the,
Doth ſhowe the grace,
thou haſt that ſure is muche,
As euer yet,
in any I dyd ſe,
That wyt as rype,
as Nature well can gyue,
Declares a grea-
ter hope than all the reſt,
That ſhall remayne,
to the whilſt thou doſte lyue,
In deſperate yls,
a Medycyne euer preſt.
Thy good behauyour,
of thy ſelfe in place
Wherſoeuer that
thou chaunceſt for to lyght,
So much both beautie,
mynde and wyt doth grace
As well can be
requyred of any wyght.

What reſteth now?
but onely God to prayſe,
Of whom thou haſt
receaued theſe Gyftes of thyne,
So ſhalt thou long,
lyue heare with happye dayes,
And after Death,
the ſtarrye Skyes ſhall clyme,
Let noughtye men,
ſaye what they lyſt to the,
Trade thou thy ſelfe,
in ſeruyng hym aboue,
No ſweter ſer=
uyce can deuyſed be,
Whom yf thou fearſt,
and faythfully doſte loue,
Be ſure no thyng,
on earth ſhall the annoye,
Be ſure he wyll,
the from eche harme defende,
Be ſure thou ſhalt,
long tyme thy lyfe enioye,
And after ma=
ny yeares to haue a bleſſed ende.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *Of* Edwardes *of the Chappell.*

DEuyne *Camenes*
that with your ſacred food,
Haue fed and fo=
ſterde vp from tender yeares,
A happye man,
that in your fauour ſtoode
Edwards in Courte
that can not fynde his feares

Your names be bleſt,
that in this preſent age
So fyne a head,
by Arte haue framed out
Whom ſome hereaf=
ter helpt by Poets rage,
Perchaunce maye matche,
but none ſhall paſſe (no doubt)
O *Plautus* yf
thou wert alyue agayne,
That Comedies
ſo fynely dydſte endyte.
Or *Terence* thou
that with thy pleſaunt brayne,
The hearers mynde
on ſtage dydſt much delyght.
What wold you ſay
fyrs if you ſhould beholde,
As I haue done
the doyngs of this man?
No word at all
to ſweare I durſt be bolde,
But burne with teares,
that which with myrth began,
I meane your bookes,
by which you gate your name,
To be forgot,
you wolde commit to flame.
Alas I wolde
Edvvards more tell thy prayſe,
But at thy name
my muſe amaſed ſtayes.

To L. Blundeſton.

SOme men be coun=
Styd wyſe that well can talke :
And ſome becauſe

they can eche man begyle.
Some forbecauſe
they know well cheſe from chalke,
And can be ſure,
weepe who ſo lyſt to ſmyle.
But (Blundſton) hym
I call the wyſeſt wyght,
Whom God gyues grace
to rule affections ryght.

The Aunſwere of L. Blundeſton *to the ſame.*

AFfections ſeekes
hygh honours frayle eſtate,
Affections doth
the golden meane reproue.
Affections tourns
the frendly hart to hate,
Affections breedes
without diſcretion Loue,
Both wyſe and
happye (*Googe*) he maye be hyght,
Whom God gyues grace,
to rule affections ryght.

¶ *To* Alexander Neuell.

THe lytell Fyſh,
that in the ſtreme doth fleet
With brode forth ſtretched Fyns for his diſporte
When as he ſpyes,
the Fyſſhes bayte ſo ſwete,
In haſte he hyes,
fearynge to com to ſhorte,

But all to ſoone
(alas) his gredy mynde,
By raſh attempt,
doth bryng hym to his bane,
for where he thought
a great relyefe to fynde,
By hydden hooke,
the ſymple fole is tane.
So fareth man,
that wanders here and theare,
Thynkyng no hurt
to happen hym therbye,
He ronnes amayne,
to gaſe on Beauties cheare,
Takes all for golde
that glyſters in the eye,
And neuer leaues
to feade by lookyng long,
On Beauties Bayte,
where Bondage lyes enwrapt,
Bondage that makes
hym to ſynge an other ſong,
And makes hym curſe
the bayte that hym entrapte.
Neuell to the,
that loueſt their wanton lookes,
Feade on the bayte,
but yet beware the Hookes.

Alexander Neuells *Anſwere to the ſame.*

IT is not curſed *Cupids* Dart:
Nor *Venus* cancred Spyght,
It is not vengeaunce of the Gods
That wretched harts doth ſmyght,
With reſtleſſe rage of carefull Loue.
No, No, thy Force alone

Affection fond, doth ſtyr theſe flames.
Thou cauſeſt vs to mone
And waile, and curs our wretched ſtats.
Our thryſe vnhappy plights,
Our ſighes, and powdred ſobs with tears,
Our greuous gronyng Sprights,
Thy hateful Malice doth procure:
O Fancye flamyng Feend
Of Hel. For thou in outwarde ſhape,
And colour of a frende
Doſt by thy Snares and ſlymed Hooks
entrap the wounded Harts:
From whence theſe Hellike torments ſpryng,
and euer greauyng Smarts.
Whence Gripe of minde, with chaunged chere
Whence face beſmeard with teares.
Whence thouſand miſchiefs more, wherwith
ſuche Myſers liues outweares.
Our gaſyng eyes on Bewties bayt
do worke our endles bane.
Our eyes I ſay doo worke our woo,
Our eyes procure our paine.
Theie are the Traps to vexed mynds
Here Gyns and Snares do lye.
Here fyre and flames by Fancie framde,
In breſt doo broyle and frye.
O *Googe* the Bayte ſone ſpyed is.
Soone vewd their wanton lookes.
Wheron to feede, and yet to ſhun,
The priuy lurkyng hookes,
Their pain, Their toile, Their labour is
There There lyes endles ſtrife.
O happy than that Man account,
Whoſe well directed Lyfe
Can fly thoſe yls, which fancy ſtirs,
And lyue from Bondage free.
A *Phœnix* ryght on yearth (no doubte)
A Byrde full rare to ſee.

¶ *To M.* Henrye Cobham, *of the moſt bleſſed ſtate of Lyfe.*

THe happyeſt lyfe
that here we haue,
My *Cobham* yf
I ſhall deſyne,
The goodlyeſt ſtate,
twyxte byrth and graue,
Moſt gracious
dayes and ſweteſt tyme,
The fayreſt face,
of fadynge Lyfe,
Race ryghtlyeſt ronne
in ruthfull wayes,
The ſafeſt meanes
to ſhun all ſtryfe:
The ſureſt Staffe,
in fyckle Dayes:
I take not I
as ſome do take,
To gape and gawne,
for Honours hye,
But Court and
Cayſer to forſake,
And lyue at home,
full quyetlye,
Remembreſt thou?
what he once ſayde,
Who bad, Courte not
in any caſe,
For Vertue is,
in Courtes decayed,
And Vyce with States,
hath chyefeſt place,

Not Courte but Countreye
I do iudge,
Is it wheare lyes,
the happyeſt lyfe,
In Countreye growes,
no gratynge grudge,
In Countreye ſtandes
not ſturdye ſtryfe,
In Countreye,
Bacchus hath no place,
In Countreye
Venus hath defecte,
In Countreye
Thraſo hath no grace,
In Countreye
fewe of *Gnatoes* Secte.
But theſe iame foure
and many more,
In Courte,
thou ſhalt be ſure to fynde,
For they haue vowed,
not thence to goe,
Bycauſe in Courte,
dwels ydle mynde.
In Countreye
mayſte thou ſafelye reſt,
And flye all theſe,
yf that thou lyſte,
The Countrey therfore,
iudge I beſt,
Where godly lyfe,
doth vyce reſyſte,
Where vertuous
exercyſe with ioye,
Doth ſpende the yeares
that are to run,
Where Vyces fewe,
maye the annoye,
This lyfe is beſt
whan all is done.

¶ *To* Alexander Neuell *of the bleſſed State of him that feeles not the force of Cupids flames.*

AS ofte as I
remembre with my ſelf,
The Fancies fonde,
that flame by foolyſh Loue,
And marke the Furyes
fell, the blynded elfe
And Venus ſhe
that raynes ſo ſore aboue,
As ofte as I
do ſe the wofull ſtate,
Of Louers all,
and eake their myſerye,
The ones deſy-
ryng mynde the others hate,
Trothe with the one,
with the other Trecherye,
So ofte ſay I,
that bleſſed in the wyght,
Yea *Neuell* bleſt,
and double bleſt agayne,
That can by rea-
ſon rule hys mynde a ryght,
And take ſuche foo-
lyſh fadynge toyes for vayne.

¶ Alexander Neuells *Awnſwere to the ſame.*

THe plunged mind in fluds of griefs
The Sences drowned quyght,
The Hart oppreſt. The fleſh conſumed
The chaunged ſtate outright.

The Body dryed by broylyng blaſe,
Of preuy ſchorchyng Flame.
The doulfull Face. The countnaunce ſad
The drowping Courage tame.
The Scaldyng ſyghes. The greeuous groones
The burning rage of fyre
The erneſt ſute. The fruitles Toyle.
The deepe and hot Deſyre,
The Braynes quight bruſd and cruſht with Cares.
The euer duryng foore.
The very paynes of Hell it ſelf,
with thouſande miſchyefes moore,
Which wounded Harts enflamed with Loue
with Gryefe do ouerflow,
And works theyr endles plage and ſpight
Tyll Death from thence do growe.
All theſe conclude him bleſt (my *Googe*)
And trible bleſt agayne,
That taught bi tract of Time can take
Such fadyng Toyes for vayne.

¶ *To Mayſtreſſe* A.

SYnce I ſo long haue lyved in pain
and burnt for loue of the,
(O cruel hart) doſte thou no more
eſteame the Loue of me,
Regardſt thou not, the health of hym?
that the, aboue the reſt
Of Creatures all, and next to God
hath deareſt in his breſt.
Is pytie placed from the ſo farre
is gentlenes exylde?
Haſt thou ben foſtred in the Caues,
of Wolues or Lyons wylde?
Haſt thou ben ſo? why then no force,
the leſſe I meruayle I,
Such as the Damme, ſuche is the yong
experyence trewe doth trye.

Syth thou art of ſo fyerce a mynde,
  why dyd not God then place
In the, with ſuche a Tygers Harte,
  a fowle yll fauerde face?
Sure for no other ende but that,
  he lykes no Louers trade,
And the therfore a ragynge Fende,
  an Angels face hath made.
Suche one as thou, was *Gorgon* ones
  as auncient Poets tell,
Who with her Beautie mazed men,
  and nowe doth raygne in Hell,
But mercye yet, of the I craue,
  yf ought in the remayne,
And let me not ſo long the force,
  of flamyng fyre ſuſtayne,
Let pytie ioynde with beautie be,
  ſo ſhall I not dyſdayne,
My blud, my hart, my lyfe to ſpende
  with toyle, with ſtryfe, and payne,
To do the good, my breath to looſe,
  yf nede ſhall ſo requyre,
But for my ſeruyce and my paynes,
  thou gyueſt me hate for hyre.
Well now take this for ende of all,
  I loue and thou doſte hate,
Thou lyueſt in pleaſures happely.
  and I in wretched ſtate.
Paynes can not laſt for euermore,
  but tyme and ende wyll trye,
And tyme ſhall tell me in my age,
  How youth led me awrye.
Thy face that me tormented, ſo,
  in tyme ſhall ſure decaye,
And all that I do lyke or loue,
  ſhall vanyſh quyte awaye,
Thy face in tyme ſhall wrynckled be,
  at whiche I ſhall be glad,

To ſee thy forme transformed thus,
that made me once ſo ſad,
Than ſhall I blame my foly moch
and thanke the mightyeſt kyng
That hath me ſaued tyll ſuch a daye,
to ſe ſo fonde a thyng.
And tyll that tyme I wyll keepe cloſe
my flames and let them blaſe,
All ſecretly within my breſt,
no man on me ſhall gaſe.
I wyll not treſpaſſe ſynfully,
for God ſhall geue me grace
To ſe the tyme wherin I ſhall
neglecte thy folyſh face,
And tyll that tyme adieu to thee,
God keepe thee far from me,
And ſende thee in that place to dwell,
that I ſhall neuer ſee.

¶ *To* George Holmeden *of a ronnynge Heade.*

THe greateſt vyce
that happens vnto men,
And yet a vyce,
that many comon haue,
As auncient Wryters
waye with ſobre Pen,
Who gaue theyr doome,
by force of wyſdom graue,
The foreſt mayme,
the greateſt euyll ſure,
The vyleſt plague
that Students can ſuſtayne,
And that whiche moſte
doth ygnoraunce procure.
My *Holmeden* is
to haue a ronnynge Brayne,

For who is he
that leades more reſtles lyfe,
Or who can euer
lyue more yll beſtead?
In fyne who lyues,
in greater Care and ſtryfe,
Then he that hath,
ſuche an vnſtedfaſt hedde:
But what is this?
me thynkes I heare the ſay,
Phyſition take,
thine owne diſeaſe away.

¶ *To the Tranſlation of Pallingen.*

THe labour ſwete,
that I ſuſtaynde in the,
(O *Pallingen*)
when I tooke Pen in hande,
Doth greue me now,
as ofte as I the ſe,
But halfe hewd out
before myne eyes to ſtande,
For I muſt needes
(no helpe) a whyle go toyle,
In Studyes, that
no kynde of muſe delyght.
And put my Plow,
in groſſe vntylled ſoyle,
And labour thus,
with ouer weryed Spryght,
But yf that God,
do graunt me greater yeares.
And take me not
from hence, before my tyme,
The Muſes nyne,
the pleaſaunt ſynging feares

Shall ſo enflame
my mynde with luſt to ryme,
That *Palingen*
I wyll not leaue the ſo,
But fynyſh the
accordyng to my mynd.
And yf it be
my chaunce away to go,
Let ſome the ende,
that heare remayne behynde.

¶ *The Harte abſent.*

SWete muſe tell me,
Swher is my hart becom,
For well I feele,
it is from hence a way,
My Sences all,
doth ſorrow ſo benumme:
That abſent thus,
I can not lyue a Day.
I know for troth,
there is a ſpecyall Place,
Wher as it moſt,
deſyreth for to bee:
For Oft it leaues,
me thus in Dolſull caſe,
And hether commes,
at length a gayne to me?
Woldeſt thou ſo fayne,
be tolde where is thy Harte
Sir Foole in place,
wher as it ſhuld not be:
Tyed vp ſo faſt,
that it can neuer ſtarte?
Tyll Wyſdom get,
agayne thy Lybertye:
In place wher thou,

as ſafe maiſt dwel ſwet daw?
As may the harte,
ly by the Lyons paw:
And wher for thee,
as much be ſure they paſſe:
As dyd the maſter
ons for *Eſops* Aſſe.

¶ *To* Alexander Neuell.

IF thou canſt baniſh Idle nes,
Cupidoes Bowe is broke, *Ouid.*
And well thou mayſt dyſpyſe his bronds
cleane void of flame and ſmoke
What moued the Kynge *Agiſtus* ons,
to Loue with vyle exceſſe:
The cauſe at hand doth ſtreight apeare
he lyued in Idlenes.

Finis.

¶ *The Aunſwere of* A. Neuell *to the ſame.*

THe lack of labour mayms ye mind,
And wyt and Reaſon quyght exiles.
And Reaſon fled. Flames Fancy blind.
And Fancy ſhe forthwith beguyles
The Senſles wight: that ſwiftly fails
Through deepeſt fluds of vyle exces.
Thus vice abounds. Thus vertu quails,
By meanes of drowſy Idlenes.

¶ *To Mayſtreſſe* D.

NOt from the hye *Cytherion* Hyll
nor from that Ladies throne
From whens flies forth ye winged boy

yat makes ſome ſore to grone.
But nearer hence this token coms,
from out the Dongeon deepe,
Where neuer Plutto yet dyd raygne
nor Proſerpyne dyd ſleepe.
Wheras thy faithful Seruaunt liues.
whom duetie moues aryght,
To wayle that he ſo long doth lacke,
his owne deare Mayſtres ſyght.

¶ *Out of an olde Poet.*

FYe Fye, I lothe
to ſpeake wylt thou my luſt,
Compell me nowe,
to doo ſo foule an acte.
Nay rather God
with Flame conſume to duſt.
My carryon vyle,
then I perfourme this facte
Let rather thoughtes,
that long, haue weryed me:
Or ſycknes ſuche
as Fancye fonde hath brought,
O gapyng Hell,
dryne me now downe to the,
Let boylyng ſyghes,
conſume me all to nought.

ONs muſynge as I ſat,
and Candle burnynge bye,
When all were huſht I myght diſcern
a ſymple ſelye Flye.
¶ That flewe before myne eyes,
with free reioyſynge Hart,
And here and there, with wings did play
as voyde of payne and ſmart,

¶ Somtyme by me ſhe ſat,
when ſhe had playde her fyll,
And euer when ſhe reſted had
aboute ſhe flyttered ſtyll.
¶ When I perceyued her well,
reioyſyng in her place,
O happye Flye quoth I, and eake,
O worme in happy caſe.
¶ Whiche two of vs is beſt?
I that haue reaſon? no:
But thou that reaſon art without
and therwith voyde of woe.
¶ I lyue and ſo doſte thou,
but I lyue all in payne,
And Subiect am to her alas,
that makes my Gryeſe her gayne.

[The following lines are added to this Poem, in the *Faultes escaped, &c.* at the end of the original Edition.]

¶ Thou lyueſt, but feelſt no gryeſe,
no Loue doth the torment,
A happye thynge for me it were,
If God were ſo content.
That thou with Pen, wert placed here
and I ſat in thy place,
Then I ſhuld Ioye as thou doſt nowe
and thau ſhuldſt wayle thy caſe.

WHen I do heare thy name,
alas my hart doth ryſe:
And ſeekes fourthwith to ſe the ſalue
that moſt contentes myne eys.
But when I ſe thy Face,
that hath procured my payne,

Then boyles my blud in euery part,
and beates in euery vayne?
Thy voice when I do heare,
then collour comes and goes,
Some tyme as pale as Earth I looke,
ſome tyme as red as Roſe.
If thy ſweete Face do ſmyle,
then who ſo well as I?
If thou but caſt a ſcornefull looke,
then out alas I dye.
But ſtyll I lyue in payne,
my fortune wylleth ſo,
That I ſhuld burne and thou yet know,
no whytt of all my wo.

VNhappye tonge
why dydſte thou not conſent
When fyrſt myne eyes
dyd vewe that Princely face,
To ſhow good wyll,
that hart oppreſt than ment.
And whylſt tyme was,
to ſewe for preſent grace.
O fayntyng Hart,
why dydſt thou then conceale?
Thyne inwarde Fyers,
that flamde in euery vayne,
Whan pytie and
gentlenes, were bent to heale.
Why dydſt thou not,
declare thy ragyng payne?
When well thou mightſt
haue moued her gentle mynde,
Why dydſte thou than,
kepe backe thy wofull playn?

Thou knewſte full well,
redres is hard to fynde,
Whan in thy owne
affayres, thy corage faynts.
But ſynce ſhe is
gon, bewaile thy grief no moore
Synce thou thy ſelfe,
wart Cauſer of the Soore.

¶ *Oculi augent dolorem.*

Out of ſyght, out of mynd.

THe oftener ſene, the more I luſt,
The more I luſt, the more I ſmart
The more I ſmart, the more I truſt,
The more I truſt, the heauyer hart,
The heuy hart, breedes myne vnreſt,
Thy abſence therfore, lyke I beſt.

The rarer ſene, the leſſe in mynde,
The leſſe in mynde, the leſſer payne,
The leſſer payne, leſſe gryefe I fynd,
The leſſer gryefe, the greater gayne,
The greater gayne, the meryer I,
Therfore I wyſh thy ſyght to flye.

The further of, the more I ioye.
The more I ioye, the happyer lyfe,
The happyer lyfe, leſſe hurts annoye
The leſſer hurts, pleaſure moſt ryfe,
Suche pleaſures ryfe, ſhall I obtayne
When Diſtaunce doth depart vs twaine.

¶ *Finis.*

ACcuſe not God, yf fancie fond,
do moue thy foolyſh brayne,
To wayle for loue, for thou thy ſelfe,
art cauſe of all thy payne.

¶ *Finis.*

TWo Lynes ſhall tell the Gryefe
that I by Loue ſuſtayne.
I burne, I flame, I faynt, I fryſe,
of Hell I feele the payne.

¶ *Of the vnfortunate choyſe of his Valentyne.*

THe Paynes that all the Furyes fell
can caſt from Lymbo lake,
Eche Torment of thoſe Helliſh brains
wher crawleth mani a ſnake,
Eche miſchiefe that therin doth lye
eche ſmart that may be founde,
Flye from thoſe feendiſh clawes a whyle
with flames breake vp the grounde,
Lyght here vpon this curſed hand,
make here your dwellyng place,
And plague the part, yat durſt preſume
his Mayſter to diſgrace.
Which thruſt amonge a nombre of:
ſo many princely names,
And wher thy Maiſtres had her place
amongſt the chiefeſt Dames,
Durſte thus preſume to leue her there
and drawe a ſtraunger wyght,
And by thyne owne vnhappy draught
torment my pauled Spryght.

¶ *The vncertayntie of Lyfe.*

NO vayner thing ther can be found
amyd this vale of ſtryfe,
As Auncient men reporte haue made
then truſte vncertayne lyfe.
This tr[e]we we dayly fynde,
by proofes of many yeares,
And many tymes the trothe is tryed,
by loſſe of frendly fears,
Hope who ſo lyſt in lyfe
hath but vncertayne ſtay.
As tayle of Ele that harder held,
doth ſooner ſlyde away.
When leaſt we thynk therof,
moſt neare approcheth it.
And ſodaynly poſſes the place,
wher lyfe before did ſytt:
How many haue byn ſeen,
in Helth to go to reſt,
And yet eare mornyng tyde haue ben,
with Cruell Death oppreſt,
How many in their meales,
Haue Ioyfully ben ſett,
That ſodaynly in all their Feaſte,
hath yealded Earth theyr dett.
Syth thus the lyfe is nought,
that in this world we truſt,
And that for all the pompe and Pryde,
the Bodie tournes to duſt:
Hope for the lyfe a boue,
whiche far ſurmounteth all.
With vertuous mind await the time
When God, for vs doth call.

¶ *A Refuſall.*

SYth Fortune fauoures not
and al thynges backward go,
And ſyth your mynd, hath ſo decreed,
to make an end of woe.
Syth now is no redreſſe,
but hence I muſt a way,
Farwele I waſt no vayner wordes,
I Hope for better day.

¶ *Of Maiſtres* D S.

THy fyled wordes,
yat from thy mouth did flow
Thy modeſt looke
with geſture of *Diane.*
Thy curteous mynde,
and althynges framed ſo.
As anſwered well,
vnto thy vertuous fame,
The gentlenes
that at thy handes I founde
In ſtraungers hou[ſ]e,
all vnaquaynted I,
Good S. hath
my Hart to the ſo bounde,
That from the can
it not be forced to flye,
In pledge wherof,
my ſeruyce here I gyue
Yf thou ſo wylte
to ſerue the whylſt I lyue.

¶ *Of Money.*

GYue Money me, take
Frendſhyp who ſo lyſt,
For Frends are gon
come once Aduerſytie,
When Money yet
remayneth ſafe in Cheſt,
That quickely can the
bryng from myſerye,
Fayre face ſhowe frendes,
whan ryches do habounde,
Come tyme of proofe,
farewell they muſt awaye,
Beleue me well,
they are not to be founde.
If God but ſende
the once a lowrynge daye.
Golde neuer ſtarts
aſyde, but in dyſtres,
Fyndes wayes enoughe,
to eaſe thyne heuynes.

¶ *Goyng towardes Spayne.*

FArewell thou fertyll ſoyle,
that *Brutus* fyrſt out founde,
When he poore ſoule, was driuen clean
from out his Countrey ground.
That Northward layſt thy luſty ſides
amyd the ragyng Seas.
Whoſe welthy Land doth foſter vpp,
thy people all in eaſe,
While others ſcrape and carke abroad,
theyr ſymple foode to gett.

And felye Soules toke all for good,
that commeth to the Net.
Which they with painfull paynes do py[n]ch.
in barrain burning Realmes:
While we haue all with out reſtreint
a mong thy welthy ſtreames.
O bleſt of God thou Pleaſaunt Ile,
where welth her ſelf doth dwell:
Wherin my tender yeares I paſt
I byd thee now farewell.
For Fancy dryues me forth abrode,
and byds me take delyght,
In leuyng thee and raungyng far,
to ſee ſome ſtraunger ſyght.
And ſayth I was not framed heare
to lyue at home with eas:
But paſſynge forth for knowledge ſake
to cut the ſomyng ſeas.

¶ *At Bonyuall in Fraunce.*

O Fond affectyon
wounder of my Hart,
When wylt thou Ceaſe,
to breed my reſtles payne,
When comes the end,
of this my Cruell ſmart:
When ſhall my force,
beate backe thy force agayne.
When ſhall I ſaye,
this reſtles rage of myne:
By Reaſon ruld,
is banyſht quyght a way,
And I eſcaped,
theſe cruell bondes of thyne:
O flamynge feend,
that ſeakeſt my decaye.

Safe thynkyng I,
Charibdis Rage to flye,
On Scylla Rocke,
in Bonyuall I dye.

¶ *Commynge home warde out of Spayne.*

ORagyng Seas,
and myghty Neptunes rayne,
In monſtrous Hylles,
that throweſt thy ſelfe ſo hye,
That wyth thy fludes,
doeſt beate the ſhores of Spayne:
And breake the Clyues,
that dare thy force enuie.
Ceaſe now thy rage,
and laye thyne Ire a ſyde,
And thou that haſt,
the gouernaunce of all,
O myghty God,
grant Wether Wynd and Tyde,
Tyll on my Coun-
treye Coaſt, our Anker fall.

¶ *To* L. Blundeſton *of Ingratitude.*

THe lytell Byrde,
the tender Marlyon,
That vſeth ofte
vpon the Larke to praye,
With great reproche,
doth ſtayne the mynde of man
If all be true,
that Wryters of her ſaye.
For ſhe a Creature,
maymde of Reaſons parte,
And framde to lyue
accordynge to her kynde,

Doth ſeme to foſter
Reaſon in her Hart
And to aſpyre
vnto Deuyner mynde.
when Hungers rage
ſhe hath exyled quyte,
And ſupped well
as falleth for her ſtate.
The ſelye Larke,
doth take by force of flyght,
And hyes to tree,
where as ſhe lodged late,
And on the trem-
blyng Byrde all nyght ſhe ſtondes,
To keepe her feete,
from force of nyppynge colde,
The amazed Wretche,
within her ennemyes handes,
And cloſed faſt,
within the claſpyng holde.
Awayteth Death,
with drowſye drowpyng Hart,
And all the nyght
with feare drawes on her lyfe,
The gentle Byrde,
whan darkenes doth departe
Doth not depryue,
the ſelye ſoule of lyfe,
Nor fylles with her
her hungred egre breſt
But wayeng well,
the ſeruyce ſhe hath done.
To ſpyll the Blud,
her Nature doth deteſt,
And from ſo great
a Cryme, her ſelfe doth ſhun.
She lets her go
and more with ſtedfaſt eyes.
Beholds whiche way

ſhe takes with mazed flight,
And in thoſe partes
that Daye ſhe neuer flyes
Leaſt on that Byrde
agayne ſhe chaunce to lyght.
Loe, *Blundſton* heare
how kyndenes doth habounde,
In ſelye Soules
where Reaſon is exylde,
This Byrde alone
ſuffyſeth to confounde,
The Brutyſh myndes
of men that are defyled,
With that great Vice,
that vyle and haynous Cryme
Ingratitude
(whiche ſome vnkyndenes call.)
That Poyſon ſtrong
that ſpryngeth ſtyll with tyme,
Tyll at the length,
it hath infected all.

¶ *The Aunſwere of* L. Blundeſton *to the ſame.*

THis Mirrour left
of this thy Byrde I fynde,
Hath not ſuche force,
to enter in the Hert,
To roote away
Vnthankefulnes of minde,
As others haue,
the Vertues to peruert,
(ſo prone we are to Vice:)
The Tenche by kynd
hath Salue for euery Soore,
And heales the may-
med Pike in his dyſtreſſe,

The Churlyſh Pike
for gentlenes therfore,
In his rewarde,
doth cruellye expreſſe.
His murdring mynde,
his fylthy ſpotted fayth,
When hungre prickes
to fyll his gredye Iawes,
He grypes his poore
Chyrurgion vnto death.
Who late to hym
of lyfe was onely cauſe.
Thy Merlians haue
fewe Ayryes in our ground
But Pikes haue Spawnes
good ſtoore in euery Pound.

¶ *To the Tune of Appelles.*

THe ruſhyng Ryuers that do run
The valeys ſweet adourned new
That leans their ſides againſt ye Sun
with Flours freſh of ſundry hew,
Both Aſhe and Elme, and Oke ſo hye,
Do all lament my wofull crye.

while winter blak, with hydious ſtormes
Doth ſpoil ye ground of Sommers grene,
while ſpringtime ſweet ye leaf returns
That late on tree could not be ſene,
while ſomer burns while harueſt rains
Stil ſtyl do rage my reſtles paynes.

No ende I find in all my ſmart,
But endles torment I ſuſtayne
Synce fyrſt alas, my wofull Hart
By ſight of the was forſt to playne.
Synce that I loſt my Lybertie,
Synce that thou madſte a Slaue of me

My Hart that once abroade was free
Thy Beautie hath in durance brought
Ons reaſon rulde and guyded me,
And how is wyt conſumde with thought
Ons I reioyſed aboue the Skye,
And now for the I alas I dye.

Ons I reioyſed in Companye,
And now my chief and whole delyght
Is from my frendes awaye to flye
And keepe alone my weryed ſpryght
Thy face deuyne and my deſyre,
From fleſh hath me tranſformed to fyre.

O Nature thou that fyrſt dyd frame,
My Ladyes heare of pureſt Golde
Her face of Cryſtall to the ſame.
Her lippes of precious Rubyes molde
Her necke of Alablaſter whyte
Surmountyng far eche other Wight

Why dydſt thou not that tyme deuiſe
Why dydſt thou not foreſe before?
The miſchyefe that therof doth ryſe,
And grief on grief doth heap with ſtor
To make her Hart of Wax alone,
And not of Flynt and Marble Stone.

O Lady ſhowe thy fauour yet,
Let not thy Seruaunt dye for the
Where Rygour rulde, let Mercy ſyt
Let Pytie Conquere Crueltie
Let not Diſdain, a Feend of Hell,
Poſſes the place, wher Grace ſhould dwell.

¶ Cupido Conquered.

The ſweeteſt time of al the yeare
it was when as the Sonne,
Had newly entred *Gemini*,
and warmynge heate begun:
Whan euery tre was clothed greene,
and flowers fayre dyd ſhow,
And when the whyt and blowmynge
on Hawthorns thicke did grow,
Whan ſore I longd to ſeeke a broade,
to ſe ſome Pleaſaunt ſyght,
A mid my woes and heauye happes,
that myght my Mynde delyght,
Care wold not let me byde within
but forſt me foorth to go:
And bad me ſeeke ſume preſent helpe,
for to relyue my wo.
Than forward went I foorth in haſte,
to vew the garnyſht trees?
What tyme the Son was mounted vp,
twixt nyne and ten degrees.
From Flowers flew ſweete ayers abroad,
delighting much my brayn,
With ſyght and ſmels gan ſorow fade,
and Ioy returne agayne.
So that in mynde I much reioyce,
to feele my ſelf ſo lyght:
For gorgyous ſyghtes and odours ſweet
had new reuyued my ſpryght.
Beſyde the pleaſaunt Harmonye,
that ſyngyng Byrdes did make:
Bad me pul vpp my Hart agayne,
and ſorrow ſone forſake.
For though (quoth *Reaſon.*) ſhe be gon
on whom thy Lyfe dependes,

Yet fond it is to carke and care
where there is none amendes.
Thus foorth I went, and in the grooues
I raunged heare and theare,
Wheras I hard ſuche pleaſaunt tunes
as Heauen had ben neare.
I thynke that if *Amphion* hadde,
ben preſent ther to playe,
Or if Sir *Orpheus* myght haue held,
his Harp, that preſent day.
Or if *Apollo* with his Lute,
had ſtryuen to excell,
None of them all, by Muſycke ſholde,
haue borne away the Bell.
I rather iudge the thracian wold,
his Harpe wherwith he played,
Haue caſt a way as one whom Ire,
had vtterly diſmayed.
Such paſſyng tunes of ſundry Byrds,
I neuer herd before,
The further I went in the Woods.
the noyſe reſounded more.
O happy Byrdes quoth I what lyfe,
is this that you do leade,
How far from Care and myſery,
how far from Feare and dread:
With what reioyſynge melodie,
paſſe you this ſadyng Lyfe,
While Man vnhappieſt creatur liues
In wretched toyle and ſtryfe.
Styll foorth I went and wonderd at,
this pleſaunt Harmony.
And gaſed at theſe lytle Fooles,
that made ſuche Melody:
Tyll at the length I gan to ſpye,
a ſtately Lawrell tree,
So plaſt and ſett in ſuch a guyſe,
That as it ſeamed to me,

Dame Nature ſtroue to ſhew her ſelf
in plantyng ſuch a thyng,
For Euen out beſyde the rocke,
a fountayne cleane did ſpryng,
Where in the water I beheld,
reſembled wonderous trew,
The Whyte and Greene of al the trees,
adourned late of new.
And how in order eake they ſtood,
a goodly ſyght to ſe,
And there I might diſcerne the Byrds
that ſonge in euery tree.
To moue the Byll and ſhake the wings
in vteryng Muſicke ſweete
And heare and thear, to flye to feade,
and efteſones theare to meete.
Great pleaſure had I there to byde,
and ſtare vpon the Spryng,
For why me thought it dyd ſurmount,
eache other kynde of thyng.
Now was the Son got vp aloft,
and raught the mydle Lyne,
And in the Well, the Golden Gloobe,
with flamyng Beames dyd ſhyne,
Wherof the Bryghtnes was ſo great.
that I might not endure,
Lenger to looke within the Spryng,
whoſe waters were ſo pure.
Vnwyllyng went I thence away,
and vnderneth the tree,
I laid me down whoſe braunches brode
dyd keepe the Son from me.
Thynkyng to reſt me there a whyle,
tyll fallyng ſome degrees
Syr Phebus ſhuld haue hyd hym ſelf,
behynde the ſhadowyng trees,
And then for to haue vewd the Spring,
and marked euery place,

And ſeene yf there I could haue ſpied
the weepyng *Biblis* face.
For ſure I thynke, it was the place,
wherein *Narciſſus* dyed,
Or els the Well, to which was turnd
poore *Biblis* whyle ſhe cryed.
But whether it was werynes,
with labour that I tooke,
Or Fume yat from the Spryng dyd ryſe,
wherin I late dyd looke.
Or yf it were the ſweete accorde
that ſyngyng Byrdes dyd keepe,
Or what it was, I knowe no whit
but I fell faſt a ſleepe.
I thynke the woddy Nimphes agreed
that I ſhuld haue this chaunce,
And that it was theyr pleaſure ſo,
to ſhowe me thyngs in traunce.
Whilſte I lay thus in ſlumbre deepe,
I myght perceyue to ſtande,
A Perſon clothed all in whyte,
that held a Rod in hande.
Whiche was me thought of Maſſey Golde.
I knew it very weale,
For that was it, made *Argos* ſleepe,
whyle he dyd *Io* ſteale.
When I perceaued by his attyre,
that it was *Mercuri.*
My Hart at fyrſt began to faynt,
yet at the length quoth I
Thou Goddeſſe Son, why ſtandſte you there
what buſines now with thee,
What meaneſt you in thy flying weed,
For to appeare to me,
And therwithall my thought I ſtaied,
and could no farther ſpeake,
For Feare did force my ſpeech to fayle,
and Courage waxed weake.

Which whan the ſone of *Maia* ſawe,
he tooke me by the hand,
Looke vp quoth he be not affrayed:
but boldly by me ſtand.
The Muſes all of *Helicon*,
haue ſent me now to thee:
Whom thou doeſt ſerue and whoſe you ſekſt
For euer more to be.
And thankes to the by me they ſende,
Bycauſe thou tookeſt payne,
In theyr Affaires (a thankeles thyng)
to occupie thy Brayne.
Deſyring thee not for to ſtaye,
for *Momus* ill report,
But endyng that thou haſt begun,
to ſpyte the Canckred ſorte.
And thynk not thou, that thou art he,
that canſt eſcape Diſdayne,
The day ſhall come when thankfull men,
ſhall well accept thy Paine,
But rather lay before thyne eyes,
the hie attemptes of thoſe,
Whoſe ſtatly ſtyle with painfull proofe,
theyr worthy wytes diſcloſe,
Marke him that thundred out ye deeds
Of olde *Anchiſes* ſun,
Whoſe Engliſh verſe gyues *Maroes* grace,
In all that he hath done,
Whoſe death the *Muſes* ſorrow much,
that lacke of aged dayes,
Amongeſt the common Brytons old,
ſhould hynder *Virgils* prayſe.
Mark him yat hath wel framde a Glaſſe
for ſtates to looke vpon,
Whoſe labour ſhews the ends of them
that lyued long a gone.
Marke hym that ſhowes ye Tragedies
thyne owne famylyar Frende,

By whom ye Spaniards hawty Style
in Englyſh Verſe is pende.
Marke theſe ſame three, and other moe,
whoſe doyngs well are knowne,
Whoſe fayre attempts in euery place
The flying fame hath blowne,
Haſt thou not harde, thyſelf in place
full ofte and many a tyme,
Lo here the Auctor loſeth grace,
Loe here a doltyſh Ryme,
Now ſyth that they haue this reward
who paſſe the euen as farre,
As in the nyght *Diana* doth,
Excell the dimmeſt Starre.
Take thou no ſcorne at euyll tongs,
what neadſt thou to diſdayne?
Syth they whom none can well amend
haue lyke fruyte of theyr payne.
Moreouer yet the Ladyes nyne,
haue all commaunded me,
Bycauſe they know, the blynded God
hath ſome thyng pearced the.
To leade the foorth, a thyng to ſee,
yf all thyngs happen ryght,
Whiche ſhall gyue the occaſion good,
with ioyfull mynde to wryght.
To this, I wold haue anſwered fayne
and theare began to ſpeake,
But as my words were commyng forth
my purpoſe he dyd breake.
Come on (quoth he) none Aunſwere now
we maye no lenger ſtaye.
But frame thy ſelfe, to flye abroade,
for hence we muſt awaye.
And here withall, on both my ſydes,
two wyngs me thought dyd growe,
Of mighty breadth, away went he,
and after hym I flowe.

And euer as we mounted vp,
I lookte vpon my wyngs,
And prowde I was, me thought to ſee
ſuche vnacquaynted thyngs.
Tyll foorth we flewe, my Guyde and I,
with mowntyng flyght apace,
Beholdyng Ryuers, woods, and Hylles
and many a goodly place.
Till at the length methought I might
a Gorgyous Caſtell ſpye,
Thear downe began my guyd to fall,
and downward eake fell I,
Lo heare the place where you muſt light
Gan *Mercury* to ſaye,
Farwell and note what thou dooſt ſe,
for I muſt hence away.
And with this ſame a way flewe he,
and lefte me there alone,
Wher as with Feare a maſde I ſtood,
and thus began to mone.
Alas where am I now become,
what Curſed Chaunce hath blown,
Me from the place where I was bred,
to Countreis heare vnknown,
What ment that fell vnhappy Feend,
that *Maia* brought to lyght,
To bring me from my Hartes deſyre,
to ſee thys dolefull ſyght.
Vnhappy Wretche, I wolde I hadde,
his Perſon heare in hand,
Then ſhuld I wreak mine Ire of him.
that brought me to this Land.
But all to late alas I wyſh,
for words auayle not nowe,
Tis beſt to learne. what place it is,
and yet I knowe not howe.
Alas that here were *Ptholome*,
with Compaſſe Globe in hande,

Whoſe Arte ſhuld ſhowe me true the place,
and Clymate where I ſtande,
Well yet what ſoeuer chaunce theron
what ſoeuer Realme it be,
Yon Caſtell wyll I vyſyte ſure,
hap what hap wyll to me.
Thus much me thought alone I ſpoke
and then I forewarde went,
And curſed eke an hundred folde,
them that me thyther ſent.
Thus to the Caſtell, ſtrayght I came,
whiche when I vewde aboute,
And ſawe the workmanſhyp therof
full gorgeouſlye ſet oute.
I entred in, with fearefull Harte,
muche doutyng howe to ſpeede,
But euer hope of happye chaunce,
my heauye Hart dyd feede.
Wyde was the Courte and large within
the walles were rayſed hye,
And all engraued with Storyes fayre
of coſtlye Imagrye.
There myght I ſe, with wondrous Arte,
the Picture porturde playne,
Of olde *Orion* Hunter good,
whom Scorpions vyle had ſlayne.
And by hym ſtoode his Borſpeare and
his other Inſtruments,
His Net, his Darte, his Courſar, and
his Hunters reſtyng Tents.
And vnder hym was wrytten fayre.
in Letters all of Golde,
Here lies he ſlain, with Scorpions ſting,
vnhappy wretche that wolde,
Haue forced the Ladye of this forte
with ſtayne of Royaltie.
To haue conſented to his wyll,
in fylthye Lecherye.

Wherfore beware that enters here,
what ſoeuer man thou art?
Accounte thy ſelfe but loſt, yf that
thou bearſte a lecherous Hart.
When I had vewd theſe wrytten lines
and markde the Storye well,
I ioyed muche, for why I knew,
Diana there dyd dwell.
Diana ſhe that Goddeſſe is,
of Virgyns ſacred mynde,
By whom *Orion* Hunter wylde,
his Fatall ende dyd fynde.
Next vnto hym, I myght beholde,
Acteon wofull wyght,
In what a manner, all to torne.
his cruell Dogs hym dyght.
There might be ſeene, theyr gredye mouths
with Maiſters blud embrued,
And all his owne vnhappye men,
that faſt theyr Lorde purſued.
And many Storyes more there war
engraued: to long to tell
What fearefull haps to many men,
for luſt vncleane befell.
Thus as I ſtoode with muſyng mind
beholdyng all thyngs theare,
In ruſheth at the Gate behynde
a Poſt with heauy cheare.
Into the Hall with haſte he hyes
and after folowed I,
To here what kynde of Newes he brought
or what he ment therby.
He paſſyng through the Hall in haſte,
at entraunce neuer ſtayed,
But blowyng faſt for want of breath,
as one almoſte diſmayed.
Approcht in Preſence to the ſyght
of chaſte *Dianaes* face,

That all encompaſte rounde aboute
with Virgyns in that place,
In loftye Chayre of hye eſtate
dyd ſyt, all clothde in whyte,
Of Syluer hewe, that ſhynyng gaue,
me thought, a gorgeous ſyght.
There dyd I ſe, fayre *Dido* Queene
and fayre *Hiſiphile*,
And next to them *Lucretia* ſat,
and chaſte *Penelope*.
But theſe ſame foure, no Bowes dyd beare
for Virgyns ſacred ſtate,
They had forſaken long ago,
and ioynde with faythfull Mate.
On the other ſyde, ſat all the ſorte
of fayre *Dianaes* trayne,
Whoſe trade with toyle amongſt the woods
was euer bent to payne.
Whoſe ſacred minds, were ner defyld
with any wanton luſt,
Whiche neuer could the fyckle ſtate,
of Louers fancye truſte.
The chyefe of them was *Iſmenis*,
Whom beſt *Diana* loued,
And next in place ſat *Hyale*,
whom neuer Fancye moued,
Next vnto them ſat *Nipha* fayre,
a Gemme of Chaſtyte,
And next to her ſat *Phyale*,
not baſeſt in degree,
Behynde them all, oſ paſſyng forme,
fayre *Rhanis* held her place,
And nye to her I myght diſcerne
Dame *Plecas* ſhynyng face,
Theſe Pryncely Nymphes accompanyed
Diana in her Baynes,
Whyle as in ſhape of Stagge poore wretche
Acteon had his paynes,

Aboue them all I myght beholde,
as placed before the reſt,
Hipolitus whom *Phedraes* ſpyte?
moſt Cruelly had dreſt.
Hipolitus the vnſpotted Pearle:
of pure Virginitie,
Whoſe noble Hart culd not agre,
to ſtepdames vyllany.
Next vnto hym ſat Continence,
and next was Labour placed?
Of bodie bygge and ſtrong he was,
and ſomwhat Crabtre faced.
Next hym was placed Abſtinence,
a leane vnwyldy wyght,
Whoſe Diet thyn had baniſht cleane,
all fond and vayne delyght.
A Thouſand more me thought ther war
whoſe names I dyd not know,
And yf I did to longe it were,
in Verſes them to ſhow.
Down of his knees the meſſenger
before them al doth fall,
And vnto chaſt *Diana* thear,
for ſuccour thus doth call.
O Goddeſſe chiefe of Chaſtitie,
and Sacred Virgins mynd:
Let Pitie from your noble Hart:
redreſſe for Miſers fynd.
Let not our weryed Hartes ſuſtaine,
ſuche wrongfull Tyranye?
Quench quickly now the fyrie flames
of open Iniurye.
This ſayd for Feare he ſtaied awhyle,
and than began agayne,
A mighty Prynce (quoth he) is com,
with great vnruly trayne.
All armed well at euery poynt.
(a dredefull fyght to ſe:)

And euery man in feates of armes,
ryght ſkylfull all they be.
The Captaine chyfe in Charyot ryde
with pompe and ſtately Pryde:
With Bow in hand of gliſtering gold,
and Quyuer by his ſyde.
Wher many a ſhaft full ſharp doth ly:
and many a mortall Darte,
That hath with poyſoned force deſtroid,
Full many a yealdyng Harte.
He entred hath within your Realme,
and taken many a Forte,
Hath ſakte them all, and ſpoylde them quyte
and ſlayne a wondrous ſorte.
In ſtraungeſt guyſe, for where he ſhoots
the wounde doth feſter ſtyll
And all the Surgians that we haue
can not remoue the yll,
In lytell tyme the gryefe ſo ſore,
doth growe in euery parte,
Deſtraynyng through the venomed vaines
doth ſo torment the Hart.
That ſome to ryd them ſelues therof
in fluds full deepe they leape,
And drown them ſelues ſom downward falles
from Houſes hye by heape,
Some Anker caſt on croſſed Beames
to ryd them ſelues from ſtryfe,
And hang them ſelues full thycke on trees
to ende a wretched lyfe.
And they whoſe fearefull mynds dare not
thus make an ende of wo,
With greuous flames, conſumynge long
theyr lyfe at length forgo.
Loe here the Somme of all I haue,
this Tygre vs anoyes,
And cruellye hath ſpoyled vs,
of all our wonted ioyes.

Whom yf your Grace do not repuls,
and fynde ſome preſent ſtaye,
Vndoubtedly he wyll wyn this Realme,
and take vs all awaye.
At this, the Ladyes all amazde
for feare dyd looke full pale,
And all beheld with mazed eyes,
the Wretche that tolde the tale.
Tyll at the length *Hipolitus*
of Hart and courage hye,
Nothyng abaſhde, with ſodain newes
began thus to replye.
Caſte fere away, faire Dames (quoth he)
diſmaye your ſelues no more,
I know by whom this miſchief ſpryngs
and know a helpe therfore.
It is not ſuche a dredefull Wyght,
as he doth here reporte,
That entred is within theſe partes,
and plagues the ſymple ſorte.
Nor is his force ſo great to feare,
I know it I full well:
It is the ſcornfull blynded Boy,
that neare to vs doth dwell.
Whom *Mars* long tyme a go begott,
of that Laſciuious dame:
That Linckt in Chaines for Lechery,
receaued an open ſhame.
A diſobedient blynded Foole,
that durſt preſume to turne:
His dartes agaynſt his mother ons,
and cauſd her ſore to burne.
An auncient foo: to all this Court,
Of long tyme he hath ben:
And hath attempted euermore,
by this: Renowne to wyn.
His cruell Hart, of Pitie voyed,
doth ſpare no kynd of age:

But tender youth and dotyng age,
he ſtrykes in furyous rage.
And laughes to ſcorne the ſely foules
that he hath wounded ſo,
No Fine appoynted of theyr ils,
no end of al theyr wo.
But ſyns he hath preſumed thus,
to entre heare in Place,
And heare to threten Conqueſts thus,
agaynſt *Dianaes* Grace,
Let him be ſure his loſtie Mynde,
this deade ſhall ſoone repent,
If that your grace do here agre,
with Fre and full concent.
To make me Cheftain of this Charge
and whom I lyſt to choſe,
If Priſoner heare I bryng hym not,
Let me myne Honour loſe.
And there he ceaſde with ioyfull looks
the Ladyes ſmyled all,
And thorough his wordes they hoaped ſoone
to ſe *Cupidoes* fall.
With heauenly voice *Diana* thear,
as chyefe aboue the reſt:
This wiſe her words began to frame,
From out her ſacred breſt.
My good *Hipolitus* quoth ſhe,
whoſe true and faythfull mynd:
In doubtfull daunger often I,
do alwayes redy fynd.
For to reuenge the cankred rage,
of all my ſpytfull foes,
Thou he from whoſe vnſpotted hart,
the fluddes of vertue flowes.
whoſe ſeruiſe long hath ben aproued,
within this court of myne,
Reſtrayne this boyes vnruly rage,
by valyant means of thyne,

I geue the leaue and thee appoint,
my cheyf Lieutenant here,
Chuſe whom you wilt take whom you lyſt,
thou nedeſt no whit to feare.
With this he roſe from out his place,
and lokynge round a bout:
Choſe *Abſtinence* and *Continence*,
with *Labour* Captayne ſtout.
And with theſe thre he tooke his leaue
of all the Ladyes there,
Who doubtyng of his ſafe returne,
let fall full many a teare.
He lefte them theare in heauynes,
and made no more delaye,
But outward went and toward ye Campe,
he tooke the neareſt way.
With this the Queenes commyſſion ſtraight
was ſent abroad in haſte,
To rayſe vp ſouldiars round about,
and with theyr Captayne plaſte.
To bring them foorth and marching on,
Hipolitus to meet,
Than ſounded Trumpetes al a broad,
and Drumes in euery ſtreat.
And ſouldiears good lyke ſwarmes of Bees
theyr Captains preaſe about
All armed braue in Corſletes white,
they march with courage ſtout.
And forwarde ſhoue, till at the length
where as theyr marſhall lyes,
They fynd the place the ioifull founds,
Do mount aboue the ſkyes.
Hipolitus receaued them all,
with woordes of pleſaunt cheare,
And placith them in good aray,
bycauſe the camp was neare.
Three Battails big of them he frams,
and of the Rereward [?Vanguard] ſtrong,

Hath Labour charge who ſteppeth foorth,
before the ſtatlye thronge:
And Captayn of the reare ward next,
was placed abſtinens,
And Ioind to him for Policie,
was Captayne Continence:
The Battayle mayne *Hipolitus*,
him ſelfe did chuſe to guyd.
And in the formeſt front therof,
on Courſer fayre doth ryde:
The *Trumpets* ſound march on apace,
and Dromes the fame do ſtryke.
Then forward moues ye Army great,
In order Martiall lyke.
I cam behynde (me thought) and beſt,
it ſeamed then to me:
To vew the dynt of dreedfull ſword,
and feyghter none to be.
Thie Spies were ſent abroad to vew,
the place where *Cupide* lay:
A longeſt a Ryuer fayre and broad,
they ſpye a pleaſaunt way,
Which waye they tooke and paſſynge foorth,
at length apeares a plaine:
Both large and vaſt wher lyes ye rowt,
of Cruell *Cupides* trayne.
Thus told the ſpyes we onward hye,
and ſtrayght in ſyght we haue,
The ferfull ſhow of all our Foes,
and dredfull army braue,
The firſt yat marched from *Cupides* Camp
was drowſy *Idlenes*.
The chyefeſt frend that loue had then,
the next was vyle *Exçes*.
A Lubbour great, miſhapen moſt,
of all that thear I ſaw,
As much I thynk in quantitie,
as horſes ſyxe can draw.

A myghty face both broad and flat,
and all with Rubies ſet:
Muche noſed lyke a Turky Cocke,
with teth as blacke as Get.
A Belye byg, full truſt with guts,
and Peſtels two, lyke Poſtes,
A knaue full ſquare in euery poynt,
A Prynce of dronken Ooſtes.
Vpon a Camell couched hye,
for Horſe coulde none hym beare,
A mighty Staffe in hande he had,
his Foes a farre to feare.
Behynde them all, the blynded God,
doth com in Charyot fayre,
With ragyng flames flong rounde about
he peſtres all the ayre.
And after hym, for tryumphe leades
a thouſande wounded Harts,
That guſh abrode hot ſtreams of blud
new perſed with his Dartes,
The army redy for to meete
and all at poynt to fyght,
Hipolitus with luſty cheare
and with a noble Spryght.
His Souldiers to encourage. Thus
his wordes begyns to place.
My valyaunt frends and Subiects all
of Chaſt *Dianaes* Grace.
whoſe noble Harts were neuer ſtaind
with ſpot of Daſtards mynd,
Behoid our enemyes here at hande,
behold yon coward blynd.
Of lytle force, comparde with you,
howe in a fond araye,
They ſtragle out no ordre dewe,
obſerued in theyr waye.
Behold what goodly Guyds they haue
to gouerne them withall,

That neuer knew what fighting ment
but lyue to Venus thrall.
Marke hym that guyds the rerewarde there
that vyle deformed Churle,
Whoſe foggy Mates, with paunches ſyde
do thycke aboute him whurle.
And he that formoſt hether coms
loe what a handſome Squyre,
Sure full vnapt to kepe the felde,
more fyt to ſyt by the fyre.
In fyne lo Victorye at hande
with hye tryumphant Crowne,
Bent for to ſpoyle our Foes of Fame,
and caſt theyr Glorye downe.
Fyght therfore now courageouſlye,
and ryd your frendes of feare,
Declare your Manhod valyauntly,
and let your Harts appeare.
With this the ſounde begyns to mount
and noyſe hye to ryſe,
And warlyke tunes begyn to daſh,
them ſelues agaynſt the Skyes.
The Canons Cracke, begins to roore
and Darts full thycke they flye
And couerd thycke, the armyes both,
and framde a Counter Skye.
And now the Battayls both be ioynde
with ſtroke of Hande to trye.
The quarrell iuſt and for to ſynde,
where *Victorye* doth lye,
The Souldyers all of *Idlenes*
where *Labour* coms, do fall,
And wounded ſore, by force of hym,
all bathde in blud, they ſprall.
Hym ſelfe alone with *Idlenes*
nowe hande to hande doth fyght
And after many a mortall wounde,
deſtroyes the ſelye wyght.

Then ioynes with him Syr *Abſtinence*
with ayde and ſuccours newe,
And both vpon the greſye Hoaſte,
of Glottonye they flewe.
The Captayn doth aduaunce hymſelf
with *Abſtinence* to meete,
The vnweldy Creature ſmitten there
is tombled vnder feete.
Then *Fancie* flyes *Incontinence*
and all *Cupidoes* frendes,
Beholdynge Fortune thus to frowne,
by flyght them ſelfe defendes.
Cupido whan he ſees hymſelfe,
thus ſpoylde of all his ayde,
The chyef Supporters of his Courte,
ſo ſodaynly decayde.
Bad turne his Charyottes than with haſte
and faſt away he flyes,
Amongſt the chaſte *Hipolitus*
on ſwyftye Courſer hyes,
Than all with Ioye they after run,
downe thycke the enemyes fall,
The blinded boy, for ſuccour ſtraight
to *Venus* hye doth call,
But all his cryes auayleth not,
his Foes hym faſt purſewe,
The dryuer of his Charyot ſoone,
Hipolitus there flewe.
And down from Horſe, the wretche doth fall.
The horſes ſpoyld of guyde,
A Souldier ſtoute of *Reaſons* bande,
is wylled there to ryde.
Who tur[n]yng Raynes another waye
reſtrayns hym of his flyght,
His Honours loſt and taken thus,
Cupide in dolfull plyght.
Theſe wordes with tremblyng voyce began
ſyth Fortune thus quoth he,

Hath giuen her doome from doubtfull breſt
and turnd her Grace from me.
Syth that the moſt miſfortune nowe,
that euer I could fynd,
Hath chaunced to me and Myſer I,
by Deſtenyes aſſygnde.
Am Captyue heare, conſydre yet,
what Fortune myght haue wrought
And made a Conquerer of me,
and you in Bondage brought.
Conſydre yet the wofull plyght,
wherin you had remaynd,
If that the Gods my happy ſtate,
had not ſo ſore diſdaynd,
And by your Gryef, than meſure mine
ſhowe mercye in this caſe,
That Conquerour commended is,
who gyues to pytie place.
The cruell mynd diſprayſed is,
In euery kynd of ſtate,
No man ſo hauty lyues on earth,
but ons may fynd his mate.
Theſe wordes *Hipolitus* I ſpeake,
to bread no farther ſtryfe,
I ſpeake not this of malyce heare,
my ſute is for my lyfe,
Syth Fortune thus hath fauord you,
graunt this my ſmall requeſt,
And let me lyue yf mercy dwell,
within your Noble breſt,
By this tyme *Morpheus* had diſperſt
the drowſy Clowd of ſleape,
And from my braynes the quyet traunce,
began full faſt to Creape.
And dounward fell. I waked therwith
and lokyng round a bout,
Long tyme I muſed where I was,
my mynd was ſtyl in doubt.

Till at the length I vewde the tree,
and place where as I ſat,
And well beheld the pleaſaunt Spryng
* that late I wondred at.
I ſawe beſyde the Golden Globe,
of *Phebus* ſhynyng bryght,
That Weſtwarde halfe, dyd hyde his face
approchyng faſt the nyght.
Eche Byrde began to ſhrowd hymſelf
in tree to take his reſt
And ceaſte the pleaſaunt tunes yat late
proceaded from theyr Breaſte.
I homewarde went, and left them all,
and reſtles all that nyght,
I muſynge laye, tormented thus,
with fond lamentyng ſpryght.
When *Phebus* roſe to paſſe the tyme,
and paſſe my gryeſe awaye
I toke my Pen and pend the Dreame
that made my Muſes ſtaye.

¶ FINIS.

[* This line is repeated. Appearing at the bottom of one page, and also at the top of the next.]

¶ Imprynted at London
in S. Brydes Churchyarde,
by *Thomas Colwell*, for
Raufe Nevvbery.

And are to be ſold at his ſhop
in Fleeteſtrete, a lytle
aboue the Conduit.

1563.

15. *Die Menſis March.*

¶ Faultes eſcaped in the Pryntynge.

[The whole of these corrections have been embodied in the Text.]

Muir & Paterson, Printers, Edinburgh.

MR. EDWARD ARBER'S LIST

OF

Publications and Announcements.

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" " demy 4to. 11-13
" " imperial folio. 14
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THE FIRST PRINTED

English New Testament.

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM TYNDALE ASSISTED BY WILLIAM ROY.

Photolithographed, by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum from the *unique* Fragment now in the Grenville Collection.

Briefly told, the story of this profoundly interesting work is as follows:—In 1524, TYNDALE went from London to Hamburgh; where remaining for about a year, he journeyed on to Cologne: and there, assisted by WILLIAM ROY, subsequently the author of the satire on Wolsey, *Rede me and be nott wrothe* [see *p.* 10], he began this First edition in 4to, *with glosses*, of the English New Testament. A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne, learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. Quentel the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed Herman Rinck, a Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing; but Cochlæus could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor of a sheet of the impression.

Tyndale and Roy fled with the printed sheets, up the Rhine to Worms; and there completing this edition, produced also another in Octavo. *without glosses.* Both editions were probably in England by March, 1526: and of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed; there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition; and of the Second edition, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

*** This Fragment is the Earliest Portion of the printed English Bible in existence.

CONTENTS.

I. PREFACE.

Evidence connected with the first Two Editions of the English New Testament; viz., in Quarto and Octavo.

1. WILLIAM TYNDALE'S antecedent Career.
2. The Printing at Cologne.
3. The Printing at Worms.
4. WILLIAM ROY'S connection with these Editions.
5. The Landing and Distribution in England.
6. The Persecution in England.

Topographical and Literary Evidence connected with the present Fragment.

1. It was printed for TYNDALE by PETER QUENTEL at Cologne, before 1526.
2. It is not a portion of the separate Gospel of Matthew, issued by TYNDALE previous to that year.
3. It is therefore certainly a fragment of the Quarto.

Is the Quarto a translation of Luther's German version?

Text. Inner Marginal References.
Prologge. Outer Marginal Glosses.

II. THE PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHED TEXT.

[The Title Page is wanting.]
The Prologge [by TYNDALE.]
The bokes conteyned in the newe Testament.
Woodcut [by ANTHON VON WORMS].
The Gospel according to St. Matthew: Ch. I.—XXII. 12 [where the fragment ends].

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1. Dedication to the Duke of Northumberland.
2. Rychard Eden to the reader.
3. ¶ Of the newe India, as it is knowen and found in these our days. In the yeare of oure Lorde M.D.L.III. After the description of Sebastian Munster in his Booke of the Vniuersall Cosmographie, *Libr. v. De terris Asiæ Maioris.* And translated into Englishe by Richard Eden.
4. ¶ Of the newe India and Ilandes in the West Ocean sea, how, when, and by whom they were found.

II. The First English Collection of Voyages, Traffics, and Discoveries. – **THE DECADES OF THE NEW WORLD OR WEST INDIA, &c. &c.** [by PETER MARTYR of Angleria.] [Translated, compiled, &c. by RICHARD EDEN.] ¶ Londini, Anno 1555.

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2, 3, 4, 5. The Second voyage of Columbus, and a description of Hispaniola.
6, 7. The Third voyage of Columbus. The discovery of Trinidad, Paria, &c.
8. The navigation of Petrus Alphonsus.
9. The navigation of the brothers Pinzon.
10. The gold and pearls of the West Indies.

B. The second *Decas* is dated 4th DEC. 1514. It is devoted to THE SUPPOSED CONTINENT OR FIRME LANDE; and describes chiefly the settlement of Darien in which Fogeda, Nicuesa, Enciso, Pizzaro, and others were concerned.

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∴ The charm of Peter Martyr's Letters consists in their preserving to us, like amber, the process and heroic story of these discoveries. It is astonishing with what utterly erroneous opinions these explorations were carried on. Even in his third voyage, in which he discovered the variation of the compass, Columbus believed the earth to be in form like a pear, and in position standing on its broad end. Also that the Terrestrial Paradise was at the thin top end of the earth; and that Trinidad was that Paradise. And, therefore, that in his course from Spain to that island he had been constantly sailing *uphill*.

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Of the maner of fysshinge for perles.

Of the familiaritie which certeyne of the Indians haue wyth the deuyll, and how they receaue answere of hym of thynges to coome.

Of the temperature of the regions vnder or neare to the burnt lyne cauled *Torrida zona* or the Equinoctiall: and of the dyuers seasons of the yeare.

Of dyuers particular thynges, as woormes, serpentes, beastes, foules, trees, &c.

Of trees, fruites, and plantes. Of Reedes or Canes.

Of venemous apples wherwith they poyson theyr arrowes.

Of fysshes and of the maner of fysshynge.

Of th[e]increase and decrease, (that is) rysynge and faullynge of our Ocean and Southe sea caulled the sea of *Sur*.

Of the strayght or narowe passage of the lande lyinge betwene the North and South sea, by the whiche spyces may much sooner and easlyer be brought from the Islandes of *Molucca* into Spayne by the West Ocean then by that way wherby the Portugales sayle into East India.

Howe thynges that are of one kynde, dyffer in forme and qualitie, accordynge to the nature of the place where they are engendred or growe. And of the beastes cauled Tygers.

Of the maners and customes of the Indians of the firme lande, and of theyr women.

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What labour and trauayle Colon tooke in attemptyng his fyrst vyage to the Indies.
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Of the great ryuer eauled Rio de la Plata (that is) the ryuer of syluer.
Of the the hygher East India cauled India Tercera or Trecera.
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1. Of the generation of metalles and theyr mynes with the maner of fyndinge the same: written in the Italien tounge by VANNUCCIUS BIRINGUEZIUS in his booke cauled *Pyrotechnia.*
2. Of the myne of golde and the qualitie thereof in particular.
3. Of the myne of siluer and the qualitie thereof.
4. The maner of workynge in golde mynes of Egipte in owld tyme.

10. *The description of the two viages made owt of England into Guinea in Affricke* [in 1553, 1554].

11. *The maner of fyndynge the Longitude of regions.*

[AN INDEX OF ABOUT 4000 ARTICLES WILL CONCLUDE THE WHOLE.]

English Reprints. Imperial Folio.

PETRUCCIO UBALDINI—AUGUSTINE RYTHER.

A Discourse concerning the Spanishe fleete inuadinge Englande in the yeare 1588 and overthrowne by her Maiesties Nauie vnder the conduction of the Right-honourable the Lorde Charles Howarde highe Admirall of Englande: written in Italian by PETRUCCIO VBALDINI citizen of Florence, and translated for A. RYTHER: vnto the which discourse are annexed certain tables expressinge the generall exploites, and conflictes had with the said fleete.

These bookes with the tables belonginge to them are to be solde at the shoppe of A. RYTHER, being a little from Leaden hall next to the Signe of the Tower. [1590.]

The twelve Tables express the following subjects:—

FRONTISPIECE.

I. THE SPANISH ARMADA COMING INTO THE CHANNEL, OPPOSITE THE LIZARD; AS IT WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.

II. THE SPANISH ARMADA AGAINST FOWEY, DRAWN UP IN THE FORM OF A HALF MOON; THE ENGLISH FLEET PURSUING.

III. THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE TWO FLEETS. AFTER WHICH THE ENGLISH GIVE CHASE TO THE SPANIARDS, WHO DRAW THEIR SHIPS INTO A BALL.

IV. DE VALDEZ'S GALLEON SPRINGS HER FOREMAST, AND IS TAKEN BY SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. THE LORD ADMIRAL WITH THE 'BEAR' AND THE 'MARY ROSE,' PURSUE THE ENEMY, WHO SAIL IN THE FORM OF A HALF MOON.

V. THE ADMIRAL'S SHIP OF THE GUIPUSCOAN SQUADRON HAVING CAUGHT FIRE, IS TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH. THE ARMADA CONTINUES ITS COURSE, IN A HALF MOON; UNTIL OFF THE ISLE OF PORTLAND, WHERE ENSUES THE SECOND ENGAGEMENT.

VI. SOME ENGLISH SHIPS ATTACK THE SPANIARDS TO THE WESTWARD. THE ARMADA AGAIN DRAWING INTO A BALL, KEEPS ON ITS COURSE FOLLOWED BY THE ENGLISH.

VII. THE THIRD AND THE SHARPEST FIGHT BETWEEN THE TWO FLEETS: OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

VIII. THE ARMADA SAILING UP CHANNEL TOWARDS CALAIS; THE ENGLISH FLEET FOLLOWING CLOSE.

IX. THE SPANIARDS AT ANCHOR OFF CALAIS. THE FIRESHIPS APPROACHING. THE ENGLISH PREPARING TO PURSUE.

X. THE FINAL BATTLE. THE ARMADA FLYING TO THE NORTHWARD. THE CHIEF GALLEASS STRANDED NEAR CALAIS.

LARGE MAP SHOWING THE TRACK OF THE ARMADA ROUND THE BRITISH ISLES.

These plates, which are of the *utmost* rarity, are also a most valuable, early, and authoritative representation of the Spanish Invasion, are now being re-engraved in *facsimile*: and will be issued in the Spring of 1872, at the lowest feasible price: probably HALF-A-GUINEA.

CHOICE BOOKS.

The Disastrous English Voyage to the West Indies in 1567-9.

Recounted in the Narratives and Depositions of Sir JOHN HAWKINS and others, who, escaping the surpassing faithlessness and treachery of the new Viceroy for Mexico, Don MARTIN DE HENRIQUEZ, in Vera Cruz harbour on 24 Sept. 1568 -on which occasion there were captured the Queen's ship, the *Jesus of Lubeck*, and two other ships, the *Angel* and the *Swallow*, belonging to Hawkins—came home in the greatest weakness and distress in the *Minion* under HAWKINS and the *Judith* under FRANCIS DRAKE, and at length reached England in January 1569.

Together with the Narratives of three Survivors of the 114 starving and defenceless Englishmen, whom Sir John was compelled to put a land from the *Minion* on the Mexican shore, north of Tampico, on the 8th October 1568: which number was, within a few days, reduced by ten, who were killed by the Chichimics: viz. of

DAVID INGRAM of Barking in Essex, sailor, who with 26 of the company travelled to the North East. Of which 26; he, with RICHARD BROWNE and RICHARD TWIDE alone reached Europe: having walked 2000 miles at the least through the North American tribes to Cape Breton, whence they were brought to Havre in a French ship, and so reached England in the autumn of 1569.

MILES PHILIPS, apparently belonging to the *Minion*, who, with the remaining 78 of the company journeying Westward, fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and were taken to Mexico; where, after some troubles, they were hired out by proclamation as slaves to the Spaniards living in that countrey. With whom they waxed wealthy, until the advent of the Inquisition in 1574. Whereupon all the English in the country were seized, and after cruel rackings and lengthened examinations, publicly sentenced on 31 March 1575, to various punishments, (three of them to death). In which trouble MILES PHILIPS got off with simply wearing the *San Benito* for five years in a monastery. At length, escaping in the spring of 1581, through the deserts of Guatemala, he came to Europe in the Spanish fleet of that year, reaching Seville in the following September. After some still further hazards, he succeeded in coming home from Majorca in the English ship *Lindret*, and reached Poole in February 1582: after 16 years' absence.

JOB HORTOP of Bourne in Lincolnshire, who was a Gunner in the *Jesus of Lubeck*, who being also one of the 78 that journeyed Westward, came to Mexico: and did not reach England till 2 Dec. 1590. His own computation of what he underwent in this long period is as follows: "Imprisoned in Mexico, two years; in the Contractation House at Seville, one year; in the Inquisition House at Triana, one year; in the Gallies, twelve years; and in the everlasting prison remediless, four years. Obtaining liberty through money, he served Hernando de Soria, as drudge for three years. Total. 23 Years."

Also of HAWKINS's pretended treachery to the King of Spain in 1571, so that he made him a Spanish Grandee, &c.

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∴ *There is no motive for the inclusion in these volumes of anything that is not excellent in its way or conducive to restful recreation.*

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EDITED BY JAMES GAIRDNER, ESQ., OF THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.

Every one knows what a blank is the history of England during the Wars of the two Roses. Amid the civil commotions, literature almost died out. The principal poetry of the period is that of Lydgate, the Monk of Bury. The prose is still more scanty. The monastic Chronicles are far less numerous than at earlier periods: and by the end of the Fifteenth Century they seem to have entirely ceased. Thus it has come to pass that less is known of this age than of any other in our history. In this general dearth of information recent historians like Lingard, Turner, Pauli, and Knight, who have treated of the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., &c., have found in *The Paston Letters* not only unrivalled illustration of the Social Life of England, but also most important information, at first hand, as to the Political Events of that time. So that the printed Correspondence is cited page after page in their several histories of this period.

The Paston Letters have not however been half published. Sir John Fenn's edition, in five volumes 4to, 1787-1823, which sells for FIVE GUINEAS, only contains **387** letters, &c. This edition will contain about **950**, and will be issued in three volumes 8vo, containing about 1700 pp. for ONE GUINEA.

In proportion to the increased number of the Letters is the facility for arranging them in a strict chronological order. Mr. Gairdner, who has made the Correspondence his especial study for years past, will afford all necessary elucidations of persons, places, and events. Hallam's opinion of the Letters, based simply on Fenn's imperfect edition, is as follows:

> The Paston Letters are an important testimony to the progressive condition of society; and come in as a precious link in the chain of the moral history of England, which they alone in this period supply. They stand indeed singly, so far as I know, in Europe; for though it is highly probable that in the archives of Italian families, if not in France or Germany, a series of merely private letters equally ancient may be concealed, I do not recollect that any have been published. They are all written in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., except a few, that extend as far as Henry VII., by different members of a wealthy and respectable, but not noble, family: and are, therefore, pictures of the life of the English gentry of that age.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, i. 228. Ed. 1837.

Vol. I., comprising the reign of Henry VI. is far advanced, and will be ready about March 1872; price SEVEN SHILLINGS in cloth.

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